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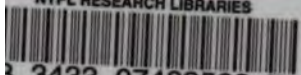
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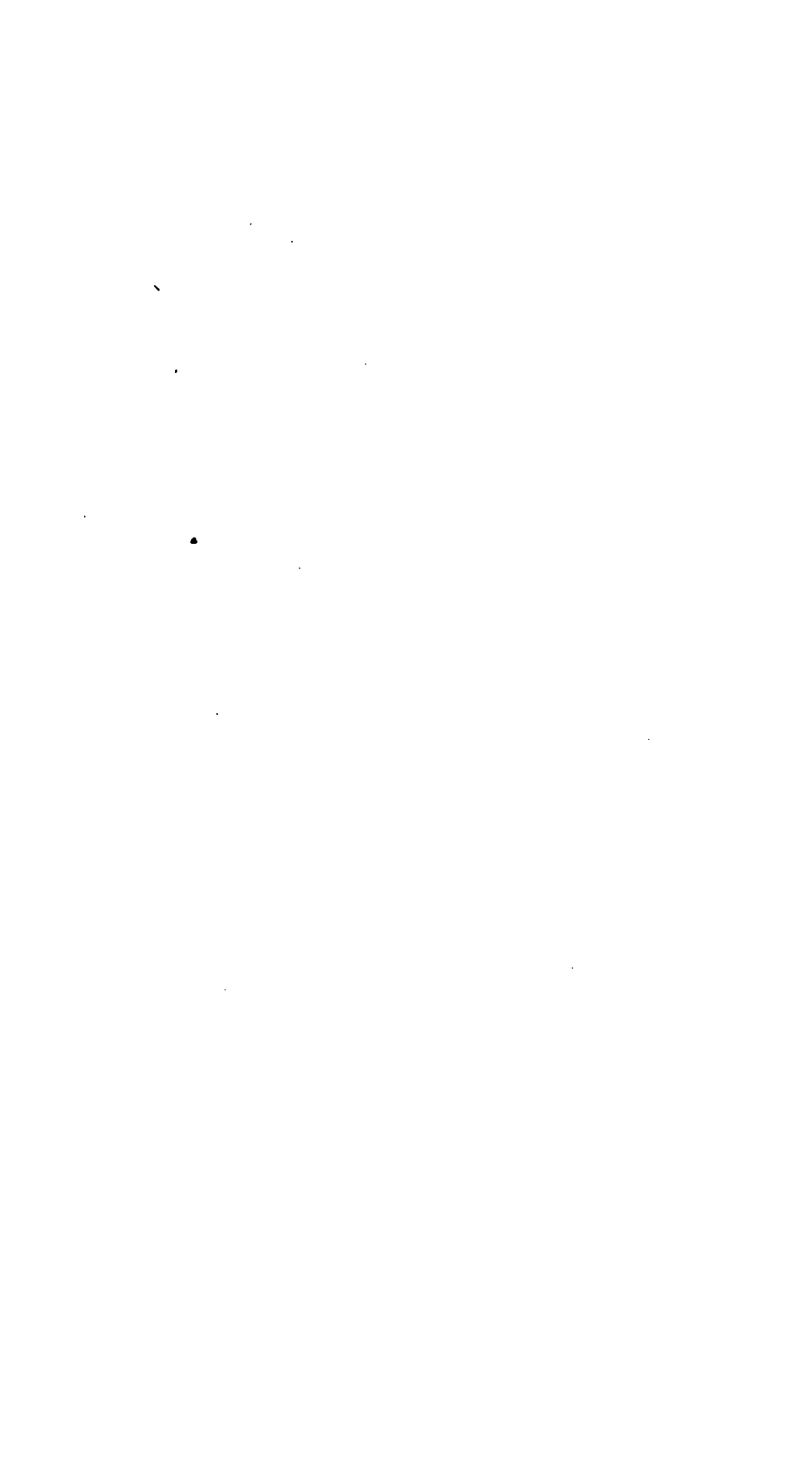
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBILES, unanimique PATRES."

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ERRATA.

Page 122, line 37, for Godenookers read Gadsnookers. Page 228, line 3, for Varn's read Van's. Page 393, line 15, for like read liking. Page 179, line 23, for that read though. Page 181, line 30, for brightest read benighted.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,	WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,
J. HENRY CUMMINGS,	CHARLES H. STRONG,
THOMAS J. TILNEY.	

THE HERESY OF SPECULATION.

THE traveled man, a gentle critic says, should be painting and sculpture; he should be radiant with art, and crowded with experience; he should be a channel into the new world of all the best influences of the old;—else, he has defrauded himself, his country, and those who might have been all that he has failed to be, by not relinquishing his opportunity to another. “I look into his eyes, but instead of the Alps and Italy, I see only the Boulevards and Notre Dame de Lorette: I hear him speak, and catch a fine French oath, but no Miserere, no Campagna song, nor Barcarole; I mark his manner with women, but I do not perceive that he has seen Raphael's Madonnas,—with men, but I do, not feel the presence of the Apollo, nor the manliness of Michael Angelo. Ixion has come down from heaven, having banqueted with all the gods, and remembers only the pattern of the table-cloth.”

So it is with some wanderers among the paths of learning. Our American schoolmen are charged, like our American

traveled men, with being superficial thinkers, guide-book readers, shop-window gazers. We prate of our liberal culture; we have stood and gazed at Ilium's walls while a blind harpist has sung to us her story; we have run over Egypt with Herodotus, and sat with Livy in the Roman forum; we have quaffed Falernian in the cellars of Maecenas, and drunk with our Grecian cakes Jocasta's tears; more than this, we have groped among the stars, and brought to our doors the universe; we have upturned the soil we tread, and told the Creator how many are our geologic ages;—but who of us will carry from all this into the world's fierce strife a shred? Knowledge is not culture, still less is it liberal culture. Facts will fade. The facts of our university gleanings will not, in the busy market-place, outlive a dozen semesters. Are these the table-cloth patterns, the evidence of our four years' residence at the Olympus of learning, which we are to parade before our fellow men? Where is the sign and seal of our celestial training, the Jovian intellect stamped upon the brow, the shaft of Minerva flashing from the eye? When you look for a stalwart son of the soil, you ask not that he bring as proof of his experience a handful of the precious loam. Cannot the most lily-fingered Adonis bring the same? You demand to see the callous palm, the swarthy cheek, the swollen muscle. So of the student; the world asks not how much we know, what realms of parrot truth can we repeat; it laughs at our flaunted parchments, and tells us bluntly that "*in hoc signo vinces*" is a lie! The great sign royal is the cultured intellect, the power to grapple with ideas, to think, to weigh, compare, discriminate, to look behind facts for principles, to draw out of experience, theories. Men who have acquired this intellectual power the world must have. All society cries out, Give us no more 'truth' till you have given us a reason! The days of implicit faith and unquestioning sacrifice, are, like the days of priestcraft and delusion, passing away. Men are coming to believe that scepticism is a duty, that blind faith is a sin, and in an age of enlightenment an unpardonable sin. Call, if you please, the generation evil and adulterous, but you must give them a sign.

"Whoever is afraid," said Bishop Watson, a man who did not need to close his eyes to see the Christian's heaven,—"whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth." What, then, I ask you, is the intellectual health of a society which deplores this growing spirit of inquiry, of criticism, of syllogistic thinking, as an engine of the great devourer of souls; which denounces philosophy as dangerous to religion; which shrinks from speculation lest it lead into the dreadful maze of rationalism; which advises you and me to pin our faith upon principles which it declares are absolute and necessary, but of which its own analysis is as vague and unsatisfactory as the creed of a spiritualist, and of which its evidence is as purely emotional as a lover's dream? Yet, beware, it cries, of infidelity! Shun the serpent of speculation! Read, study, learn, acquire, but *think not*, is the motto of its schools and colleges! Believe and question not, is the doctrine of its theologians!

"Destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism," is the photograph of this age which some one has taken. Alas! is it true? Believe we in shadows, or in nothing, and yet curse those who disbelieve? Set up a standard which we call orthodox, we know not why, but deliver to be damned all those who swear not by it? Accept at second hand our faith, then live and dream and die as if we had none, but cry out "Infidel!" at him who asks,—why think you so? How many generations will need thus to pass away, before blind shall be leaders of the blind, and all of us shall fall together into some pit of superstition? We boast of our liberty, we insist upon our religion, we talk loudly of our art, we glory in our science; but who knows *why*, save that they are ours; and where is the bold and independent mind which fearless of odium, will sift and shake and analyze its own beliefs? You do it, and forthwith men label you a sceptic, cast you from their synagogues, avoid you as a moral and intellectual leper. To science does your temerity aspire? You will be tolerated, perhaps, until your science smiles at our Genesis, and your

self-exalted but lilliputian reason calls in question our cosmogony. Or doubt you the common theology? Beware how you become a preacher of strange doctrines! Calvary bears record of a man who suffered for precisely this crime, the death of a blasphemer! Think you intolerance is dead, because the rack and engine are no more, and the stake and faggot have ceased to stand in the market place? The social inquisition can never die. I repeat, then, beware. Ill does your new philosophy withstand the yellow turmeric of a faith which *knows* itself to be right. And did ever a faith become dominant which did not know itself to be right? Every faith, so soon as it becomes powerful, becomes fearful of scepticism. Scepticism is but aggravated heterodoxy. Heterodoxy is the natural fruit of speculation. So speculation becomes heresy, and all the powers of the then orthodox faith are put forth to stop the mouth of the heretic and the rationalist. Oh! that men would remember that had our fathers not been just such heretics, we had not known what we call truth! And shall we now have looked so long upon "the blaze which Calvin and Quinglius beacons up to us," that we ourselves have gone "stark blind"?

Great truths are the outgrowth of great struggles. When government is shaken to its foundations, then liberty takes breath, republics are born, and out of men's conflicts the science of peace is evolved. So when society is convulsed through all its members by some war of ideas, some conflict of opinions, then, as earthquakes cast up from the rolling bottom of the sea its most precious gems, so these crises of intellectual strife bring to the surface the rarest minds, the choicest spirits, the grandest principles, the noblest creeds. Mark the long steps of progress whether in literature, or science, or religion, or art,—as periods of great intellectual activity, periods of enthusiasm, if you please of fanaticism, periods in which, the ordinary barriers of belief being torn away, men have rushed furiously against each other's citadels of thought, have crushed all of mere sentiment with intellectual mortar and pestle, have pricked every old dogma with a pointed "why so?"

have shaken every proposition through the merciless sieve of scepticism.

Just such a crisis occurred in England during the stormy days of Cromwell and the Charleses, before ever the philosophic liberty of Locke was enthroned by the side of her kings, or the scientific researches of Newton obliterated the old scholasticism, or literature found the Augustan age of Anne. Through a hundred years of precisely such intellectual struggling the Reformation passed, before ever the doors of the castle church of Wittenberg were made historic. And our own time has discovered, as we know, almost a new heaven and a new earth, as a result of that intense intellectual fermentation which has flowed like a tidal wave from the land of Goethe and Fichte.

Progress then is the result of conflict. Great attainments come not out of apathy and peace, but out of fierce intellectual war. Principles are not instinctive but acquired. Our creed has not been given us; we have searched for it, toiled for it, fought for it, won it. Truth was not born into the world, Minerva-like, full armed and panoplied; but has been and is still being hammered out, spark by spark, from the anvil of controversy. Those blazing watchfires stationed along the mountains of the past, making radiant some portions of history, were lit from no Promethean torch. Only these self same sparks have kindled them, and only they can kindle future fires. As faster fall the controversial strokes and hotter grows the anvil, so more swiftly fly and farther drop the glowing particles. Some perhaps may find within their radius dry and ripened fuel in our time, may kindle for our age a blaze which shall make us to be not unremembered in history. But if this shall be so, if our period is to be a great and shining light to guide the student of history, then, O thou intellectual Vulcan at the forge, let not thine arm grow weary nor thine anvil cool, ply swiftly the hammer, scatter far the heated sparks. For when the strife is dull, when controversy has lost its edge, when the mind forgets to speculate, and its sharp forces have ceased to clash in combat,—then it is that truth fades,

reason drowns, the sparks die out in darkness, the world slips backward. Science, letters, art, religion, all things shudder at those periods of history in which principles have been regarded as thoroughly established, in which controversy has been deemed deplorable, and speculation denounced as heresy, periods in which men have accepted traditions as history, have preferred emotional belief to intellectual conviction, have shut their eyes that they might walk literally by faith and not by sight! What else is superstition? How far hence to heathenism? How difficult then to be tolerant! How surely must follow the languishing reason, the dimmed intellect, the baser man! Blind faith, intolerance, ignorance! Of what else were the world's dark ages made?

Liberty of thought may be viewed as a temple, the divinity of which is Truth. It is no Pandemonium, reared like an exhalation from the ground. It is the structure neither of an hour nor of a century. Ages have stood guardians over its growth. Nor yet is it the workmanship of one or two or three great architects. Deep down among the moldering ruins of antiquity are its foundations laid. The adamant of countless thousands of patriots' bones has formed its walls. In the blood of unnumbered martyrdoms is its trusty mortar slacked. On its stalwart towers, its comely bastions, its glittering dome, its spire and pinnacles, myriads of unhonored hands have toiled. You and I, as educated men, are worshippers at the temple's shrine. Are we content to honor the goddess less than any of this vast multitude preceding us has done, to catch of her face an occasional glimpse, to slumber idly at her altar's foot, and finally to pass out at the portal, without so much as adding a stone to the temple's towers, or engraving upon its walls our names? There is a way of dreamily living through our day and generation, of wandering up and down upon the paved mosaics and under the frescoed ceilings of the temple of thought, of imagining ourselves worshippers of the divinity of Truth,—and yet of knowing not what is the agony of one candid doubt, or the luxury of a single earnest conviction. E. P. W.

PLUCK.

"His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
They're all unseasoned without it." *Ben Jonson.*

AT the siege of Belpore a sturdy English boy fought his way single-handed through a hundred Sepoys. He might have gone home to the girl he loved covered with glory, without doing this. He might honorably have saved his life by standing still. But English daring urged him in, and English pluck carried him through.

Count on your ten fingers the number of undergraduates at Yale who would have done as he did, in his place, and you may learn the secret of our weakness. While our accomplishments are various, they avail us little because they are not backed with pluck. While there exists among us the choicest brains and the most ponderous muscles, both, for some reason, fail to *tell* as they ought and might.

You may say that we are giving up the rough and exhilarating contests (call them "rows" if you like—the daily papers denominate them "those disgraceful rushes") through a growing respect for law and order, but I say that it is quite as much through want of pluck on the part of the undergraduates to fight them out. You may excuse the defeat of our ball-nine on the ground that they practice under difficulties and practice but little. True, but I say again—they are defeated by a palpable lack of pluck. You may palaver over our repeated defeats at Worcester with the truisms that we must go a mile to our boat-house—we must practice on rough water—our trainers don't do their duty—our men row 38 to the minute instead of 48—our men should reach farther—our men should pull more with their legs—and so on to infinity. Yet you watch them row complacently on to defeat, and you can't help seeing that they are beaten *chiefly* by superior pluck. You may deplore the morals of our undergraduates, and upbraid the carelessness of the Faculty, or the iniquity of the place. But when you go to the root

of the matter, you find that the boy lays aside his home principles because he has not pluck enough to maintain them.

We come of ancestors who fought their way to eminence. Our great men rise, not sitting on a wave which is to hurl them passive into places of trust, but struggling, laboring through opposing elements to their goal. No amount of preparation insures success unless courage and pluck are brought to bear at the critical moment. We are here fitting for life. Do any of us suppose that a diploma given by Yale College guarantees to us a position of influence in the world at large? The preparation of mental discipline is good, but there is something better. In plain words, (were I a disciple of Phrenology) I should say that the smallest bump on the majority of heads in Yale College, is the bump of combativeness. This is too important an element of character to be omitted in a *man*. The power and the will to fight wisely make successful men. The question is: Is it not the tendency of our institution, sedulously to quell this spirit of contention (which each one must cultivate for himself as soon as he cuts loose from her maternal apron strings), and if so, is it wise?

Our Freshman education commences before our eager eyes scan the dingy class-rooms. The humbling process begins on the way there, as we march blushing, by the brassy Sophomores with their "Slimy Fresh!" and "Don't blush, Freshie!" It is well to be humbled, but it is bad to submit to humbling which we know to be unjust. It is the salvation of many an impudent, conceited boy to be "taken down a few pegs," as he usually is, by the vigilant Sophomores at Yale, but it is ruination for them to go down the "pegs" submissively. Let a boy fight it out though he is knocked down a peg at every round—let him go to the bottom under compulsion, and then fight his way back to the top, and you have a man. But let him slide quietly to the bottom at the first intimation of a push, and only crawl back again when he is asked, and you have a polite, palavering, crafty, crawling sneak—

a man who will work his way by wire-pulling and cunning. It is a good thing for many boys to be hazed. Each one usually knows why he is hazed. His disagreeable weaknesses are revealed to him by the operation. If the punishment results from an ungentlemanly impudence, he has discovered that he cannot live at peace in the world without a proper regard for the self-respect of those around him. If it results from an overweening credulity, or manifest verdancy, or child-like tattling, he is put on his guard against the selfishness of his fellow men. If it results from resistance to the cowardly tyranny of the Sophomores, he learns that those who fight will be fought, and that when he once commences he must fight till he wins. On the other hand it is a disgrace for any one tamely to permit himself to be thus lawlessly punished. In other words, the suggestion is good, while the manner of putting it is bad, and should be resisted. It is the best of discipline for a healthy boy to test his staying powers in a genuine, hearty rush, but it develops the meanest qualities of his nature for him to run or submit when attacked. In fine, while all these petty tyrannies are a disgrace to the would-be tyrants, the yielding to them is still more disgraceful.

Understand that I would distinguish between rowdyism and courage. A "rough" *makes* opportunities for fighting. A gentleman fights when attacked. A coward cuts at a powerless enemy. A hero struggles against despotic strength.

But the unwritten, tho' rigidly enforced law is, if you are bid to scan Euclid, scan, and don't kick up a row! If your hat is demanded, gracefully hand it over—don't fight over it, or out you go into the cold world! I humbly suggest that this unwritten law is essentially wrong. If you want to stop hazing, urge the victims to fight it vigorously, systematically, and without stopping. My experience is, that those who pluckily fight such indignities, are not the only ones who in turn inflict them. Hazing is invariably done by cowards. Train Freshmen to be self-respecting men, and you effectually destroy the

hazing element in the class. If you wish to do away with the disturbance attendant upon rushes, instruct the Freshmen to protect their own property like men, and not merely huddle together like a flock of sheep at the attack of wolves. Give the Freshmen such confidence that they can thrash the Sophomores (which their accustomed superiority in numbers would enable them to do) for a year or two, and the traditional hat-stealing will become a thing of the past. These are minor points. The question at issue is the effect of our peculiar customs on the character of those who come flocking here year after year for the formation of characters.

The first effect is to teach a Freshman to submit to that which is, and to restrain him from seeking that which might be. He is not encouraged to resent indignities, and he loses his self-respect. College traditions tell him that to resist them is to destroy his popularity in upper classes, which they say *must* be preserved inviolate, and there is no one to teach him the contrary. The Faculty enforce the idea by telling him that if attacked, he must submit or resign his place in College. Now commences the cultivation of that cringing, yielding spirit which is carried into all our college exercises and our athletic sports, and which makes us the butt of well-aimed ridicule.

Is it not better to change our cowardly "traditions?" Is it not better that a boy entering Yale should be trained to carry himself as a man and a gentleman, and not as a child under the immediate supervision of more than a hundred parents? Punish him for fighting the right. That is good. But reward him for fighting the wrong in circumstances where law can be no protection to him and self-defense becomes the highest dictate of manliness. Now we are trying to train up a mass of Uriah Heeps—humble and plotting. Change our traditions and we train boys from the first minute to be bold, independent, and self-respecting men. Now, we first train a boy to set aside his personal independence, and from that he learns to despise his personal opinions, or any but those of his pseudo teachers. You see boys substituting for their

ancestral principles, those of a set of squirts, wise only in their own conceit. You see boys painfully and laboriously learning to smoke and to drink and to swear because "every one does at Yale, you know." You see boys utterly neglecting their studies, shirking all work and calmly lying to the Faculty because "no one cares for stand there, you know." You see boys who come of cultivated families and literary circles, laying aside the purely-articulated, well-worded English of the mother tongue for a mumbled, inarticulate, slangy dialect, because "they would make fun of such painfully correct, school-masterish talk, you know." This lack of courage becomes so ingrained that we carry it everywhere. Is it to be expected that a boy who ran from a rush at the first whisper of "Faculty" or "Peelers," will fight out pluckily a hardly-contested ball game? Would you stake anything on the successful issue of a boat-race in which your boat was pulled by men who had allowed themselves to be hazed instead of fighting (savagely, if you will), against the cruelty?

You may see the truth of my assertions if you note that in all athletic sports our representatives fight well while they can see floating before them the banner of victory. But let a passing cloud obscure the (to us) essential talisman, and our courage oozes quietly away, our skill deserts us, and we greet defeat with a most matter-of-fact resignation. Were we trained to courage and independence, we should fight as pluckily on a retreat as in the pursuit, never yielding victory until won.

Not only in the final struggle have we need of pluck. It is as essential in the preparation. Our representatives may train 'mid sneers and discouragements, or they may be cheered by unwise flattery. It is as hard to resist the one as the other. No matter whether you are to contend with boys or men, be plucky enough to be at your very best at the time of the contest. Aim at perfection and never rest contented with an approximate preparation.

We are too easily satisfied. We are too apt to under-rate the task before us. If we always determined to exert

every power which could be safely used, regardless of the calibre of our opponents, our record of defeats would be small.

Another tradition must be added. Let it be handed down to each new class that upon their own honor hangs the honor of the institution. Let the Faculty, who alone can accurately and successfully perpetuate traditions, assure them that they feel an interest in them aside from the mere fact that they constitute unity in the mass. Let these respected men give them to understand that something more important than mere sport is at stake in these inter-collegiate contests—that the honor of their college is to be contested, and that *they*, as well as the student-world, will be disappointed at a failure. Then you will draw in here, and train up men you may be proud of. Our present system *tends* to train men for clever underlings in the world at large. Give us these two new traditions, and the tendency will be to train the mass of students into outspoken, bold, leading men,

You may sneer at the attachment of so much importance to such *comparatively* trivial matters. But you will admit their moment if you watch their effects. You must acknowledge the necessity of this plucky element in a well-balanced character, and that these physical qualities affect the character I think you will believe.

Give us the good old English games, where strength and skill and pluck are tried to their utmost—games in which we can dispose of that superfluous vitality which would otherwise work mischief. Give us open, fair rushes. Give us foot-ball. Give us the pride and pluck to play a losing game of base-ball spiritedly to the last. Give us the bull-dog grit which will spurt a boat on the last ten rods, though she be a length behind,—grit that will make men pull for their honor as for their lives,—grit that will make stretchers creak and the boat to leap like a hungry wolf. Give us all this, and you give us a long, strong push into the regions of manhood.

REMINISCENCES OF THE 'CODE.'

AT the present day we think and speak of the duel as of an institution virtually dead, screwed down in its coffin and buried. Once in a while we hear of something of this kind, but it seldom amounts to anything and usually ends in smoke. Duelling, like a discharged Leyden jar, has a little snap still left in the residual charge, but its main influence and essence have passed away. Barbarism and ignorance festered its growth. Christianity and enlightened common sense have almost crushed out its existence. In duels we often meet with instances of personal courage, self sacrifice and coolness, unsurpassed in any records of battles or sieges. It is one thing in the general hurrah and excitement of an engagement to storm a battery or lead a forlorn hope, but quite another to contemplate in cool blood the shooting of a fellow, or being shot yourself, and to successfully carry it out.

A noted instance of this species of intrepidity was that of a Scotchman named Stewart, in a duel with a creole of St. Domingo, Henri D'Egville by name. The history of this affair shows what a man of a peaceable disposition can bring himself up to, when driven into a corner, and also that barefaced effrontery sometimes receives its due reward.

Stewart, the captain of an West Indiaman, was one day dining in company with several persons at Kingston. D'Egville requested him to sing a Gaëlic song. Stewart declined, pleading ignorance of that language. The Frenchman, however, pressed the matter, and, to put an end to his importunity, the captain sung a Scotch drinking song which D'Egville, who was but little acquainted with English, mistook for a Gaëlic strain. Shortly after the party broke up he was informed of his mistake and immediately took measures to retaliate for the great affront which he considered had been put upon him. He sent Captain Wilthorpe to Stewart's ship with a challenge. The Scotchman received Wilthorpe politely, expressed surprise at his communication, giving as an answer, that

it was his firm resolution never to fight another duel, as in a previous one it had been his misfortune to kill an intimate friend, an event which had embittered his existence ever since.

Stewart's reply was not satisfactory to the enraged D'Egville, and shortly after, being on horseback and seeing Stewart walking, he rode up, struck him with a horse-whip and galloped off. This was too much for even the stoic complacency of a Scotchman; his blood was up, and he determined to rid the world of such a pest, even at the cost of his own life. He sent a message to D'Egville requesting a meeting, and taking two men with him to the place of rendezvous directed them to dig a grave sufficiently deep to receive two bodies. D'Egville soon arrived, and Stewart proposed as conditions of the duel, that they both should stand in the grave, facing one another, each holding the end of a handkerchief in one hand and a pistol in the other. It was a terrible test for the Frenchman. He was a noted duellist and a crack shot, and had counted confidently on getting the best of the encounter; but this novel proposition disconcerted all his plans. There was no alternative, however, and both descended into the grave, Stewart calm and cool, D'Egville hesitating and dismayed. The handkerchief was placed in their hands, firmly grasped by the Scotchman, tremblingly held by the creole. The second to whom the word of command fell by lot, took his place at the edge of the grave. The word was to be one—two—three—fire! He began the count, but at *three* D'Egville swooned and fell at the feet of his adversary. Stewart spurned him with his foot and left him branded forever as a dastard and coward. A meet punishment of insolence and bullyism.

The Price duel, fought between two brothers of that name, and two captains in the British army, named Green and Wilson, caused much notice and comment at the time it occurred, and is well worth being brought to light again.

Benjamin Price was a grocer at Rhinebeck, a quick, impulsive man and quite a leader in the village. Being on a visit to New York, he went one evening to the theatre

with a very beautiful woman. Sitting in the adjoining box was a British officer, who took the liberty of turning round and staring the Rhinebecker's lady full in the face. she complained of this to Price, and on the repetition of the offense, Ben. leaned out of his box, seized the officer's nose between his finger and thumb, and wrung it most thoroughly. The officer left his box, and, entering Price's, asked him what he meant by such behavior? remarking at the same time, that he had not meant to insult the lady by looking at her. "Oh! very well," replied Price, "neither did I mean to insult you by pulling your nose." Upon this they shook hands as sworn brothers, Green probably recognizing the fact that he had a harder nut to crack in Price than he cared to attempt. But, though he showed a most hearty willingness to smother up the flames of his own indignation, his regimental friends had a different idea as to what should be done under the circumstances, and as the affair had become noised about, they insisted that he should either fight Ben. Price or be sent to coventry. Of two evils Green preferred the lesser one. He set to work at pistol practice, and, by giving five hours a day to it, was soon able to hit a dollar at ten paces, nine times out of ten. He then sent a challenge to Price, which the latter readily accepted. The duel was fought at Hoboken, and Ben. fell at the first fire. The seconds fled, and Green managed to escape in a vessel just sailing for England. Ben's body was found with a note attached to the breast with these words written on it: "This is Benjamin Price, boarding at Vesey St., New York. Take care of him."

This bloody affair was not destined to end here. Years afterwards two parties, in no way connected with the original quarrel, became involved in it, one of them much to his sorrow.

Benjamin Price had a brother Stephen, very similar in disposition, a chip of the old block. Stephen was greatly affected by his brother's death, and from much reflecting on the subject had become almost a monomaniac on the idea of avenging it. Several years after the duel, a Captain Wilson was stopping at the Washington hotel in New

York, and at dinner one day happened to mention that he had been mainly instrumental in forcing Green to challenge Price. This statement was at once conveyed to Stephen Price, who was at home lying ill of the gout. His chief desire now was to be able to get out. This, by obeying implicitly the instructions of his physicians, he was soon able to accomplish. Hobbling along with his lower extremities swaddled in flannel he went at once to the Washington hotel and asked to be shown to Captain Wilson's room. He hobbled up the stairs with great difficulty, alternating his curses of the gout with curses of the captain; when he reached the room Captain Wilson rose to receive him, and the following conversation took place. "Are you Captain Wilson?" "That is my name," replied the captain. "Then, sir, my name is Stephen Price. You see, sir, I can scarcely put one foot before the other; I am afflicted with the gout. My object in coming here is to insult you. Shall I knock you down, or will you consider that I have said a sufficient insult and act accordingly?" "No, sir," replied the captain, smiling, "I shall consider what you have said quite sufficient and shall act accordingly. You shall hear from me again."

Price did hear from him; the next day a message came from Wilson, the necessary preliminaries of time, place, and weapons was soon settled, and early one morning the principals and seconds were rowed over in a barge to Bedlow's island, and there, having taken their positions, at the word *fire* Captain Wilson fell dead. His body was placed in the vault on the island, and Price and the seconds returned to New York. Wilson's friends were for a long time in doubt as to what had become of him, thinking that he had died suddenly on his way to Canada, or had been killed while returning to England to join his regiment.

The senselessness of duelling is very clearly shown in this affair. Here are four men who engage in a duel, and this is the satisfaction received! The man originally insulted is killed. Some years afterwards another meets the same fate, who was a thousand miles off when the theatre scene took place. The original offender and the brother

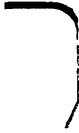
of the man first killed escape, but both with the murderer's brand upon them forever. The sum total is two dead men and two felons. What a custom! What an age to believe that disgrace could be wiped out or honor vindicated by a process which was death to one side and disgrace to the other!

"Affairs of honor" were of a very different character in ancient times. Trial by battle and the ordeal of fire were the means by which stains on a person's fair fame were to be removed. One of the most interesting, as well as romantic cases of this kind was that of Maria of Aragon, wife of Otho III. It is told of her that she was in the habit of going abroad with a youth disguised in female attire, who was afterwards buried alive. This Maria fell desperately in love with a certain count; but, as he refused to have anything to do with her, she, in retaliation, accused him of an attempt to seduce her. The count was permitted to clear himself by the trial of battle; but, having been vanquished in this, was sentenced to be beheaded. Before his execution he told his wife all the particulars of his case and besought her to avenge his death; this she promised to do, and, taking his bloody head under her cloak, went to the court and there held it up before the monarch, demanding justice. Otho, horrified by the sight, asked what she wanted, and of whom she had to complain. "Of you, Cæsar," was the reply. "You behold the result of a most iniquitous deed, and I am ready to submit myself to the ordeal of fire, to prove the innocence of my husband." The Emperor consented to this, and a red hot bar was brought out. According to the story, the countess seized this bar without fear or injury; and then, turning to the sovereign, demanded his head, saying that he had been guilty of the death of an innocent man. As was natural, Otho demurred somewhat to this personal proposition, but ordered that his *wife* should be burned alive. And this sentence was carried into execution at Modena in 998.

One of the ensigns of Charles XII of Sweden had no reason to regret having a rather hasty temper. It happened that the

king was out riding one day, unattended; and having passed through a gate, neglected to shut it. The owner of the field coming up and not recognizing the king, reprimanded him for leaving it open; whereupon the king asked why he did not go and shut the gate himself. This so enraged the officer that he seized hold of the bridle of the king's horse and stopped him. The king drew his pistol and threatened to give him the benefit of a full charge, unless he returned the sword. "You would not be so valiant if I also were provided with a pistol" said the officer. "Then go and fetch one," replied the king. The ensign at once started for a pistol, but on returning saw some of the king's followers at a little distance and beat a hasty retreat. At a review, shortly afterwards, the king was present and, observing that the ensign was not at his post, enquired where he was; being informed that he was on guard, Charles sent for him; and when the ensign appeared, the king galloped up, and, looking him steadfastly in the face, named him a first lieutenant and ordered that a grant of money should be given him.

We shall conclude with an account of a duel of more recent date, and which caused quite a commotion at the time it occurred, on account of the high social position of the parties engaged in it. The principals were Mr. Cilley, a member of the house of representatives from Maine, and Mr. Graves, member from Kentucky. It seems that Cilley spoke disrespectfully of a Colonel Webb, the editor of a New York paper, who reciprocated by sending a challenge to Cilley through his friend, Mr. Graves. Cilley refused to accept the challenge, saying that he would not fight with any man of Webb's disreputable character; but stating at the same time that he should be very willing to hear from Mr. Graves. Whereupon Graves at once took up the quarrel and challenged the Maine member. That both men were in earnest is shown by the instrument they used and the way in which the duel was fought. The weapons employed were rifles and the distance eighty paces. It was arranged beforehand that the rifles should be held downward at arm's length, cocked, and with triggers set.



The principals having taken their positions, one of the seconds gave the word, fire—one—two—three—four; by mutual agreement neither party was to fire *before* the word 'fire' nor *after* the word 'four.'

At the first exchange of shots neither was injured. Not satisfied with this, the rifles were reloaded, and another exchange of shots made, but with the same results as before. It seemed now as if both parties had wholly surrendered themselves to a desire for revenge; they would listen to no compromise; again they attempted the murderous work, but without accomplishing anything. The fourth shot brought an end to this butchery; Cilley fell shot through the heart. The seconds who were engaged in this affair, afterwards published a statement to vindicate themselves in the eyes of the public; their best and about their only excuse was, that the duel was "regulated by magnanimous principles and the laws of humanity."



FOR YOUR SAKES.

IT is to the members of the recently admitted class of Yale that I address the burden of my story, and I trust it will be received by them in a manner which should befit any communication from a Senior and a contributor to the LIT. to persons in the lower classes. Why I select the Freshmen to receive the honor of my dedication, is based upon most potent motives, which in themselves are so imperative, strange as it may appear, as to limit rather narrowly my selection of patrons. Such, however, and I say it with blushes for the college, is the melancholy position of affairs. For even one year in Yale is generally so effective in blunting the sensibilities, in dulling the conscience, that I should despair of finding fertile ground in any but the class of '73, sufficient to warrant the planting of my valuable seeds of wisdom.

Now my newly fledged members who still retain all that beautiful trust in human nature, who are as yet uncontaminated by the pestilential influence of college, who have your whole career and course before you, to you, I say, I address my warning, confident that your own good sense, your desire for what is right and honorable, your ambition to make your college course a success, will render you attentive to my counsels.

And, as a perfect understanding between author and reader is essential to success, I will at the very outset take you into my confidence. Your author is not an ill-natured man nor a man quickly to take offense (some of my enemies even have suggested that I am equally reluctant to receive a hint), nor is he one who is at all embittered by college disappointments. He is on the contrary a good natured man, of no mean ability, who bears no malice toward a single one of his companions, but who, despite all this, is confident of being an ill-used individual. Mark, if you please, his reasons for thus thinking. I have for two successive years (this is the third), prepared with great care an article for the LIT. on the very topics which I shall in this essay discuss. I have, as I said before, prepared them carefully, and I am positive, with considerable ability, and handed them to the respective chairmen of the board. Now, I am not prepared to say that either of these gentlemen have been bribed by any of my literary rivals, to destroy my production without perusal, but you will agree with me, I am confident, in thinking this by no means an improbable belief, when I most positively assure you that I have never seen my article in print.

That I may prevent at least the money of my enemies from working me direful wrong, I have protected myself in the present case, and have secured a solemn promise from the esteemed chairman of the present board, that he will hear your writer read his own production, and will, if he consider the piece up to the standard (I fear my envious rivals have had a word with him), give me a prominent position in the forthcoming number. So now being conscious that my piece will be "read of all men," I

shall naturally endeavor to make it worthy of a respectable place in the literature of the age.

I have now been in college three years. I have been a careful observer of college men and college customs during that time. I have mingled in the busy strife of Freshmen and Junior politics, have entered with surprising regularity, all the lists both for composition and debate prizes, and as I never remember seeing my name among those who received the meagre emoluments of the contests, I am of course much better adapted to judge concerning the character of the men, those who did, as well as those who did not obtain prizes, by the manner in which they received their tidings of defeat or victory and to search out more carefully the means which they used to prepare themselves for these encounters.

I was not on the spoon committee, so I am at liberty to criticise the politics and intrigues preceding the election of this important branch of our alma mater's honors. In fact, never having been selected to bear any of the college honors, I can speak with less prejudice regarding these trifles, and can give advice much more to the point about the proper manner to obtain them (I presume you may some of you want to know how this is done), since, being an outsider in all these little things, and not an active participant, I have much clearer ideas and more accurate judgment.

This advice it is my purpose to give you, for although I have kept aloof from these matters during my course, I can assure you I appreciate them, and sometimes wish that I had quietly snatched at a cochship or crept into an editor's berth. There are then, my Freshmen friends, two qualities, by one of which the course of every successful man in college is shaped—two qualities, which so far surpass all others as to throw them entirely out of view and make them worthless to any young man who desires a good college record. These two qualities are Tact and Talent. Without either of these you can be nobody, strive as you will. With either you can generally be successful, and with a slight use of both you are *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Now in considering the relative value of these two requisites a volume might be written. I have my own views to present in a very few words, and as they are words the truth of which my college course verifies, I beseech for them your attention.

In college, Talent is something, Tact is every thing. Talent is serious and makes you respected. Tact is that and more too ; it is not a sixth sense but is the life of the other five ; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful before one gets in college, for it shows him the best way to get in, and useful when he is in, for it makes his pathway through college easy.

Talent indeed is power, but tact is skill. Talent is weight. Tact is momentum. Talent always knows what to do, but Tact always knows how to do it. Talent is wealth in house and lands. Tact is ready money. For practical advantage in college Tact carries it against Talent ten to one.

Take them in college politics. Talent will give you a ticket that will exist just long enough to be most gloriously beaten, while Tact will take a load of fools to the topmost places. Take them in our open societies and let them shake their heads at each other in forensic disputation. Talent will see his way clearly in preparing his debate, but Tact will the soonest arrive at his journey's end. Talent will have showers of compliments from the audience, but Tact will handle the prizes. Talent speaks learnedly and logically. Tact has been placed on the committee to select the judges and speaks triumphantly.

Throughout the college Talent causes all to wonder that it gets on no faster. Tact astonishes all that it gets on so fast. The secret is, it has no weight to carry ; it makes no false step ; it always hits the nail on the head ; it loses no time ; takes all hints, and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, can take advantage of every favoring breeze.

Take them in the composition room. Talent has something worth hearing, Tact is sure of an abundance of listeners. Talent gets a good mark, Tact a high one.

Talent will convince the Professor of its worth. Tact will convert him from his previous unfavorable opinion into one of absolute partiality. Talent is an honor to the recitation room, Tact gets honor from his.

Look at their separate influences: Talent feels its power, Tact finds its way. Talent commands, Tact is obeyed. Talent is approved, Tact is preferred. In a class or college meeting Talent has the ear of the house, but Tact wins its heart and gets its votes. It has a knack of slipping into place with a secret silence and glibness of movement as a billiard-ball rolls into a pocket. It seems to know everything, but it never learns anything. Its apprenticeship has been invisible and extemporaneous. It wants no drilling. It is never in the awkward squad. It puts on no look of wisdom, no air of profundity, but plays with the details and minutiae of a place as cleverly as a well taught hand with the keys of a piano-forte.

During your recent electioneering campaign you may have been approached by both Tact and Talent. If so, you have noticed that Talent calculated clearly, reasoned logically, made out a case as clear as daylight, and uttered its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact on the other hand refuted without contradicting, puzzled the profound without profundity, and without wit outwitted the wise and secured you for his society.

Let them be two LIT. editors, pen in hand, striving for popularity, and Tact will distance Talent by half the course. Talent will put into his columns that which is wanted, Tact that which is wished for. Talent will be instructive, Tact enlightening. Talent leads where no one follows. Tact follows where the humor leads. Talent is pleased when it has done well, to think it has deserved success. Tact is delighted that it *has* succeeded.

Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a high place to look down from, but Tact is useful, active and marketable, the right hand that will never desert you in college. Talent a few may have, Tact you can all possess. Talent and Tact as a firm are the most useful, but when separate

Talent minus Tact is but an unworthy opponent of Tact minus Talent.

So bear it in mind. If you have Talent and Tact as an equal partner, the increased gains will more than compensate for the divided profit. If you have not Talent, cultivate Tact, and take my word for it your rival who is brimful of Talent alone, will be distanced.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

THE purpose of Addison and Steele, in writing that part of the *Spectator* which relates to Sir Roger de Coverley, was to bring about some change or reformation in the minor morals and manners of the country gentlemen of Queen Anne's time. In carrying out this purpose, a most exquisite piece of characterization was produced, in the person of the Worcestershire baronet;—one which shows the quick wit of Steele and the mellow humor and delicate fancy of Addison in most happy union and perfectness.

Times have changed since the papers were written, however, and Sir Roger's instructions have lost their force; but his hearty human nature remains, and, though the old gentleman is a little old-fashioned in his ways, we still keep a snug place for him in our libraries and yet reckon him among our dearest friends. As we read of his personal experiences we seem to hear him again clearing his pipes with one of his vigorous hems—we seem to see him as a tangible existence. As such I intend to speak of him.

At our introduction to him we are at once taken into the confidence of the *Spectator*, and are accordingly made acquainted, not only with the knight himself, but also with some of his peculiarities. We are told that Sir Roger is "very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities pro-

ceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong." He is genial, however, in his peculiarities, "for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy." A hearty, good-humoredly opinionated old fellow he is, and hence, since he has some character and is not sour, we come to like him at once. We are further told that he kept himself a bachelor "by reason of his being crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him." What a simple, honest, faithful heart is this! His "ill use" by the above-mentioned widow kept him "serious" for a year and a half, and then his natural joviality resumes its sway again. His affliction, however, tones down his good-nature, and gives it a half-melancholy shade which is very touching to one who thoroughly appreciates the character. His was not a nature to remain idle, however, and we find him prone to acts of kindness; or, as he himself once acknowledged: "This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable." Not only did his speech and acts show the wound left by his unfortunate love, but also his dress—"he continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it." And who shall say that the simple old boy did not think, every morning, when he dressed, of the day when the "perverse beautiful widow" talked him dumb with her learning and the odious confidante completed his extinguishment with her sarcasm! Moreover, we are told that "his tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company." The more we learn of him the more we like him. He is not talented enough, nor learned enough, nor shrewd enough to inspire any fear or constraint: he is full of his weaknesses, as we are, but so thoroughly artless and innocent, and through them all there shines such a whiteness of spirit, that our respect and affection vie with each other in doing him honor.

Our first actual acquaintance with Sir Roger is at his country home. Now home is the true touchstone by which to test a person's disposition. Society virtues are well enough in their way ; but it is the little perplexities, jars and crosses of every-day existence which show of what stuff one is made. The way these are borne in the family, where hypocrisy drops all disguise, and cant is laid aside, reveals the real man. Especially is this true in the case of a bachelor, who, by the very separation of his life from the wants and woes of others, can hardly fail to grow somewhat cold and selfish. Sir Roger's character holds its place in our esteem, even when tried by this test. His servants, although they have grown gray in his service, greet him as though he were their father, and "if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern" in their looks. Just here, also, Sir Roger's keen observation and genuine politeness have an incidental manifestation which is worth noticing. The Spectator, after mentioning the general freedom of the house which is allowed him and the privilege he has of keeping out of the way when Sir Roger has other visitors, adds: "As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at." Perhaps on no other day were Sir Roger's peculiarities more noticeable than on Sunday. It seems that on coming into his estate he found his tenants rather neglectful of the Day, and at once set himself to remedy this fault. Rightly judging that there is nothing so conducive to a due observance of the Sabbath by any community as the possession of a neat and cheerful place of worship, he at once proceeded to have the little church made tidy and comely, "gave every one a hassock and a common prayer-book," and employed an itinerant singing-master to teach them the service. This, combined with his own example, soon made the village quite notable for its church-going character. All this was a very business-like proceeding ; but the expedients adopted by the knight for keeping the

congregation awake and preserving order were certainly very odd. In the first place, by virtue of his position as landlord and 'squire, he allows no one to sleep in church beside himself; and "if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them." In this way he keeps every one awake so long as he is not "surprised." When anybody disturbs the quiet of the church, Sir Roger does not hesitate to reprove him openly,—as the Spectator heard him once "calling out to one John Matthews"—who at that time "was kicking his heels for his diversion"—"to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation." Several other of the old gentleman's peculiarities break out on these occasions. "Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing." Now such simplicity as this is delightfully refreshing, united, as it is, with so much natural goodness of heart; and it is something of a tribute to his character that he could be so peculiar and yet be loved by the entire parish. Indeed, his influence is such that the common folk feel it to be somewhat of a reprimand, when, at the close of service, he inquires after the health of any one who happens to be absent—as though only sickness *could* keep them away. Perhaps, however, his influence is in some measure due to the judicious rewards occasionally distributed by him, such as a Bible for the boy who does best upon a catechising day, "with a flich of bacon to his mother."

But it is not in the midst of these patriarchal duties that we see Sir Roger in his best characterization. It is when we come to read that exquisite chapter in which the story of his love is told that we learn to understand the old gentleman best. It was a summer evening when Sir

Roger and his friend strolled into the "pleasing walk at a distance from his house." As soon as he came within the familiar precincts,—"'It is' quoth the old man, looking round him with a smile, 'very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity.'" Now if one remembers that Sir Roger had had no false sentiment instilled into him by trashy stories or an inactive life, but was a steady old man, whose life was busy with the ordinary duties of a gentleman of his period, increased somewhat by such odd jobs of kindness as his hands found to do, and who was, certainly, as little liable to be suspected of indulging sickly fancies as man could be, this brief confession must strike him as ever so natural and beautiful— We all have lived

———"Days, indeed,

"In which the fibrous years have taken root;"—

and when we stumble upon the old familiar ways, we are back again to the old times and see again the old faces. The man of work, cooped up in the town, as he gets a day of leisure for the country, feels a thrill of recollection go over him as

———"Twilight descending

"Brings back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead."

The mother, though time and care have left their marks upon her face, never comes across a stray shoe or a tiny stocking, filled, mayhap long years ago, by little toddling feet which have been hidden from her sight for so long beneath the summer green and winter snow, without feeling the little hands again tugging at her dress as in the days when her darling was with her. We all of us, in our own way, carry about in our hearts this unwritten and often untold romance. Sir Roger was no exception to this universal rule, and his confession is but the expression of what is common to the heart of man. As the old associations quickened his memory, he said: "I have been fool enough to carve

her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper." From this he went on to tell the whole story to the Spectator, in the most artless and ingenuous manner possible. One cannot help enjoying the old knight's recital;—the evident veneration he still feels for the "beautiful creature in a widow's habit," who had "the finest hand of any woman in the world"—the dislike he feels for the entire race of confidantes—the hope which sprung up when told that the widow had said that "Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes of the country," by which flattering remark he was at once led to make her a visit in all the gorgeousness of a new equipage—his pleasant garrulity about her rare beauty and fine manners and incomparable wit—his relation of the way in which all these charms conspired to close his mouth in her presence, so that it could not be opened even by the sarcastic remarks of her confidante; and then, after adorning her with all the virtues and graces, the passing jealousy that came over this fifty-six year old lover—"But after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other;" adding, with the *naïvete* of a child, "and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said!" Poor old boy, he loved her!

We have still another talk from Sir Roger in "the grove sacred to the widow," which is like him, and hence worth our notice. Speaking of the widow, he says: "How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her! and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged!" After a short disquisition on the general evil of confidantes, and the particular pother occasioned by the one in whom the widow put her trust, he is reminded of the pert speech of Kate Willow, a young wench who valued her charms so highly that they were gone ere she got a husband, to the effect that she and Sir Roger "must make a match," since both were despised by those they loved. Led on in

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this way, with not a little practical philosophy, he explains the good his love for the widow has done him: "Whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. * * * It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things have grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers." A truthful acknowledgement this, and a complete proof of the purity and sincerity of his love. The Spectator unconsciously confirms Sir Roger's opinion, in his mention of the old house-dog and a gray pad which the knight kept for the good they had done; and perhaps it was owing to this that he turned his "great orchard" into a place of "very comfortable captivity" for a number of hares taken in the hunt.

The picture of Sir Roger on the bench gives us a new phase of his character. It presents him as a public man—a trusted counselor among his fellow-gentry of the county and an object of veneration to the rustics. Sir Roger had great legal talents, and would have made a figure in the world anywhere, if one may judge by the opinion he rendered on the dispute that arose, as they were all going to the assizes, between Tom Touchy and Will Wimble. He heard their statement of the case while on a "round trot, and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his opinion rashly, that *much might be said on both sides*;"—a decision, adds the Spectator, which dissatisfied neither, "because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it." I dare say the old knight was very well satisfied all the rest of the way to the shire-town with the manner in which he had discharged his duty. Sir Roger once seated on the bench, and we hear him whispering in the judge's ear, no doubt with a most learned and legal expression on his kindly old face (for the sake of his reputation in the country, you know), "that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." But the acme is reached when the old knight rose to speak, "and a general whisper

ran among the country people that Sir Roger *was up!*" No wonder the Spectator trembled for his old friend, when he remembered that "much might be said on both sides." Sir Roger, however, "acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity," and afterwards received the congratulations of his fellow-gentry with much affability and bore the admiring glances of the rustics with not a little complacency. After reading this portrayal of Sir Roger as a judge, one almost wonders that he should be content to let Moll White, the reputed witch, go free, though brought before him several times on the charge of exercising her dark art, with a caution "to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle;" but probably his kind heart revolted at the idea of punishing her, however much his judgment may have thought it necessary.

Before going to town there is one other incident in Sir Roger's country life which I wish to mention, as showing the simple credulity which was natural to him and which was only corrected by experience. When out one day, in company with the Spectator, Sir Roger came across a gipsy encampment, and after having given a pretty fair and by no means complimentary account of their way of life, holds out his hand to an old Sibyl for her to read his fortune. When the crone told him "that he had a widow in his line of life," "Go, go, you are an idle baggage," said he, and at the same time smiled upon his friend. When she added "that his true love was constant and that she should dream of him to night," he cried "Pish!" and bade her go on, well pleased, in truth, with her words. As the knight and his friend rode away, Sir Roger remarked "that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies foretold very strange things," and for half an hour together, observes the Spectator, appeared more jocund than ordinary. His faith must have been somewhat staggered, when, in reaching for a piece of money for a charity, he found his pocket picked!

But it is time we looked at Sir Roger in London. We,

in company with the Spectator, come upon him doing a kindness, as was his habit—chiding a beggar for not finding some work to do, and at the same time seasoning his expostulatory advice with a sixpence. The old knight brought up a perfect budget of country news, among other things telling what a jolly Christmas he had made for his tenants, and ending his relations by taking his friend into Squire's to smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee. His benevolent air and cheery voice soon put the whole establishment at his service, much to the discomfort of the other guests, who probably were reconciled to it only because this monopoly was entirely unintentional on Sir Roger's part.

Sir Roger had come to town to see Prince Eugene, whose presence in London at that time was creating much excitement of one kind and another; but he whiled away a great part of his spare time in visiting such places in the metropolis as would naturally be attractive to a middle-aged country gentleman.

Westminster Abbey was the first of these places. The incidents of the visit show some character. After drinking off a "glass of widow Trueby's water," which, as he said, was "very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection," he told one of his servants to call a coach, "and take care it was an elderly man that drove it." Once at the door, he hesitated a little about going in it until assured that the "axle-tree was good," when he got in without further ceremony. They had not gone far, however, "when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. Upon being told that he did, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's and take in a roll of their best Virginia." The remainder of the visit passed off in an equally pleasant manner;—it being difficult to determine whether the knight was better pleased with what he saw or with the numerous references he was able to make to Sir Richard Baker's chronicle, a great book in its day, and one of the four which Macauley tells us formed the library of the

most literary of the country gentlemen of those times. He was much taken with the erudition of the "interpreter," and at parting shook him by the hand, "telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings * * * and talk over these matters with him more at leisure." What a relishing discourse would that be, if one could only hear it!

As Sir Roger "had not been at a play these twenty years," he told the Spectator that "he had a great mind to see the new tragedy" with him. The play which was then on the boards was "The Distressed Mother;" and upon his learning that this lady was Andromache, the widow of Hector, he was the more anxious to attend, because, as he told the Spectator, "her husband was a brave man," and this was no guess-work, for, "when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary." Captain Sentry and the Spectator accompanied the old gentleman, and the three, with Sir Roger in the middle, took their seats in the pit. The knight was in his most happy mood, and "as soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, stood up and looked about him," with the honestly-expressed admiration of a countryman. After the play began he became somewhat critical;—remarking of Pyrrhus 'that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut.' Upon seeing Andromache's obstinate resistance to the importunities of her lover, Pyrrhus, Sir Roger whispered "she would never have him," adding, with a great deal of vehemence, "you can't imagine what 't is to have to do with a widow!" Once thinking of widows, he could not stop; for we hear him, sometime after, again whispering to his friend: "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world." Recovering, at last, from his recollections, he again gave his attention to the play, and what with his observations and criticisms, got through the rest of the evening very pleasantly. His friends waited with him until the crowd dispersed, and then accompanied him to his lodgings in great state.

A few evenings after Sir Roger's visit to the theatre, he called for his friend, the Spectator, to make a visit with

him to Spring-Gardens, the name by which what was once Vauxhall-Garden was now known. It was a pleasant old spot, as we are told, with a grove of "warbling birds," and quite a place for flirtations and gallantries. Some writer of the period, speaking of this, says: "The windings and turnings in the little wilderness are so intricate, that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their daughters." Our old friend, however, only wished to go for the beauty of the place and the pleasure which a virtuous, healthy mind always feels at the sight of other people enjoying themselves. When the "Philosopher" (as Sir Roger called the Spectator) came down, he found the knight already a made friend with the landlady and her children, stroking one of the urchins upon the head and "bidding him to be a good child and mind his book," in the intervals of the good woman's gossip. For a boatman (they went on the water), Sir Roger chose one with a wooden leg; for "you must know," said he, "I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm." The boat being trimmed with Sir Roger's coachman—the one who had the "looks of a privy counsellor,"—away they went, the good old fellow saluting everybody within hailing distance with a hearty "good night," according to his usual custom. This practice, however, which in the country went "a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire," brought some Thames-ribaldry upon him from two or three diminutive swells, much to the old gentleman's indignation. Indeed, he was so far roused as to threaten, "if he were a Middlesex justice," to "make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land." However, the old gentleman presently recovered from his vexation; and the "fragrancy of the walks and bowers," "the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees" and the "tribe of people that walked under their shades" soon set him to saying kindly, pleasant things again. Under these sweet influences of nature he was led to assert that "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your

nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" A tap on the shoulder from a mask and a challenge to drink a bottle of mead with her, disturbed him in his reverie. The interruption jarred upon his humor and with some asperity he told her "she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business." A "glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef,"—a bit of which, with his usual thoughtfulness, the knight sent down to the one-legged waterman—concluded the evening's sport.

We have one more chapter devoted to Sir Roger's London experience—an account of an evening at the club. It seems that the old gentleman was usually very jovial and hearty at these meetings, even when measuring wits with Sir Andrew, as was to be expected of so genial a heart; but on this evening he "sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork." He was also overheard to mutter to himself: "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." His friends rallied him upon his humor, and Sir Andrew "offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow." He admitted it; and after some hesitation said that he had just heard from the country that a neighbor of his had been paying a visit to the widow. "However," said Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain." Upon this Will Honeycomb sought to comfort the old gentleman by a recital of his own numerous failures in affairs of the heart. Sir Roger appears to have listened in profound silence, contrary to his habit, until Will happened to quote a part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall, wherein the "goodliest man" exclaims against—

"This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature,"

—woman, which so struck Sir Roger's fancy, that he borrowed the book, with the leaf folded down, to "read over

those verses again before he went to bed." Yet no one who knows Sir Roger, believes for a moment that he at all agreed with Adam's speech, however much it suited his mood at the moment;—he probably went to sleep, after all, with a prayer in his heart for the "perverse widow."

Of the one blot upon the character of Sir Roger,—put there by Steele or Tickell,—I have only to say that it seems inconsistent with the knight's character, looked at in whatever light you please. Sir Roger's experience when a lad had made him too knowing to be fooled, as is shown by his treatment of the mask at Spring-Gardens; and his love for the "beautiful widow" was too pure and constant for him to even glance at a woman of the town, though as fair and wise as Phryne. Addison felt this inconsistency; and at once determined to kill Sir Roger himself, as Cervantes did Don Quixote, lest some one else should murder him.

Sir Roger died in the country, at home. Of the many letters received concerning his death, the Spectator only published the one from Edward Biscuit, the gray-headed butler. The letter states that Sir Roger "caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir," adds Mr. Biscuit, "my good master was always the poor man's friend." After he "lost his roast-beef stomach," the only hopes that were entertained of his recovery were those raised by the apparently good effect produced upon him by the "kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life;" but these were transient. Though he "kept a good heart to the last," he soon passed away. He left legacies to the poor and needy all about him, and some family jewels for the "perverse widow." He was mourned by all the country round; and the butler adds that since his death the old house dog "has never joyed himself;"—"no more has any of us." A postscript stated that Sir Roger had left a book for Sir Andrew Freeport. This, it appears, related to some

question over which they had recently been arguing, and had certain passages marked. Sir Andrew had no heart for the argument, but, "at the sight of the old man's handwriting, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket."

Thus lived one who never gave his

———"Name to swell subscription-lists
 "Toward keeping up the sun at nights in heaven,
 "And other possible ends,"—

but who always did good by manner and word and act to all with whom he came in contact. A man of heart rather than of intellect, of notions rather than of reasons,—while we laugh at him we yet love him; and acknowledge, that, as illustrated by him, "a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in society to him, who, with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections."

—But Sir Roger is dead.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

W. R. S.



CHIT-CHAT.

I WAS requested to write an article for the *LIT.*, the time wherein was limited. Good nature entering largely into my composition, I consented. I voluntarily suspended—in metaphor—the sword of Damocles above my head, and in trembling awaited the snapping of the thread. The time specified drew near, but still my thoughts were as far off as the subject, and both were "on the other side of Jordan." "Don't disappoint me or I'll—" were the words accompanying the request. Their tones still sound in my ears with import direr than the Harpie cries, which predicted to the sea-tossed voyagers

on Afric's shore, that tables henceforth should serve them for bread. Not till other helpers had failed and the day of issue was near at hand, had necessity looked towards me. I was to be used as straw is packed down among glassware, or as bread eaten between dinner courses, to fill up the cracks. Such to my knowledge was the place offered me to fill, and yet I accepted. I cannot now explain the action of "the suffering ego" which brought about this result,—whether from gratification at the honor (as I construed it), or from absence of other work, or my natural goodness. The fact is plainly palpable that I am down for an article,—bound hand and foot to give the first offspring of my brain to the devil to be eaten up by him into type. Spite the terrors of my position and dread for the fate of my mental offspring, I dare not fail one iota in my promise. Not that I have nothing better to-day,—not that I am actuated by an "overloving desire" to appear in print,—not that I am in love and would burden the public with my woe-clouded story,—not that I am in ennui and would create sensation by working up old errors into comedies. No. Neither want of employment, desire to be seen in print, love, grief, nor ennui drive me to this fearful step. I solemnly affirm that were it not for *pity*, "pure unadulterated pity," a pity which has been wrought to its highest tension by a circumstance that once happened to me, not human cause could keep me from failing to call at the editor's office with a contribution in my hand. Once I had a dream. I dreamed I was an Editor of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, and the following was my vision:

The October number had fallen to my charge. "Fate has certainly smiled upon me," thought my âme, "for I shall have all the long vacation and a month extra for preparation." Fate smiled,—I may almost say, grinned still further upon me. With ease I obtained the promise of six contributions, which added to three articles of my own, would fill up the table of contents. But my âme, like âmes generally, had much to learn. The smiles of Fate and even the positive grins of that lady are some-

times deceptive. The best homily and the least regarded of the whole book of verities, is the Scottish glee, "The best laid plans of men and mice oft gang aley." In this particular case I resembled the mice here spoken of. Trusting to the security of my precautions without taking any precautions for my security in the event of a slip-up in my programme, I finished my allotted part and took no further concern. Vacation over I returned. ———. That dash means a good deal,—more than words long sought for could express. Laconically speaking, it means my hopes were dashed, my air-castles upset, and myself spilled in the midst of a quandary, from which I issued worse tattered than Lazarus. My meaning is doubtless guessed. Six men promised and a half-dozen failed. Six pieces were expected and instead thereof six excuses were presented.

One who at being asked had beamed upon me with gratitude for the compliment: "Ah! really, I am so sorry, but then I have omitted so many lessons, and do you know I haven't written home for a fortnight? Hope 't wont put you out. Good day." Omitted lessons in his case formerly continued to be omitted, and letters home emanated about as often from his pen as term-bills from the Treasurer, or any other occasion which demanded the ready. Number two, who for weeks had been promulgating about the piece he was writing for the LIT., who had besieged us with questions innumerable as to the length, the style, the subject, etc., etc., who had caused our warm hearts to beat high with anticipation, and our gratitude had already secured him a seat at the LIT. supper; this "hope of hopes," this spes sperum, saluted the ears of my sanctum one morning with the words, "Old fellow! say, you don't expect a piece from me, do you? I had an idea of giving you something, but the studies are so hard that I have almost grown thin with work. Got your lesson in Intellect, awful psychecal (intended as a joke on poor Psyche, I suppose, who as myth tells us, dealt in such mixed stuff as tangled yarn,) stuff, aint it!" Three times within a week had that study-loving, "almost

grown thin," classmate attended evening parties, which I had been obliged to decline. Number three, whose liking for reading was as great as one north magnet's attraction for another, had suddenly emerged into a book worm of such wonderful proclivities as to be doing up the whole range of literature down from Daniel Chaucer, as he told me. Of the others, one declared he had not promised, one could n't find a subject, and another was a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, being in love. Exit from my room six light-hearted classmates whistling with gusto :

" I would be an Editor,
" And with an Editor's stand,
" A devil at my elbow,
" A pen within my hand."

Exit from my bosom hope, joy, confidence in mortals; in it despair, three-tripled anger, frenzy, then the horror of desperation. Upon the wall Nebuchadnezzar read his fate. I saw in fiery letters an extract from the Courant. "*It is reported that the Editor of the Oct. Lit. set fire to Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor's printing office to delay the issue of his number. We are confident in stating that it will be out before the new dormitory is finished.*" This but added horror to my feelings. Around me rushed in horrid dance the maddened visages of a hundred classmates, while with fearful yells they shouted, "Is it for this, this, this, we elected you? Catiff, show us the Lit. ere the sun sinks behind Lyceum's towers, or henceforth thou shalt be condemned to a daily reading of C. C. C.'s College Courant." This saying with fearful threats they rose through the gaping ceiling. Scarce had they disappeared when up through the cracks of my floor shot the horned heads of devils myriad, grasping with skeleton fingers fonts of type, which they poured down my choking throat, while they bore me with their vacant hands between the plates of a two-horse cylinder press, while howls of "Copy, Copy, More Copy," rang in my deafened ears. On a sudden from their midst there sprung upon my stomach with terrific bound, the portly person of Elihu Yale, white-haired and passion-eyed, who raised aloft a mighty wooden spoon, and swift crashing it descended on my head.

Again and again he swung it, while in harmony with its movements rang out the fearful discord,

"Cantabunt soboles unanimique patres"

from the demon crowd. * * *

In horror I awoke. The white sweat coursed from my forehead, and in my ears still echoed the fearful words of the dream. Its recollection still lingers with me. Such then is the reason I cannot break my promise. Nature prompts me, but the remembrance of that hour comes upon me and in pity I exclaim, "No, I will not add one jot or tittle to heighten the poor Editor's sorrow. Six men have failed him in the hour of need, be not thou the seventh.

What reason is there in my own case and in other cases so frequently to prevent one from writing for the LIT.? Let me imagine myself an editor again. In the first place, outside assistance is indispensable. Without it five men with even untiring energy cannot write up nine magazines of 60 pages each, so as to be readable to the mass of subscribers. For this indisposition to assist, the excuse generally presented is the want of a proper subject. Of the six excuses presented by the six delinquents above, the real excuse was not so much the want of time or ability, as of a proper subject. Now the field of the LIT., which has been so much bruited about of late, is neither so limited on the one hand as to include only college topics, nor on the other hand so extended as to embrace lengthy articles on the eternal verities. Its proper path lies between these two extremes, neither too light to be unread outside of college, nor too heavy for reading inside. As it has some outside circulation it should meet this demand, by supplying at least one elegant composition in each number, whether a literary critique, a historical essay, or a scientific investigation. Again, as the major part of its patronage is from the college, and the greater number of its critics are in the college world, the rest of its contents should be made up of pieces of local interest to students. What is of local interest? The question is readily answered. College customs, manners, changes, institutions, fallacies,

and a thousand things occurring in our daily life afford a vast number and variety of "proper subjects." Spice is wanted. This we would find in some humorous college comedy, a romance of college life, or in scraps of poetry. I know not whether a serial continued through the year would not attach greater interest to each number. College life has romance enough in it to furnish forth a dozen novels yearly. With a Table of Contents such as I have described there would be variety enough for every class of readers. Few read the whole LIT., all read some part of it.

But here again rises the question of help, for without it the above arrangements could not be made. At present half-a dozen articles yearly constitute the sum total of all received without solicitation. Rarely is anything received from an under class. This fault should be remedied. The pages of the LIT. are open to all, and its Editors are earnest in calling upon all, if they have anything to write, not to be deterred by the fact that they belong to an under class. Contributions will be examined upon their own merit, not upon the position of the author.

At the commencement of the 35th volume such is the mission proposed for our magazine, such is the goal we would reach. We will labor faithfully at our part, will others at times lend us the helping hand?



WOMEN AT YALE.

I AM opposed to female suffrage; but I am an advocate of Woman's rights. I never saw any woman save disappointed old maids, domineering wives and romantic *young* women in spectacles, who wanted to vote. But I am told, (and my observation confirms the assertion) that the female sex has not yet cast off, like a worn-out toad skin its pristine nature. I am told that the girl of the period is made up of the same constituent parts as were the immediate

and literal daughters of Eve. I am told that the present policy of creation differs in no wise from the ancient one, that women are intended for domestic life, as usual, and not, as some suppose, for "he-female" voters, that the women themselves are conscious of this, and feel urging them, the same impulses as of yore. I am confidentially informed that girls are as anxious to be married as ever they were, and that they will take as much pains to accomplish their designs as ever they did. I suspect that they fall back on suffrage, as a recreation only exceeded in the excitement resultant, by the matrimonial main. In the face of these revelations and suspicions, I lean to the belief that the attractive ones in the market, and those happily married, are not those who demand he-female suffrage. As these are the only ones in whom I am especially interested, I also refrain from demanding of the national potentates the right of suffrage for my female friends.

But there is another phase to my character. I am a philanthropist. Although not *especially* interested in unattractive maidens, and married viragos, my benevolent disposition bids me wish them well. My heartfelt desire is that they should not be wronged. It is my firm conviction that those who cannot marry, should not be debarred from purifying filthy lucre. My sharp-nosed, thin-skinned, shrill-toned virgin friends complain to me with tears in their eyes, that they are shut out from manly occupations by a vulgar prejudice. My unfortunate friends, God bless you! I can only be sorry for you. Still, mature deliberation convinces me that you labor under a mistake. I believe it to be your unfitness, and not your sex, which shuts the door of lucrative positions in your faces. There is no help for it. You are too old to commence your education. Naught is now left for you but weeping. But the recurrence of this painful state of affairs can be prevented. Your successors are young enough to be educated, able instructors confide to me the fact that, as a rule, there is no important impediment existing in the female mind, not also found in the male intellect. My advocacy of wo-

men's rights now begins to crop out. I am inclined to believe that education is an *inalienable right* of the female sex. I believe that women might and should be educated for all positions of trust (even those who expect to be married. It wont hurt them.) And I further believe that they all should have a fair chance in the matrimonial market.

Now those whose only ambition is not the possession of a ticket in the connubial lottery should have the best of educational institutions for their own private benefit. But let those who wish to get married come to Yale. Come one, come all! Come, beautiful and plain, or even ugly—come, widows and orphans,—come, hopeful and disappointed—come, bright and dull—come, prude and flirt—come, blue-stockings and Flora McFlimsey—come, fat and lean—come, blonde and brunette! We will receive you with open arms, (literally or metaphorically.) There is a balm here for you all. We will console you in all your afflictions. We will enliven your lonely hours. We will sharpen your wits with male-female debates. We will tone your exuberance by mild hazing. We will try your courage in rushes. We will test your constitution in ball matches and boat races. We will admire your agility on the flying trapeze. We will teach you the most approved method of roosting on the fence. We will play you fairly for the championship at billiards. We will pay for every other bottle of "Widow Cliquot," and help you home like brothers if you get discouraged. We will be liberal with our cigars. We will keep sacred a place on our mantels for your dapper little feet. We will refrain from cheating you at poker. In short, we will treat you impartially as our equals. We will make men of you, and marry you on commencement day.

Another blessing will result from your advent here. The customs of New England society will be openly defied, for Yale students will utterly refuse a surrender of the time-honored practice of walking about town like cooing lovers. As I am small and good-natured, and have a host of huge friends, I am perpetually used as a walking stick. I trust that on some of you, equally small and

good natured, would fall the mantle of their affection, and that I should be suffered to carry my own avoirdupois without a Sinbad knapsack. Then again, how comforting it would be, to have a nice, buxom girl in the corner seat at chapel, rather than an awkward, bony fellow who can't hold you comfortably. How exhilarating it would be to relieve the tedium of a dull class room by innocent little flirtations with our sister students. How truly inspiring it would be to attend "dark lecture" side by side with timid females. What a preventative of blues, would be a lovely pair of chums just across the entry. The value of classmates who can sew on buttons scientifically, or join rents deftly, cannot be over-estimated. Nothing makes me more cadaverously homesick than, at the completion of an elaborate toilet, to find that an essential button has severed its family connection, and to know that its replacement involves a weary repetition of artistic hair dressing. Then too, we should welcome you as the almoners of peace. We should rely on you to end the petty jealousies which sever our manly hearts. Oh for an Anna Dickinson or a Susan B. Anthony to manage our college politics! Oh for a Lydia Thompson to arrange a coalition! Oh for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to electioneer for Gamma Nu! Oh for a Fanny Fern to collect subscriptions for the University! Oh for an Elizabeth Cady Stanton to lead the choir! Oh for an Olive Logan to nurse you through the typhoid! Oh ———. The thought, overpowers me. I must veil my prophetic vision, and restrain my platonic soul from such rapturous imaginings.

Were I a merman, and you fair voyagers ironed to the decks of the galley "Home," I would, by my spells, melt off your fetters, and lure you down under the bright, blue seas to the rocks and quicksands of the fabled palaces at Yale. Being but mortal, I chant a human song. My lyre disdains goblin lays of enchantment, and utters but a mawkish ditty. My siren tones but cloy upon your ear. My enticing figure shrivels into insignificance and deformity. Yet, as a mortal, pray I you once more, "come over into Macedonia and help us."

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The College Year,

Which commenced for the one hundred and seventieth time on Thursday, September 16th, opened upon a scene of unwonted activity. The work on the new Divinity Hall, which was commenced before the end of the summer term, had been so rapidly prosecuted that the walls were already fast going up, while on the college green, in front of North College, was rising that "new dormitory building," the erection of which had been so long delayed that most persons had come to regard the whole matter as a myth. Ground was broken for this new building, which is to be known as the Farnam Dormitory, on the 2d of August, and at the present writing the walls are up nearly to the second floor. An unusual amount of repairs has also been expended upon the other buildings during the summer vacation, the reading room has been newly papered and painted, new walks have been laid out, and in fine a general spirit of change is everywhere evident. Apart from this outside activity, however, college life has run on quite as smoothly and quietly as usual. The annual "Freshman rain," although deferred to a later date and somewhat shorter than usual, fully made up for these defects by its violence when it finally arrived. So few fires occur in New Haven which at all affect the student world that it seems proper to mention here the unfortunate one which on Tuesday, the 21st ult., destroyed the printing establishment of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, the official college printers. By this occurrence the issue of the present number of the *LIT.* has been deferred a fortnight beyond the regular day of publication. Our record closes with Saturday, Oct. 9th, and dates back to the 10th of July, at which time the

Annual Examinations

Engrossed the undergraduate mind, and made Alumni Hall the center of interest, though not of attraction, to all. The weather this year deserves mention, as it was much less oppressive than is usually the case in the middle of summer. The last examination occurred on Thursday, the 15th of July, and on the following day the list of killed and wounded was made known by the faculty. No one of the Juniors was dropped, but five members of the class were heavily conditioned and suspended for several weeks of the fall term. The other classes were less successful. Three Sophomores and three Freshmen were dropped, and one Sophomore was also detected in "skinning" and sus-

pended for a term. No second examinations in any of the departments were required, as was the case last year, which is supposed to indicate that no papers were discovered beforehand. A couple of noteworthy and commendable innovations in the manner of examination were introduced this year. One was suggested by the new division of the classes according to "stand," and consisted in the assignment of different passages in Greek and Latin to the members of different divisions; the other was the granting of some degree of option in two or three of the studies, as to the questions which each person would answer. This was secured by printing a larger number of questions than usual, of which only the usual number were required to "pass" the paper, while for answering any others "additional credit" was given. Thus in Natural Philosophy, eighteen questions were proposed, of which each person was expected to answer ten, which might be selected at pleasure from the whole number, while a higher mark was given to those who answered any of the remaining eight. The close of annual occasioned a great exodus of the students, so that college was comparatively deserted when the

Baccalaureate

Was preached on Sunday afternoon by the College Pastor, Rev. O. E. Daggett, D.D. His text was 1st Corinthians xvi: 13, and the subject of his sermon, "Manliness." Between sixty and seventy of the graduating class occupied the senior seats, and a good sized audience filled the remainder of the house. This opening performance of the week was followed on Monday by the graduating exercises of the

Scientific School,

Which occupied the morning and evening of that day. There were thirty-two graduates from the various departments of the school this year, and each one of the graduates in the regular course read a thesis in Sheffield Hall. Sixteen of the class having read their essays in the morning, the dozen best speakers were reserved for the evening, when they went through with their performances before a good audience, President Woolsey presiding. At the close of the reading, eleven prizes were announced for proficiency in various studies, and then the audience were invited to a collation, which pleasantly closed the exercises of the evening. Quite a number of undergraduates were present, although not so large a number as gathered to hear the

Prize Declamations,

Which were delivered in the Chapel on the evening of Tuesday, July

20th, commencing at 8 o'clock. The outside audience was rather small, not filling the body of the house, as for some reason it seems impossible to secure for this feature of the week at Yale the attention which it receives in many other colleges. The dozen best speakers of '71, according to previous selection of Profs. Northrop and Bailey, went through the following programme:—"The Black Regiment," Robert W. Archbald, Scranton, Pa.; "The Death Penalty," Charles R. Lanman, Norwich Town, Conn.; "Daniel Webster," Orville J. Bliss, Chicago, Ill.; "Irish Aliens and English Victories," Frank Johnson, Pine Bluff, Ark.; "Mark Antony on the Death of Cæsar," Frank Cramer, Milwaukee, Wis.; "The Washington Monument," Edwin F. Sweet, Vineland, N. J.; "Salathiel to Titus," Cornelius E. Cuddeback, Port Jervis, N. Y.; "Icilius," Wilbert W. Perry, Collinsville, Conn.; "Extract from Dedication Ode," Charles B. Dudley, Maine, N. Y.; "The First Predictor of an Eclipse," Thomas Thacher, New Haven, Conn.; "Eulogy on Athens," Alfred B. Mason, Chicago, Ill.; "Peroration against Warren Hastings," Howard Mansfield, New Haven, Conn. The pieces were all commendably brief, averaging only a trifle over seven minutes each, and the speaking as a whole was good, without being excellent. The committee of award was chosen from the audience, and consisted of Rev. Hiram P. Arms, D.D., of Norwich Town, Conn., Rev. B. G. Northrop and Rev. G. B. Newcomb of this city. Each of the three prizes was divided, and the halves were assigned as follows:—first, Cramer and Thacher; second, Archbald and Dudley; third, Cuddeback and Lanman. The faculty was not very fully represented at the chapel, and we regret to say that they also pretty generally "cut" the

Concio ad Clerum,

Which was preached at the same hour in the North Church, by the Rev. Salmon McCall, of Old Saybrook, Conn., a graduate of the class of '51. The subject of his discourse was "The Special Adaptativeness of the Gospel to the Wants of the Age," and the audience was only noticeable as being even smaller than that which usually listens to this performance. The unfortunate thing about this sermon is, that it comes on the evening before

Phi Beta Kappa

Elects its officers for the year, as the minds of many are then fully occupied with the preparation of "slates," and the "laying of pipe" for this exciting election. Despite a good deal of opposition, the "straight ticket" was finally carried through at the business meeting on

Wednesday morning, and the ancient organization was officered as follows for the ensuing year:—President, Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D.D., '39; Vice President, Prof. A. C. Twining, '20; Corresponding Secretary, Prof. D. C. Gilman, '52; Treasurer, Prof. H. A. Newton, '50; Assistant Treasurer, M. F. Tyler, '70; Recording Secretary, E. S. Hume, '70; Orator, President McCosh, of Princeton, with Hon. Theodore W. Dwight, of Columbia Law School, as substitute; Poet, James K. Lombard, '54, with Rev. I. N. Tarbox, '39, as substitute. Forty elections to the best scholars of '70, as well as several honorary elections, were also given out. In the evening the society held its public exercises at the North Church, where the oration was delivered by Hon. Emory Washburn, LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass., and the poem by E. R. Sill, of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, a member of the LIT. board of '61. The former gentleman read with considerable difficulty a well written production on "The Relations of the College to the State"; while the latter delivered in excellent style a very enjoyable poem on "The Thousand Clocks of Noster Town, or Truth by Majority." Unique in subject and treatment, it was the gem of the week, and all who heard it will rejoice to learn that its early publication may be expected. The exercises were listened to by many graduates, most of whom had arrived in town early enough to attend the

Alumni Meeting.

Which was called to order at 9 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday by Prof. Noah Porter. Hon. Asahel Huntington of the class of '19 was elected chairman, and Charles Tracy of the class of '32, secretary. The chairman made the opening address and then, after the reading of the annual obituary record, called forth brief speeches from Rev. W. W. Turner, of '19, Hon. F. Gillett, of '29, Rev. I. N. Tarbox, of '39, Prof. Washburn, of Harvard, President Caswell, of Brown, Rev. J. W. Dulles, of '44, Rev. F. W. Fisk, of '49, and W. E. Robinson, of '41. After the election of officers for the ensuing year, the meeting appointed a committee, consisting of Prof. Noah Porter, of '31, Hon. W. M. Evarts, of '37, C. J. Stille, of '39, A. Taft, of '33, and Rev. F. W. Fisk, of '49, to examine the subject of admitting the alumni to a share in the control of the college, and report at the meeting next July. After singing a hymn, the orator of the day, Hon. Henry L. Dawes, M. C. from Massachusetts, of the class of '39, was introduced, and spoke for an hour on the "Relations of Education to Government." Wednesday being emphatically alumni day, the faculty gave a reception to the graduates in the Art Gallery from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, while the

Class Reunions

Kept up the interest till well into the night. Nine classes held meetings at different places and hours Wednesday evening, of which the largest and most interesting was naturally the triennial of '66, at the New Haven House. Fifty-seven of the 95 graduates, and 11 non-graduates were present at the supper, while a large number of outsiders were admitted at the presentation of the silver cup to the class boy. The fortunate recipient was Arthur Woolsey Chatfield, son of C. C. Chatfield, of the *Courant*. Mr. W. W. Farnam made the presentation, and Mr. Chatfield the reception speech. Six members of 1819 met together, and of the 39 who graduated 12 are still alive. The corresponding numbers for 1829 are: 12, 44, 77; for 1839, 29, 67, 94; for 1844, 30, 85, 104; for 1849, 36, 77, 94; 1854, 20, 84, 99; 1859, 49, 94, 105; 1863, 40, 118, 122. Over 200, it will thus be seen, were present at the regular class meetings, and counting the representatives of other classes who were here during the week, probably the number of alumni did not fall much below 300. Although many of the meetings did not break up until quite a late hour, most of those present at them were stirring the next morning in season to join the traditional procession for

Commencement,

Which formed as usual in front of the Lyceum, and proceeded to the Center Church. The church was well filled with the usual commencement audience, disposed in the proper manner. The appointments of the class were given in the July number; the subjects and speakers of the day were as follows:—Salutatory Oration in Latin, by GARDINER LATHROP, Columbia, Mo. Dissertation, "Robert Burns," by JOHN COWLES GRANT, Lockport, Ill. Dissertation, "German Liberty," by HENRY CLAY MISSIMER, Pottstown, Pa. Oration, "Olden Barneveldt," by CHARLES THEODOR WEITZEL, New Haven. Oration, "Dr. Arnold of Rugby," by FRANK RUSSEL CHILDS, East Hartford. Dissertation, "The Failure of Protestantism," by HENRY TAYLOR TERRY, Hartford. Oration, "The Eastern Question," by HENRY LEAR, Doylestown, Pa. Oration, "Ochlocracy," by M. STUART PHELPS, Andover, Mass. Oration, "Free Trade," by EDWARD GUSTIN COY, Sandusky, Ohio. Oration, "A Plea for Shylocks," by CHARLES WILLIAM BARDEEN, Fitchburg, Mass. Oration, "Railroads and the Government," by HENRY CLAY BANNARD, New Haven. Oration, "The Fictions of History," by EDWARD HEATON, Cincinnati, Ohio. Philosophical Oration, "Macchiavelli's Art of War," by BERNADOTTE PERRIN, New Britain. Philosophical Oration,

"The Heresy of Speculation," by EDWARD PAYSON WILDER, Kolapoor, India. Oration, "College Friendships," with the Valedictory Address, by ARTHUR SHIRLEY, New York City. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Philharmonic Society of New Haven, assisted by several performers from New York, and was under the direction of Prof. Stœckel. It was quite a noticeable coincidence that the salutatorian of '69 was the son of the salutatorian of '19. Mr. Wilder's oration was generally considered the best effort of the day, and appears in this number of the LIT. The one session system introduced last year was followed this year, and seems to meet with universal satisfaction. The exercises which commenced soon after ten were thus finished about two o'clock with the

Conferring of Degrees

By the President. A.B. was given to the 117 regular graduates of '69, as well as to H. W. Syle, a deaf mute, who came up from New York and passed the annual examinations of the four classes in a lump—a feat which was certainly cheaply rewarded by the permission to write the first two letters of the alphabet after his name; A.M., in regular course, to 27 men of '66, out of course, to 10 graduates of other classes, from '31 to '65, and special to 6 non-graduates; LL.B. to 5; M.D. to 9; Ph.B. to 27; Ph.D. to 4; and C.E. to 1. The following honorary degrees were also announced; LL.D., Ezra Abbot, Professor in Harvard University, Prof. Edward E. Salisbury, of New Haven, class of '32, Judge Henry W. Taylor, of Canandaigua, N. Y., class of '16; D.D., Rev. Lavalette Perrin of New Britain, class of '40, Rev. I. N. Tarbox, of Boston, class of '39. M.A., Porter C. Bliss, of New York, William T. Harris, of St. Louis, Mo., Charles B. Lusenbergh, of New York, Dr. George F. Shrady, of New York, Dr. L. H. Steiner, of Baltimore, Md., Eli Whitney, of New Haven. With the conferring of these 212 degrees the literary performances of the week concluded, and it only remained for the new fledged alumni to join their older associates in the commencement dinner at Alumni Hall. In the evening President Woolsey held a reception at his residence which was fully attended, while the northern trains carried quite a number of Yalensians bound for

Worcester,

With the hope and expectation of witnessing a victory for the blue on Quinsigamond. But alas! for the fourth successive time the LIT. has to record the old story of defeat. The regatta this year attracted less than the usual number of spectators from either the colleges or the public for several reasons, prominent among which was the fact that

Harvard had already sent her best four to England. Harvard's term, too, had closed three weeks previous, so that there were probably not a hundred of her students present, while the number of Yale undergraduates was but little larger. Those who were there, however, felt confident of victory in the University race, and hopeful of success in the Freshman. The latter was first pulled and resulted in a victory for Harvard—her time being 19:30, while Yale's was 19:58 1-2. The University race was a repetition of the Freshman in its result, although it was very well contested throughout. The Harvard boat took the lead from the start, and, though closely pressed several times by Yale, kept it to the end, rowing the three miles in 18:2. Yale's time was 18:11. For the five previous years the time has been as follows, Harvard being first noted:—1864, 19:43 1-2—19:10; 1865, 19:09—18:42 1-2; 1866, 18:43 1-2—19:10; 1867, 18:12 3-4—19:25 1-2; 1868, 17:48 1-2—18:38 1-2. It thus appears that Harvard has beaten her time this year only once, in the regatta of 1868, while Yale made 31 1-2 seconds better time than her best previous, which was in 1865. Some additional consolation may possibly be extracted from the fact that Yale's time this year would have beaten in any race before 1868. The Freshman crews were made up as follows:—Harvard, R. S. Russell (stroke), A. Tucker, No. 2, W. C. Loring, No. 3, E. Treadwell, No. 4, G. H. Gould, No. 5, H. St. J. Smith (bow); Yale, J. P. Studley (stroke), W. L. Cushing, No. 2, F. G. B. Swayne, No. 3, E. H. Hub- No. 4, F. L. Hall, No. 5, L. S. Boomer (bow). It is but justice to the Yale Freshmen to state that one man who pulled on the race had rowed with the crew but little over a week, the unfortunate sickness of a member of the original crew making a change necessary just before they left New Haven. The statistics of the two University crews are as follows:—

HARVARD.			
	Class.	Weight.	Age.
Francis O. Lyman,	'71	154	23
Theophilus Parsons,	'70	153	20
Joseph S. Fay, Jr.,	Law School,	155	22
Grinnell Willis,	'70	153	20
George I. Jones,	'71	155	21
Nathaniel G. Read,	'71	133	20
YALE.			
George W. Drew,	'70	168	26
William A. Copp,	'69	164	25
David McC. Bone,	'70	160	22
William H. Lee,	'70	164	21
Edgar D. Coonley,	'71	155	24
Roderick Terry,	'70	155	20

Mr. Fay, a member of the Law School at Harvard, was allowed to pull in this race by Yale, on account of Harvard's best men having gone to row the International race. Both he and Mr. Lyman were at that time substitutes for the Harvard four, in which they took their places immediately upon reaching England. We must not forget to mention the weather, which was all that could be desired—the regular rain having been omitted, contrary to all precedent. The reports of the race are remarkably unanimous as to the reason which they assign for Yale's defeat,—the general tone of all the comments being tersely summed up in the following remark: "Yale sends muscle enough every year to Worcester, to win, but she must pull a quicker stroke, and with a shorter and lighter oar, to do so." Speaking of reports of the race reminds us to say, that for light and entertaining reading we award the palm to the descriptions of the history and status of boating at Yale, which were given in some of the papers. We cannot resist the temptation to give a sample sentence which occurred under the heading "Boating at Yale", in the *New York Tribune's* account of the regatta: "A citizen stated yesterday that if the present boat-house at Yale was insufficient, as stated, there were thousands of citizens who stood ready to build a new one." With this generous disposition on the part of the New Haven public, we presume the new treasurer of the

Navy

Will make it his first duty to mention to some one of these "thousands of citizens" the debt on the present boat-house, which we learn from the published report of the retiring commodore, amounts at present to \$1,500. As the debt was stated a year ago as \$1,600, it will be seen that a reduction of \$100 has been made during the last twelve months, suggesting the conundrum, Which is likely to be soonest paid, the National or the navy debt? From the same report, which was presented at a meeting of the navy on Saturday, the 18th ult., we learn that the total expenditures during the past year were \$1,848.81—a sum which was a trifle more than counter-balanced by the receipt from various sources of \$1,849.25. Of this sum \$683 came from subscriptions, while back subscriptions to the amount of \$163 are still uncollected. At the meeting on the 18th ult., Edwin R. Stearns was elected treasurer, and a ballot was taken for commodore. Mr. Copp, the retiring commodore, who presided, declared one of the candidates elected by a plurality vote, but this decision was so manifestly illegal that another meeting was called on Saturday, the 2d inst. by the captain of the senior boat club, at which David McCoy Bone was unanimously chosen commodore. The fall races have been appointed for

Saturday, the 23d inst., and prizes offered for the winning shell, gig and barge crews, as well as for the best single and double sculls. The announcement of these prizes has awakened considerable activity in boating matters, and the races this fall promise to be the most successful we have had for a long time. We understand that an effort is to be made the coming winter to raise a fund large enough to provide similar prizes every year in future. It is a move in the right direction, and we trust it may accomplish all that it promises. The offer of prizes for single and double sculls is particularly commendable, as it gives the members of the professional schools an opportunity to compete in some of the races. We are not without hopes that at no distant day the new

Theological Hall

Will send forth exponents of "muscular christianity," who have won laurels in the harbor races. Ground was broken for this new building on July 13th by President Woolsey, and during the vacation the work upon it was rapidly pushed forward. On Wednesday, the 22d ult., the corner stone of the edifice was laid, the greater part of the afternoon being occupied in the attending ceremonies. Preliminary exercises were held at the Center Church at half-past two o'clock—the south gallery being on this occasion "reserved for students." A large audience was present, and a number of addresses were made by members of the faculty, benefactors of the institution and clergymen. A procession was then formed and proceeded in the rain to the new Hall, where the corner-stone was laid by President Woolsey. The building is going up rapidly and is expected to be finished by the opening of the next college year. Although it will not be completed until after the Seniors leave college, they will probably have among their

Class Pictures

Views of the building while in process of erection. The pictures for '70 are to be taken by Mr. Prescott of Hartford, who was chosen photographer at a class meeting on Wednesday, the 30th ult., by the decisive vote of 58 in his favor to 34 for Sarony, who took the pictures for '69. At a previous meeting to consider the picture question, a committee was appointed to consider the expediency of making a change in the management of the business on the part of the class. This committee recommended the abolishment of the body known as the Class Picture Committee, and advised the selection of one man who should represent the class, and be its business agent. Their report was accepted, and Edward S. Hume was elected to fill the position. Mr. Prescott is

putting up a building on the lot opposite Alumni Hall, and will soon be engaged on the class negatives. He will also take the views this fall. His terms are \$20 per hundred pictures. Having said so much of elections we cannot omit some mention of the

Statement of Facts

On the evening of Wednesday, the 29th ult., when the claims of the two oldest college societies to their suffrages were presented to the class of '73. The exercises took place in Brothers' Hall, which was crowded with members of the upper classes, with a sprinkling of about forty Freshmen. H. B. Mason, the opening orator for Linonia was absent, and the speaking was commenced by E. P. Clark, '70, for Brothers, followed by A. B. Mason, '71, for Linonia, W. R. Sperry, '71, for Brothers, C. McC. Reeve, '70, for Linonia, and finally, G. W. Drew, '70, for Brothers. After the speeches the Freshmen present deposited their ballots, upon the counting of which it was found that Brothers had been chosen by 21 and Linonia by 18; the rest have since been assigned by lot equally between the two. Having mentioned the

Class of '73,

We may as well keep on, and note a few facts which seem worth recording. At the July examination 68 were admitted, 44 conditioned and 14 rejected. At the September examination 18 more were admitted, 23 conditioned and 8 rejected. Of the 175 who applied this year, therefore, 86 were admitted, 67 conditioned, and 22 rejected. The examinations this year are reported to have been harder than ever before, as it seems to be the intention of the faculty to steadily raise the standard of admission. English Grammar and Geography, the two requirements which are mentioned last in the "terms of admission" in the catalogue and usually least thought of by applicants, were particularly insisted on this year—a written examination being required in each. Enough of the conditioned men have already "made up" to bring the number in the class up to 140, and probably at least a dozen more will be admitted before the issue of the college catalogue. Two additions have been made to the Senior class, three to the Junior and four to the Sophomore. Electioneering for the Freshman societies has been very brisk this year, and the crescent has won the most decisive victory which either society has gained for many years. The exact figures we cannot yet give, but no doubt is expressed that when every man is in the class, Delta Kappa will be at least thirty ahead of her rival. Delta Kappa initiated her men on the second Wednesday evening of the term, and Kappa Sigma Epsilon on the Monday evening of the following week. There has been one organized "rush" at

Hamilton Park, in which, as usual, victory perched upon the banners of the combatants. No aggravated cases of hazing have come to our knowledge, although "smoking out" and hat stealing have not been entirely unknown. The

Studies of the Term

For '73 are very much the same as previous classes have had at the beginning of the course; Greek (Odyssey) to Prof. Packard; Latin (Livy) to Tutor Day; Euclid to Tutor Richards, and Latin Prose to Tutor Tinker. The Sophomores recite Trigonometry to Prof. Newton; Latin (Horace) to Tutor Peck; Greek (Demosthenes) to Tutor Wood, and French to Prof. Coe. Compositions take the place of the noon recitations of Saturday, as do the "forensic disputations" those of Wednesday and Saturday with the Juniors. These latter recite English Literature (Shaw's) to Prof. Northrop; Greek (Arrian) to Prof. Hadley; Natural Philosophy to Tutor Miller, and Calculus to Prof. Newton. Calculus is an optional study which may be taken in the place of Greek, and it is chosen by about 30 members of the class. The Seniors recite Political Economy (Perry's) to the President; Psychology to Prof. Porter; Astronomy to Prof. Loomis; Latin (Cicero pro Cluentio) to Prof. Thacher; Chemistry (Roscoe's) to Prof. Silliman, and German to Prof. Coe. Of the three studies, Astronomy, Latin and German, choice must be made of two. Prof. Silliman gives four lectures a week on Chemistry, which are also attended by the medical students. Two compositions are to be required during the term. Prof. Loomis is the officer of the first division, and Prof. Thacher of the second, the class being again divided alphabetically. The Juniors and Sophomores are divided according to stand, the Freshmen for this term according to the alphabet. The division officers of each of these classes have been named in their order. A number of personal items in regard to the

Faculty,

Which have accumulated during the summer, may as well be noted here. Of last year's instructors, Tutors Otis, Keep and Smith have left. Mr. Keep sailed from New York on July 28th, to enter upon his consulship at Piræus in Greece, going by way of England, whence he wrote the *Courant* an account of the International race. Mr. Smith has married, and is now teacher of mathematics in the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' Institute at Cincinnati. He carries with him the best wishes of '70, by whom his faithfulness as an instructor will not soon be forgotten. The new tutors are Messrs. T. L. Day of '67, A. P. Tinker of '68 and W.

C. Wood of '68. Tracy Peck of '61, tutor here from '64 to '67, has resumed his old position. This year is the first time that graduates of only one year's standing have been taken as tutors. In the shower of degrees this year, Prof. Dwight of the Theological School has been made D.D. by the Chicago Theological Seminary, and Prof. Thacher LL.D. by Western Reserve College. Prof. Northrop has been offered the Presidency of the Alabama State University, but has decided to retain his present position. Prof. Whitney has published his German Grammar and Reader. The Appletons have just published an abridgment of Prof. Hadley's Greek Grammar for the use of beginners. Other publications by members of the faculty during the summer have been President Woolsey's work on Divorce, and Prof. Hoppin's on Homiletics. Prof. Whitney presided over the convention of American Philologists at Poughkeepsie the last of July, and was subsequently chosen President for the ensuing year of the "American Philological Association," into which the convention resolved itself. Other members of the Association from Yale are Profs. Hadley and H. N. Day, and Mr. Van Name, the college librarian. At the meeting of the "National Academy of Science," held at Northampton, Mass., Profs. Twining and Silliman were present and read papers. The latter has been lately appointed State Chemist—an office recently created in this state. Profs. Newton and Lyman have returned from Europe, having been treated with distinguished attention both in England and on the Continent. Prof. Gilman delivered the address at the Humboldt Centennial Anniversary in this city on the 19th ult. Prof. Porter's "Human Intellect" has just gone into a second edition. Let us not be understood as implying any necessary connection between Psychology and amusements, if we make the

Town Shows

The next and last heading of our lengthy record. This topic need not delay us long, as the amusement record for the first three weeks of the term contains nothing worthy of special mention. These shows were all held in Brewster's Hall, as the repairs of Music Hall were not completed till Friday, the 8th inst. The evening of that day was appointed for the opening, and a large audience assembled. So pleased were they with the appearance of the hall since its renovation, that they kept their good nature when informed that the play announced for that evening could not be performed, owing to some terrible muddle which nobody could understand. The play, "Caste," was given on the next evening by a very respectable company to an overflowing house. For the future, the "Amusement Calendar" of the *Green Room* contains several

announcements of more than ordinary interest. One of them particularly appeals to the patronage of Yale students—the lecture of John B. Gough, on the 27th inst., the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Bethany Sunday School. This, as everybody knows, is a college institution, and with so popular a lecturer we doubt not that its treasury will be well filled.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

Since others, as well as we, have been resting, our college exchanges for the month, are not as numerous as usual. Those received have been—*The Dartmouth*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Cornell Era*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Miami Student*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Racine College Mercury*, *Shurtleff Qui Vive*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Williams Vidette*, *College Item*, *Irving Union*, *Amherst Student*, *College Courier*, *Western Collegian*.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES, having no pity on their editors, have come as usual, viz: *Atlantic Monthly*, *Galaxy*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Overland Monthly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Sabbath at Home*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Once a Month*, *Cincinnati Medical Repertory*, *Packard's Monthly*, *American Exchange and Review*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Hitchcock's New Monthly Magazine*.

OUTSIDE PAPERS—*Advertisers' Gazette*, *American Journal of Philately*, *American Literary Gazette*, *American Presbyterian*, *Appleton's Journal*, *Baltimore Southern Metropolis*, *Baltimore Statesman*, *College Courant*, *Hearth and Home*, *Living Church*, *New York Imperialist*, *Nation*, *New England Postal Record*, *Citizen and Round Table*, *Yonkers Statesman*, *Sea-Side Oracle*, *St. Louis Journal of Education*, *Schoolmaster*, *New York Manufacturer and Builder*, *Reform League*, *Worthy Chief*, *Figaro*, *Whitlock Exposition*, *Recorder*, *Sharp-Shooter* and *Anti-Fogey*, *Christian Banner*.

As our exchange list is not materially altered since our last issue, we will not weary you with individual notices, which have been already given. We must say, however, that we regard ourselves as especially fortunate in possessing such an exchange list. With hardly an exception our exchanges are able and readable. It is a real pleasure as well as a duty to devote time to the reading of such papers and magazines as are now published in this country. We venture to say that but few students are aware of the treasures now in print, always within their grasp, yet seldom touched. You have but to follow the pithy, logical editorials of the *Nation* with their bold, refreshing utterances, and you will arise from the perusal with a head perceptibly clearer with regard to knotty political questions, and with a renewed interest in live subjects. If you lack information, you will find it most thoroughly condensed in an attractive form, in that immense combination, *The Citizen and Round*

Table, which treats of all subjects from the National policy down to female gossip, and of all reputations, from that of a renowned game cock up to that of President Grant. If you would be entertained, you will always find *Appletons' Journal* fresh and congenial. If you do not intend to addle your brains, and shrivel your body by a city life, you should read of the attractiveness and utility of nature, so carefully portrayed week by week in the *Hearth and Home*. And so we might go on, had we not promised otherwise, to praise the whole list. Not that all are perfect, or even approximating to perfection, but that considering the obstacles piled in the pathway of each, all have reason to be proud of their success.

The magazines are perhaps better known in the student-world than the papers. The *Overland Monthly*, though the youngest in the family, is wonderfully precocious, and is so irreverent as to vie most successfully with its elders. It brings with it from over the plains, a spice of Western energy and dash, which is to conservative New England as a new and unique drama to a *blasé* theatre-goer. *Littell's Living Age* has less of trash in it than most of our magazines. Every article is worthy to be read through and read carefully, for which reading the reader will be wiser. *Lippincott's Magazine* has a knack of putting argumentative, instructive essays in an attractive form, while its contents are sufficiently varied to please the most varied. The *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Galaxy* every student reads and appreciates as the friends of leisure hours, and the enliveners of dull ones. The other magazines adapt themselves to the wants of different people, and by their diversity of style and matter, proclaim against the necessity of ignorance.

Our College exchanges we are always especially interested in, as being exponents, to some extent, of the character and ability of the students which they represent. For this reason, we believe that all college papers should take pains to obtain the opinions of undergraduates in their columns, and should not devote so much of their space to productions of graduates, and of older men generally. It is a sign of weakness. It impresses one with the idea that there is either a lack of talent, or a lack of energy in the colleges which they represent.

As for ourselves, we are late, as usual. Our excuse is—fire! Our printers were surprised by a voracious conflagration, which consumed among other things, our type. The delay of re-establishment put a temporary stop to all their work, and here we are. Surely, if “procrastination is the thief of time,” LIT. Editors have much dishonesty to answer for. We had intended to explain the shortcomings of this issue, and also modestly to apologize for them, but one of our correspondents has done it for us by his dream, and it is only left for us to say that in sincere good-fellowship we welcome you home. Without your cheering and suggestive presence our inspiration would droop and die under the shadow of the elms, which now, excited by your jovial song, nod kindly with reassuring benedictions upon our shady sanctum. I' faith these very monarchs pine for you. They've waited through sunshine, and through storm most patiently for a last greeting and parting with the merry youngsters who from old have played about their feet. How is it that such power is vanquished? Why is it that what has braved the wrath of Heaven for weary years, cannot live on exulting in its strength, to defy the imbecility of age, and triumph over the weaknesses it has o'ershadowed? It cannot be that blighted by the weary waiting some of these haughty elms have sunk despondent into

obscurity. Right royally these few have perished. With knightly courage they faced the foeman, while wound after wound and thrust upon thrust called sternly for surrender. Unflinchingly they stood, most valorously they smiled through the contest. And when with the groan of the vanquished they fell, it was with the silver chord completely severed. No foe maligns their memory with taunt of weakness. We mourn them as we would a hero slain. We shall remember them as martyrs to a righteous cause. When there shall rise the monument over their graves, ours is the task to grace it with such flowers of learning and wreaths of eloquence, as shall do honor to their memory.

And so we call you back, to mourn over the lost, to sorrow for those that soon must perish, but to rejoice over the legacy, to weep for the slain, but to cherish their offspring.

Our own dear classmates, we congratulate upon their accession to their birthright. We can look back upon three years, for the most part misspent, and we can look forward to a year which may be our salvation, or may work us harm. We have but to will it. No other class in college has the same outlook. To none but us is the dull glimmering consciousness of a portal on the jar, and beyond, a sea which none but skillful pilots navigate successfully. While loitering in this garden of ease for another twelvemonth we may well study the aspect of that tossing main without; locate its shoals and hidden rocks; search for its whirlpools and its eddies; investigate its elements, to guard against its gales, and above all rig the bark on which we sail so that she shall float water-tight, strong, steady, obedient, and swift if you will.

"Come jolly Juniors raise the chorus, to old Yale loud praises sing!" You will never have a better chance. Before our mantle falls upon you, you will have represented Yale in miniature for the edification of your sisters and your sweethearts. Only be sure that you understand what you portray, and they will call the picture "lovely." We wish you wisdom and generosity in your coalition intrigues. We wish you a just and hearty pride in your chosen men. We wish you a freedom from petty jealousies. We wish you as jolly and as happy a year as ours has been, for we could not wish you more.

The class of '72 emerges from its infancy with self-imposed fetters. If unbroken they will grace you as ornaments of sterling gems. If severed, their corrosion will disfigure you individually and permanently. We greet you as gentlemen. We rely on you to treat those around you as gentlemen. We look to you to ratify your compact of reform, and trust you will not hesitate to lop away at the tangled weeds which choke up the legitimate vegetation of this brain nursery.

The class of '73 we welcome as those who for the first time see the light. We trust that it will not dazzle them. But if it does, we cannot advise them to shut their eyes. Hold them wide open and get used to it. Cultivate a proper and courteous respect for those who have been through the discipline before you. Remember that you cannot be their equals until you too have passed through the purifying fires. But never brook an insult. Know your rights and maintain them. But refrain from aspirations which you know to run above your sphere.

We believe that with the rest of us you will come to love your Alma Mater; that you will be proud to honor her by honoring yourselves; that you will fight for her reputation in the class-room, in the society-hall, on the field, and on the water.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

J. HENRY CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

AIMS.

TO sail a boat well and to make good progress, it is necessary that the pilot should fix his gaze on some definite object ahead, keep the bow pointing in that one direction and, by using all his sail, take advantage of every favoring breeze. In the 'voyage of life,' we reach a haven only when we begin by sailing towards it; in other words, if we would make anything of our lives there must be a purpose set up towards which to steer thoughts and acts. This purpose or object may be good or bad; it may embrace the attainment of noble virtues or be merely the gratification of selfish desires, still its existence is necessary to whip up flagging energies, and plant fresh hope in discouragement. Without something of this kind, life becomes stale, flat and unprofitable; an orange sucked of its juice, a tasteless pulp.

The history of mankind in general presents comparatively few instances where men of only *average* ability, but of determination and a *purpose*, have failed to accomplish in part or whole what they worked for. The law of success and its conditions is as true as any law of nature.

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Circumstances can be made to bend just as well as material substances. If I attempt to drive a spike into a beam, the beam has but very little to do with the question of my ultimate success: the main condition is *my own will*. No matter how closely knitted the fibre of wood may be, *in* that spike must go, if only my will commands my arm to *strike*, and never to stop *striking* till it has thoroughly done its work. Whoever begins life with the idea that circumstances or luck or whatever else you may call it are the despots of creation, makes a most wretched start. Of this class are the men who are satisfied with 'taking things as they come.' Things *never* come of themselves. The law of *equivalents* is the most inviolable of all laws. To *get* we must *give*. It must be 'quid pro quo,' *never* something for nothing.

No young man can afford to start out with the idea that he will drift about for a while and finally drop into his proper place and sphere. *Places* and *spheres* are not prizes to be drawn in lotteries. They are the direct results of previous action. In a comparatively few cases chance has elevated men to positions of power and responsibility, but these are only exceptions to the rule. Wealth and influence as well as poverty and insignificance flow immediately from the presence or absence of that motive power which a well defined purpose in life gives.

As regards the means of attaining an object, there is, perhaps, no safer or surer guide than that somewhat trite advice, 'Aim high.' The hunter, who goes out with the idea of shooting eagles alone, may succeed in bringing down some of this noble game; but should he fail in this, are not the probabilities in favor of his being able to reach birds flying not quite so high? We may possibly aim at some very lofty object in life and find out afterwards that it is out of our range; but will we not, in climbing up to this knowledge, have reached an elevation far above the dead sea level of the base?

Now, that this purpose may have a practical value, it must be stripped of everything that is vague and misty and made to stand out perfectly distinct. A general desire

to be eminent or influential or useful amounts to nothing as a stimulus to action, because there is nothing in it for the mind to lay hold of and follow up. What we need is to *analyze* our desires and then give them a practical shape based on a measure of our own powers.

We advocate building castles, not in the air, with this proviso, that the castles are in keeping with the foundations on which they are to be built. These foundations are our own capacities, in so far as we know them. Raise gold structures on a gold base, silver on silver, and lead on lead. If a man feels that there is in him a spirit of mighty wing and sweep, let him not hesitate to cut its fetters and soar to lofty summits. If he is conscious of a want of power in himself, let him aim at something not quite so high up, but still high enough to call every energy into play to reach it.

No time is so favorable for setting up high aims, as in the first flush of youth, before discouragements have come in to dampen hopes or warp ideas of what is right. This is the time to plant the seeds of a noble purpose; in after years there is but little likelihood that a rich enough soil will be found for them. Enthusiasm and a high-tone of principles, as a general thing, die out in men as they grow older. The eye flattens out with age, and so do men's moral sensibilities. At twenty, an object may appear clear and distinct; but thirty years afterwards the same object, at the same distance, will probably seem dim and misty. We may prescribe for the eyesight, and by convex glasses make the object stand out again perfectly plain; but there is no antidote for deadened sensibilities, nothing to bring back the color here that has faded out by years.

We read some years ago a sketch called "The World in the year 4,000 A. D." in which, among other mighty innovations, was a system of having all the infants, born into the world, brought to an immense nursery, where their craniums were examined by professional phrenologists, who, on a careful consideration of each infant's bumps and hollows, awarded to him his sphere in life. The blacksmiths, lawyers, carpenters, doctors, &c. were parcelled

off into separate lots and each received an education having a direct bearing on his allotted profession. The beneficent results of such a course are self evident. Would that there were now skilled experts who could settle for us the much vexed question "What shall I be?" But as the year 2,000 is still far ahead in the future, we poor mortals of the 19th century must, in lieu of professionals, be our own phrenologists and examine all our elevations and depressions from an interior point of view. To be able to do this is, we take it, one of the great objects of education; to teach a man how to read and know himself, and to give him a gauge of his own powers. This knowledge cannot, of course, be a perfectly accurate one, but still it may and ought to be accurate enough to hint loudly at the general drift of one's inclinations and our capacity to gratify them.

To the man who can thus make a practical application of his educational training, the choice of a life's work need not be wholly a step in the dark. In the nature of the case, it will be involved in more or less uncertainty, but not so deeply that he must fear and tremble every time he puts one foot before the other. By ordinary every day experience, we learn about what our muscles can do. I see a stone and can tell at a glance whether it is possible for me to lift it, or not. I know this, because I know the weight of the stone, nearly, and how many pounds my muscles can raise. Now in the choice of a profession, education ought to teach us the lifting power of our brains, and observation ought to teach us the weight they will be required to raise in any given pursuit.

Many men fail in life, not from any want of energy or perseverance, but because they do not appreciate the importance of *concentrating* their powers. A convex lens brings heat and light to any required point; a concave scatters both in every direction. The attainment of any considerable degree of excellence requires that we should be the first, so that we may throw the whole burning power of our minds on one point and keep it there. The human mind, ordinarily, cannot grasp and master thoroughly a

very great range of subjects. To excel in anything, it must be confined to one particular line of thought. This is clearly seen in two of the great professions. The lawyer whose success is marked will generally be found to have made some particular branch a specialty, and to have given the great bulk of his time and attention to this. So in medicine, men gain distinction, usually, not as family physicians, but as aurists or oculists. No man can reasonably expect to be thoroughly posted on the whole of any one profession. That is altogether too much ground for any one person to cover. A general knowledge of a subject can hardly ever be accurate, and it is accurate knowledge that constitutes our working capital in all pursuits. General information is of course greatly to be desired and sought after. It is an ever circulating legal tender and is always at a premium; but a man's knowledge of his business should be something more than general; it should be full and complete, and this it can be only when his business is limited or channeled out in a certain direction. If we lived in an age of Methuselahs, and had seven or eight hundred years to give to our mental training, we might reasonably be expected to be invulnerable in every point; as the forty score of antiquity has been cut down to the three score of to day, there is surely a good excuse for the man who makes up his mind to do only a little, provided also, that he is determined to do that little *well*.

Take out the time given to sleep, and the working period of our lives will be found to reduce to about a single score of years. Twenty years is all the time that nature gives us to plan our campaigns and fight our battles. Into it we must crowd all our energy. Twenty years is but a *span* in history, yet it is long enough to give every one an opportunity of thoroughly testing himself, and of working up to his full powers. It is long enough to give one an opportunity to make his mark and to set up something that shall live after him. All cannot expect to set up such monuments as those of Burke, Newton, or Jeremy Taylor, monuments to which the world still looks, through

centuries and over seas ; but every man has it in his power to build up a character which some who come after him will admire and imitate.

To have a purpose in life, a high one, and to concentrate upon it, is the summing up of these few pages.—A young Spartan, on the eve of battle, complained to his father that his sword was too short ; then add a step to it, was the reply. If we think that the sword nature has given us is too short to fight the world's battles, then add a step to it in the shape of some noble purpose, and though we may never be able to rejoice over a great victory, we will probably never be compelled to mourn over a dishonorable defeat.



YALE COLLEGE IN 1900.

IT was the 29th of January, 1868, and a Wednesday afternoon. The snow was falling fast and a bitter wind was whirling it about and driving it into people's faces in a manner which made out door exercise neither agreeable nor profitable. Such being the state of the weather outside, it was evident that employment for the afternoon must be sought in my own room ; so thither I proceeded, and bethinking myself that Prof. Newton had just returned from his Washington expedition, and that it would be well to be prepared for him, I picked up my Analytics, settled myself into an easy position on the lounge and prepared to study. But somehow my attention would not remain fixed on the book. It may have been the effect of a hearty dinner, (this was before I boarded at the commons) or of the contrast between the raging storm without and the warmth within : but certain it is that the lines on the page before me soon began to dance about in a very perplexing manner ; abscissas and ordinates became twisted around out of all order, and in a few moments I was lost to all surrounding objects, and while I slept this was what I seemed to see :—

I was living in the year 1900. Thirty years had passed since I had left the shades of old Yale, and during that time I had never revisited the old scenes. I had been in other parts of the world where reports from New Haven had never come. But now the time had come for celebrating the second centennial of the college; the sons of Yale had been summoned from all directions to share in the festivities of the occasion, and I had resolved to be present and see what changes had occurred in thirty years.

On arriving, I first looked to see if the depot had been altered; but no, it was just as dark and inconvenient as in the old times. Rescuing myself from the ardent embraces of hackmen and expressmen, and eluding a number of young men who seemed anxious to detain me for some reason which I could not comprehend, I proceeded up the street in the direction of the colleges. On the way I noticed with pleasure that the dingy structures which were so numerous in my day had given place to lofty and elegant stores which seemed to be the headquarters of a large business. While I was admiring these improvements I came to the old college grounds; to my greatest surprise not a sign of the old buildings was to be seen. Freshmanic Atheneum and North Middle with its north entry of Junior jollity had alike disappeared, and in their place was a beautiful public garden adorned with flowers and fountains. I could hardly believe my eyes at first and looked around to see if I was not mistaken, but it was certainly the old corner of musical memories. Here was the green, and there was that elephant known as the Art Building. As I was wondering on the changes of time, there came along a young man with a tall hat and a nobby cane, who looked so much like a third term's Freshman that I approached him and asked if he could tell me where the college was. On his replying that he was just going that way and would be glad to act as my guide, we set off together in a direction which seemed to me about N. 30° E. On the way I happened to mention that I had graduated in the class of 1870, when he exclaimed; "I am glad to welcome you in the name of the class of '3. The

memory of your class is still preserved among us, and the story of its exploits is known to us all. Our new President, whom we all love so much, Mr. ——*, came from that class." So much delighted was he, that he insisted on showing me the new grounds and buildings of the College. We found these grounds about a mile from the old quarters, of large extent, and laid out in a beautiful manner on the top of a hill. In the center was the chapel, which we first visited. It was built of solid marble, with a lofty spire, and as the sun shone upon it, the brilliancy of the white stone was almost dazzling. "Do they cut prayers as much as they used to?" I asked, "Cut prayers!" said my guide, "no one ever thinks of such a thing. On the contrary, the faculty tried to abolish prayers a few years ago, but the fellows would not submit to it. Many get up early in the morning to come here, and love the place so much that they will not even leave it to go to breakfast. You see—for we had now entered the building—that the students have luxurious cushions on their seats, while the faculty have to sit on hard boards. Occasionally, a tutor steals a cushion from the students' seats, but the penalty for it is a letter home, which is written by the youngest Freshman. You see that the organ and choir are placed in the recess behind the pulpit. The choir is composed of young ladies from the various boarding schools, and such students only as have never been engaged in any prank. It is found that this plan both develops the musical talent of the college and secures good morality. Students who teach in mission schools are also excluded. At the end of prayers the faculty stand up and bow as the students pass out, and if a tutor is not present he has sixteen marks."

After viewing the interior of the chapel, we ascended the spire, and found a magnificent view from its top. The height of this tower was equal to that to which a rocket would rise if its stick was ten feet long and had a red string tied to its end. My guide assured me that the

* This name is omitted out of regard to the modesty of one of the Yale I.L.T. Board.

identical rocket was still preserved in the museum; and he also informed me that the President's seat in the chapel below was the exact center of gravity of all the college buildings, so that the President in his seat represented the resultant of all the gravity of college, and was consequently a very grave man. As we looked down at the college buildings I saw that they were built along the sides of a parallelogram, of which the chapel was the center, and were constructed of costly stone. In the rear was another parallelogram for a ball ground and a place for other sports. A game of ball seemed to be in progress, and I was interested to notice that the players all rode velocipedes. My friend informed me that they were practising for a great match with Oxford university, which was to come off in a few days. He continued: "Along the two longer sides of the parallelogram are arranged the dormitories; on the shorter sides are the public buildings, including the society halls. The old arrangement of the secret societies was found to work badly, so the faculty abolished them all and established ten in each class, among which all the students are divided by lot. All the expenses of the societies are paid by the college. The great strife among them is to get as many honorary members among the alumni as possible, and hence deputations from each are in waiting at the depot whenever alumni are expected. The whole yard is surrounded by an iron fence 16 1-12 feet high, with only one entrance, and no one is allowed to come in without a certificate of good moral character." We next visited the library, where, besides the books, I saw a number of statues. "This one," said my companion, "is the statue of a great scholar who died here a few years ago, and was the only one who understood all these books. He finally became so wise that no one else could understand him. His name, O 'tis not for me to tell. This represents the great professor of shooting stars. He suddenly disappeared one morning, and no one ever knew what became of him. Some thought he had gone off to infinity and forgotten to return; but that is plainly untrue, for in that case he

would have come back on the other side. A monument was erected to his memory with the simple inscription, 'How so?' He also showed me a copy of the college laws, and a list of the penalties attached to different offenses. Here are some of them,—for studying more than three hours a day, five marks; for going to church twice on Sunday, eight marks; for having one's hat stolen, three marks; for absence from recitation, one-half mark. We next came to the museum. Here my guide showed me a great many curiosities, and among them was a section of the old fence. "You see," said he, "that this fence looks as if people had been accustomed to sit on it. It is supposed that it was one of the tortures practised on Freshmen to make them sit there and display their verdancy to the passers by. Here is a kind of club called a banger. Critics are divided as to its former use, but it is generally thought that it was employed by the faculty in defending the students from the attacks of the police." Then we visited the dormitories. The rooms were elegantly furnished, and their occupants were supplied with cigars and tobacco, as well as oranges, figs, and a few other such necessities, at the expense of the corporation. I asked my friend if the college also furnished ponies. "Ah!" said he, "they belonged to the old-fashioned way of reciting. Now the professor does the translating, and the students ask him questions. Let us now go to the hall where the candidates for admission are being examined." On entering the hall I found it contained a great number of little rooms or cells opening into a large hall. In the large hall the candidates were examined in velocipede riding, proficiency in that being essential to admission. Each one was then locked into one of these cells, and not allowed to go out till his examination was finished. The paper had such questions as these:—

1. Translate the 160th psalm into the greek of Diogenes.

2. If $\frac{y, \log. 2}{\sqrt{x^4 + y^5}} + \frac{3'm. v}{+ 2 \text{ bush. potatoes}} = R +$
any other man, what kind of potatoes are they?

17. How's your dog?

62. If a Sophomore steals a Freshman's hat, is it inductive or deductive reasoning? If so, why not?

Just at this moment a great uproar seemed to arise, and on awakening I found it was some of my classmates knocking at the door, so here ended my dream. D. W. L.

BY MY FIRE.

Leaf the First.

WE are great friends, my fire and I. Save for its gentle company, I would be alone when the rough wind is whistling round the corner of my room, and the little snow flakes are at play against my study window. And, as the whistling grows louder, and the little particles romp faster in their hide-and-seek, how it stretches out warm hands, and draws me nearer, nearer, till in its kindly glow I lose all thoughts of loneliness.

Mine is no common fire. No 'Morning Glory' has the power to shed abroad its faint, half-timid influence, heating the body and warming the mind with the thousand fancies which rise with its heat. No grate of Liverpool coal has such power to open the flood-gates of one's nature, letting out the good and generous, withholding the dreary and disturbing. I hate their sickly, quivering flame, now bright as youth's hopes, now shadowy as man's trials, and when all is over, nothing but hard and gritty clinkers. Give me the ashes of a well spent life; give me the sturdy heart of oak; give me the hearty warmth, the generous crackling, the myriad little flames, with their dancing shadows on the hearth and in the heart, calling up shadows of dim images of the heart. With these you give me types of the good, the staunch and generous of life; no smoke, no clinkers, no pasty, pitchy residuum, but genuine comfort, pleasant reverie, and atop of all, the communion between its gentle spirit and our own,

How selfishness grows faint, as the little flame burns brightly forth from some sturdy knot. How benevolence rises with the glow, as here shoots up a tiny stream of light. How thoughts of the future, unmixed with fear, spring up at sight of the white ashes. How visions of absent friends, of dear past scenes, throng upon the soul, as we watch the shadows flitting past on the heart. How we disregard the present, and wander off to times of "the golden, happy, unforget," or stride into the mysterious regions of the great unknown.

Firm has been our friendship, my fire and I. It is the same friend to-day as yesterday. It is always talkative but never garrulous. It knows my humor and never intrudes. With the delicate tact of a friend, it approaches only at the right time. It is then the mute voice of heat attracts and soothes me irresistibly. I have lived in the southern climes, and as the twilight fell have heard the notes of the Æolian harp stirred in the summer breeze, while around me floated the scent-loaded breath of orange trees; I have floated on the blue depths of Laguna George, as the setting sun gilded the fir-tree tops which skirted it around, and heard the evening bells come dim over the water, while all nature seemed lost in reverie at the sound; but far sweeter than sweetly sounding notes of harp, or dim echoes of distant bells, is the merry prattle of my fire. Far sweeter and far deeper are the reveries which it brings to me, gazing upon its red cinders from out the depths of an easy chair.

Leaf the Second.

How the wind howls to-night; how white the ground, and how dark the clouds. What a contrast between nature joyous and nature cheerless. How different her two faces. I pulled in the blinds and the curtains down, and sank once more in the easy chair and reverie. I counted the sticks of the brightly burning fire, and scanned the height of its flame. Two faces. The words seemed running in my mind. How warm is the friendship of my fire; what a never changing face it has. The words seem to spring

with subtle power to each other, and unconsciously the idea took possession of my thoughts. Has friendship two faces? Have college friendships this two-sided character? College, many tell us, is the home of friends; but who can tell how deep and lasting are the friends we make within this home? Soon our feet will tread new scenes, and in paths no longer similar; who will vouch for the continuance of that friendship as years roll on? See that sturdy log. The flame had been eating round the rugged bark and was just entering the core. Slowly and slowly it burnt on, till but a mere thread held the parts together. The next moment had scarcely passed, when the log was burnt in twain. The parts so long twin, separated, one here, the other yonder; and see, now the flame is dimmer than before, and soon it disappeared entirely. Is this typical? Shall friendship grow dim and lose its brightness? I started up, and with the tongs I brought the pieces together. Quickly little lights came curling out of the myriad little tissues, and the little sparks leapt forth as if in joy. Warmer and warmer grew the glow, brighter and brighter flitted the shadows, merrier and merrier crackled the wood. The spark of friendship has not gone out. It still is there and warm.

I put down the tongs, and, lying back in ease once more, I smiled as I followed the thought. What though the parting soon shall come, and many ways so long one will lie together no more, the golden chain will lose no link. Involuntarily I wandered from one to another of dear friends, and smiled at the happiness of meeting in after years, and the merry crackling of the fire was in unison with the feeling of joy.

Again I thought. The last stick upon the fire was now burnt out. The flame shot up in fitful glares and then fell down between the embers. The sparks had ceased their play, and the bright embers were slowly losing their redness. A sudden gloom fell upon the room. Over me came strange feelings of sadness. An undefined fear chilled me through. My eyes stared vacantly at the coals. My thoughts seemed endowed with miraculous power. With-

in my hands I thought I held the moral eye-glass of M. de Chavigny, and could not resist the temptation to use it. A host of friends seemed passing by. I raised the glass and looked within while I watched their faces. Smilingly they nodded and spake as they passed. The first I scanned was an intimate friend, and the smile of his greeting was but the expression of the kindly feelings which I saw passing in his mind. I was comforted. A sudden spark shot up from the still living fire, and, emboldened, I continued. The next had been still dearer, and confidently I dared look within. His face was wreathed in happiness; but as I tore the veil from off his heart, I found no reflex of its light. The shadows deepened on the hearth.

Still others went by. Again, sadly, half-unwillingly I used the glass. Sadder grew my experience, and my faith grew smaller still. Indifference stared me in the face when I looked for friendship. Self-interest was clothed in honeyed smiles. Hate had on the garment of disinterestedness. Selfishness stalked past in the mask of love. Where I sought the inner springs which diffused the face with joy, I found the cold blank of expediency; where I drew drafts for esteem, I met poor checks for policy.

The shadows upon the hearth were now lost in blackness. Gloom came slowly on me. I bitterly gnashed and savagely smiled at each new exhibit of perfidy. I exulted in watching the motives at each new expression of affection. I laughed in the face of their smiles, and hooted as I laid bare the cause.

A sudden crash roused me from the painful reverie. My eyes were staring vacantly at the fire-place. I had knocked over the fender. The windows rattled in echo to the noise. Without, the wind was howling, and total darkness had fallen upon the room within.

Leaf the Last.

How many self-appointed Hercules there are in the world, who go about looking up evil in divers places! With what exultation do they spy out evil, and drag it into the forum of public gaze, and yet, withal, how blind are

they when searching for the good! Such men, forsooth, the world counts among its "good men." They are philanthropists, are christians, we are told. Nay, rather give me the professed sceptic, than he who never sees the fair side of the picture, from ever looking at the dark. Give me the confessed atheist, than one without belief in the excess of the good of life over the bad. My feelings with sudden revulsion had brightened, and nature sympathized in the change. The moon broke through a rift in the clouds, and dispelled the darkness from the room. The howl of the wind was further off, and the snow had ceased its romp. How needless, thought I, would be the fear of him who should dread a loss of the moon, because concealed behind a cloud? How foolish would be the attempt of him who should try to look at the dark spots in the skies, without noticing the bright stars? Much better it would be to trust that the shade which envelopes the light of the moon will disappear, in accordance with all-wise laws; much better, to look at the stars and at the dark places only enough to know that they exist for a better appreciation of the beauties of the stellar world. So with college friendships. Away with all devices that would search out the bad. Away with all morbid fear that the jewel is not as bright as it might be. You know that there are good friends, sincere ones and firm, to be found here. Be satisfied with this. Look at the dark side only to better appreciate this.

I felt joyous again, and looked at the fire. One spark still remained. I kindled it up with another log. Soon the green wood crackled, and once more I thought by my fire.

JOE SIMPSON'S DIARY.

I WAS in my chum's room the other day, watching him as he unpacked his trunk on his return from a summer ramble. After all the shirts, dress coats and shooting-jackets had been disposed of, I happened to cast my eye down into the scene of this recent excavation, and there, in a chaos of books, cigar cases, pocket pistols, hair brushes, etc., etc., I noticed a somewhat formidable looking volume with the word 'Diary' printed in gilt letters on the outside. Now the idea of Joe Simpson running a diary, or anything else that requires five minutes of continued effort, was so ludicrously absurd, that a broad smile spread over my countenance which threatened soon to become something very destructive to vest buttons. Joe, observing this and its cause, took up the book explaining, with a blush for what he felt was a weakness, that this was the first time he had ever done anything of the kind, and that he did it only because he wanted to remember some of the details of this vacation. This account, said he, is not very systematic or comprehensive, and there may be considerable gaps in it; but it's at your service, and, if you will change the names and places, you may put it in the LIT. for the benefit of the incoming class.

Whatever other virtues Mr. Simpson may possess, he is not bashful; and this unasked for permission has made me a little suspicious that he was thirsting for literary glory; wrote his diary on purpose for publication, and then took this roundabout way of getting it into print.

We would only observe, by way of comment, that the editors of this magazine do not hold themselves responsible for any theories or sentiments contained in Mr. S.'s diary.

July 20th.

Reached here this evening by the "Mary Powell." Found that my landlady, Mrs. Sing, had put me up on the fourth story, right under the roof, and a tin one at that.

It was as hot as mustard. Strange paradox; thought we had to go *down* to find hot places. Went into the parlor after supper. Didn't know a soul. Sat on the edge of a sofa and took observations. Six matrons; ten young ladies, four stunningly pretty; twelve, fourteen, yes, sixteen children and babies under three years of age. Heard stout lady on sofa next me, say something about Yale. Here was an opening! Ventured mildly to remark that New Haven was a *beautiful place*. "Oh yes!" said she, "*such magnificent* elms. And then that lovely street where the churches are." "Yes, Temple street." Asked her if she had ever attended the '*spoon*.' "No, she never had; but Nellie," indicating by her glance a very beautiful blonde on the other side of the room, "was going up next year." Wanted to know if I was a student there; said yes, and told her my name. "Did I know Alec Griggs?" "Had heard of him very often but was not personally acquainted." Griggs graduated in '50. "Would I like to be introduced to the young ladies?" "Oh, thank you, I would." Then a general introduction followed, and the rest of the evening I spent promenading with the four handsome girls who were the daughters of my stout friend, and who each informed me in succession, "Ah, Mr. Simpson, you students are *such wild* fellows." Conundrum, Are we? Give it up.

July 21st.

When one begins a diary, one should keep it up regularly. I'm rather drowsy to-night. Let me see, what did we do to-day? Well, *imprimis*, we had breakfast, and Mrs. Sing has given me a seat just opposite Nellie Wilson. It was really a little embarrassing to catch her eye once or twice, looking over my way. They are such pretty eyes; light blue, I think, not hazy, but full of life and sparkle. And what hair she has! so breezy-like and ripply, rising and falling with every breath of wind, and what a mouth! and what clear cut lips! Now this is pure nonsense, nobody describes pretty girls in diaries. Well, after breakfast Nellie asked me if I wouldn't play croquet. Said yes, of course, but professed to be an awful muffin. She said she'd be my partner, so I resolved to do my best,

and began by boobying at the first wicket. Next shot tried to make up by going through two at once, and missed them both. Managed to get through them, however, on my fifth shot, and by the time Nellie was a rover had got into a fair position before the centre wicket. My partner put me through every wicket after that and we came off victorious. Such is glory! Have seriously made up my mind to get up at four o'clock to-morrow morning and practice croquet till seven.

July 28th.

Have been out hunting all day. The landlord's son told me that the woods were thick with woodcock. Got up very early. He said before breakfast was the best time. Have never shot any woodcock. Have eaten a good many. They eat well on toast. Robert, the landlord's son, said he knew a man who had a splendid hunting dog; flushed every bird. Told him to borrow the dog by all means; I always hunt with a dog. My own Newfoundland, Rover, is unfortunately in the city. Four little boys asked me last night if they might go and carry the game. As they are Nellie's cousins, I consented. We got under weigh at six o'clock; but did not reach the hunting-field before eight, as the little boys found it necessary to sit down and rest every quarter of a mile. At 8:10 precisely, it began to rain, a penetrating drizzle. Advised the small boys to take refuge in a neighboring farm house. They demurred; they said they had come out to carry the game, and they would carry it, rain or no rain.

I had an idea that woodcock lived on the lower branches of conveniently small sized trees; but acknowledged my mistake on being informed by Robert, ætat 14, and a perfect Solomon, that they preferred low, marshy places, with plenty of underbrush and quagmire. Well, Robert called our dog Nick, and pointing to a place that looked very woodcocky, as he said, cried out in a commanding tone "find." Nick either misunderstood the communication or else the memory of a hurried breakfast floated over his imagination, for he immediately started down the road homeward bound, and Robert followed. A stern chase,

they say, is a long one, and we waited one whole half hour before our master of the hounds appeared, lugging his panting hunter by the collar. Robert described the capture somewhat thus; "That dog, sir, was going full tilt down a steep hill and I after him, almost blowed, when, just as I was about to give in, a thought struck me and I cried out just as loud as I could, find—Nick—find! Immediately sir, that sagacious animal veered right round and came bolting up hill right into my arms. That's how I fixed him, sir." It is my impression that Robert will be heard from one of these days.

Well, taught by experience, we turned Nick's tail to the bushes, shouted *find* and had the pleasure of seeing him dash madly into the hunting reserve, at which each of those four little boys opened his throat and gave a most vociferous cheer. Luckily there were no woodcock in vicinity or they might have been startled.

We pushed on vigorously through the wet bushes, going into the mud over boot-top at every other step. At intervals of about eight minutes or so, I found it necessary to go to the rescue of one or more little boys stuck in the bog. After the first brush of excitement, Nick's spirits seemed to ooze out and he showed a disposition to have me pioneer the way for him. I looked at Robert but said nothing. That boy's conscience was his own accuser. He muttered incoherently something about his cousin and Nick getting fourteen woodcock last week, and *then* I mildly ventured to suggest that a good black and tan pup three days old, could probably teach Nick a thing or two about hunting. He made no audible reply, though I thought I caught the words, "Cousin —— better hunter than ——."

We spent the entire morning beating that swamp. Those four cast iron little boys parted with sundry important portions of their garments, but still hung on to the prospect of *game*. The whole squad would sometimes get before the muzzle of my gun, which made it necessary for me to call a halt and request that they would choose one of their number for the victim, as I had no desire to slaughter my entire force of game carriers.

By twelve o'clock we got to a small glade, and it stopped raining; and there, while Robert was entertaining the juveniles with a woodchuck adventure, and Nick was a quarter of a mile off taking a drink, and I was examining the left nipple of my gun, a woodcock did actually get up and fly with a whirr, straight from me. In an instant I was on my feet, drew sight, and just as he was disappearing behind a copse of hazel trees, sent the contents of my right barrel after him. Not a feather moved! Nothing will ever convince me that that bird did not turn his head round and wink; yes, actually wink, just as much as to say, "My dear sir, this may amuse you, but its no use. Good evening."

In disgust, I started with my troops for a farm house near by. Asked the farmer if he had any ducks. Said he hadn't; that there had been a good many hunting parties about there this season and that all his ducks were gone. Hired his hay wagon and transported my division back to headquarters. Broke for my room at once. Heard Nellie Wilson remark in the parlor, "Oh, you ought to see Mr. Simpson, he looks so handsome!" On the second floor heard two mothers telling two little boys that they should never go hunting with Mr. Simpson again. On the third floor heard Robert telling his cousin that "Simpson was the darndest, poorest shot he ever saw; had plenty of chances, but missed everything." On the fourth floor didn't *hear* anything, but found Nick under my bed. This is too much. I retire.

Aug. 5th.

Have just had a sensation. Came in at about twelve but found it too hot to sleep. Went down to Merrit's room. Found him awake and smoking. Took one. Sat about an hour discussing the world in general, when just as the clock was striking one, we were startled by a most unearthly scream below. I can't describe it. Ten Thomas cats tied together by their tails and slammed up against a fence would be a joke compared to that scream. There was no time for preliminaries. We were in the hall in

five seconds, in time to hear every door in the house open and twenty-five uncombed heads giving utterance to one strain: "What *is* the matter?" One lady in a decidedly *dishabille* condition came rushing out into the hall crying "fire!" and attempting to sprinkle water on the floor from an empty pitcher. Another, a young lady, ran across the hall, put a great bunch of some soft substance into my hand, crying, "take my *water-fall*; put it out, put it out!" What connection has a lady's back hair and a fire engine? Give it up.

Happening to glance over the bannister at this moment, I saw a really tragic scene. It went far ahead of anything Ristori ever dreamed of. 'Twas our hostess. Prompt to act when danger called, she rose from her downy couch on the first note of danger. She threw a long shawl over her shoulders, letting it trail some four feet behind, seized an immense kerosene lamp in her right hand and marched on the invader. What expression there was in that firmly closed mouth. It said plainly, "If any young man has been playing any jokes here, let him beware; outraged authority is on the war path." But there was no young man and no jokes. The whole thing was a misunderstanding. An elderly lady awoke at the witching hour before named, glanced over at the trunk where she kept her napkin ring, and saw or thought she saw the denizen of some other abode dodging behind the trunk; holding her breath she waited till the same dodge was repeated. This was too much for human nature. She gave one tremendous yell and her daughter a tremendous poke, who, under the influence of much hearing and feeling, (she was a sensitive girl) re-echoed the yell with interest. "Hence these tears." It has taken the house half an hour to quiet down; some of the young ladies indeed, proposed, from behind their doors, that we all should dress and then go and examine if there really was a *man* in the house; but their mothers objected somewhat and the proposition fell through.

Aug. 10th.

Have n't been very regular with my diary lately; various

causes. Last night, for instance, was out too late promenading on the piazza with Nellie Wilson. Will do better in the future. Great feature of this day was a match game of croquet, Nellie and I playing against a General Hobbes and an old maid staying here named Higgles, who makes croquet a specialty. I had been practising steadily and made some good shots, and Nellie is absolutely perfect with a mallet, as with everything else. We beat them two games out of three, though it was very close. Heard Miss Higgles say as she went up to the house, "If I'd had any kind of a partner, they wouldn't have come off with such flying colors." Well, perhaps we wouldn't, at any rate I don't feel very jubilant over the result. There was a thorn in my side all the way through. It was that miserable Robert. That boy has never been the same since our woodcock hunt. I think my remarks on the black and tan pup are rankling in his bosom; at any rate, I can't make a shot of any kind in croquet, without his making a shot at me. I've been treating him a fortnight constantly to ginger pop, soda water and root beer, but all to no purpose; the old flame will crop out on every conceivable occasion. For instance: to-night, as I was bending over, taking deliberate aim at a ball about two and a half feet off, Robert says, "twenty-five dollars to a cent that he *hits* that ball." I missed and everybody laughed, of course. Another time I tried for a wicket and wired myself: "*double play*," murmured Robert, with a chuckle. Again, my ball rolled down to a place parallel with the wires: "*splendid position*" quoth R.

He has a very disgusting way of commenting on my shots before I make them, saying in a very confident, self-assertory sort of manner, "Good-bye, Mr. Ball," or "Good-bye, Mr. Stake." I could stand all this, but his last comment was *too much*. I had made a really fine shot, and as my ball kissed its enemy, was about to say modestly, 'only a scratch,' when that fiend of a boy anticipated me with "Oh what a scoop that was; a regular cow shot!" I turned on him instantanly; fire seemed to flash from my eyes; the concentrated essence of ten tanneries was in them. He

wilted completely. In a moment he was nothing but pulp. He didn't say another word. I'm sorry I was so hard on him. Oh, how awfully tired and sleepy I am to-night. Good-bye, mundane sphere. Now Morpheus, I am thine only.

Ten minutes later.

This day's doings will not be complete without another entry. After writing the above I put out my lamp, jumped in bed and made a wild demonstration with my legs foot-board-wards. It was only a demonstration. In one half second I was a confused mass of feet, hands, legs and arms. Let me break the truth gently. Some one had scotched my bed! I got up to light my lamp and took hold of the hot chimney with my left hand and burnt it. Vile, vile wretch! Oh, execrable boy! by that smarting thumb and by those puffy fingers I swear that if ever I meet you by some lone river on a dark night and nobody's around, I'll tie a mill-stone or some other big stone around your neck and I'll drown you. Yes, I swear I will.

Aug. 31st.

It's the last day of the month and the last day of my stay. I've done two things to-day. In the first place, I've taught Nellie Wilson how to row, and in the second place I've done something else. It was a beautiful moonlight night. We went down to the lake, and first I took the oars and showed her how to pull; then she took them while I sat in the stern, but she didn't seem to get along very well. She said she was afraid her foot would slip and it would be so stupid to fall back. So I proposed that I should sit on the seat behind her, and then her foot might with impunity slip, and if she *should* accidentally fall back why it wouldn't hurt her *very* much, So we made this arrangement of our forces, and found it worked admirably. Looking over her shoulder, I would tell her how deep to dip the oar, and how to feather, and how to back water, and how to row from the shoulder, and everything was going very harmoniously, when, for some unaccountable reason

or other, Nellie CAUGHT A CRAB and in a moment was in ——.

Of all the sports in the calendar, I don't think one can equal catching crabs! Of the fish themselves I have little to say. They are a bony fish, I believe, with most of their frame work on the outside. The sport is mostly in the catching.

Suppose we pass over the ten minutes that followed the landing of this first fish.

By the time the moon had shaken herself clear of a venerable poplar on the bank, Nellie and I were somehow sitting together in the stern, and, as it was a little chilly, I held her shawl around her. Then and there I asked her the question that had been on my lips for a week, and she was saying, "Oh, how you talk, and of course you must see papa and ——" when a boy's voice came from the shore; it was Robert's, of course: "I say, Mr. Simpson, you had better look out, that boat leaks like thunder." And so it did, but who cares; what mortal man would care for a pair of boots, when he has such questions to ask and have answered!

I've about made up my mind that I haven't a great fancy for a profession. When a man feels that he is fitted for business, what's the use of his wasting four or five of the best years of his life in learning to be a lawyer or a saw-bones?

Here Joe's diary stops. That last entry sounds very much like wedding bells and wedding favors for the fall of 1870, don't it? If you want to be remembered then, and to drink Joe's health at the wedding breakfast, you won't forget this piece of advice: *Don't ask any editor of this magazine who Joe is.*

SHALL WE BE REFINED?

BECAUSE men are hilarious, it does not necessarily follow that they are barbarous. Hence the conclusions of the daily papers with regard to the civilization of Yale students are not undeniable. An insane idea seems to be deeply rooted in the American mind that "college student" and "barbarian" are synonymous terms. Any breach of discipline is a sweet morsel for editorial consumption. Any rumor of disorder in college rolls straight into these abysses of information, gathering size and weight as it goes, until at last (if we may believe their reports) it bursts into their sanctums with much the same effect as a meteorolite, while the splinters fly all over creation. "Alas! Alas!" is the burden of their wail, "what are we coming to if our educated young men are so uncivilized?" Without wishing to be presumptuous, we would advise them to be a little less credulous, and a little more truthful. In the first place, they carelessly publish that which is either exaggerated or else that which has no foundation in truth, and then they make deductions which any college-bred man should be ashamed of. Everyone who is here now, knows that the tales of horror cooked up by editorial skill into savory morsels for the public palate, are nothing but the vilest hash, made up from that which has been so long dead that it would be distasteful, except for the condiments furnished by the cook. Anyone who has graduated here within a few years, knows that these so-called barbarities are on the decline, and at present have but a nominal existence.

It would be miraculous if there were not in every class some few who lack either the self-respect or the cultivation to demean themselves like gentlemen, but the savages in any class are in such a small minority as to be powerless and unworthy of notice. The danger to life and limb, generally regarded as existing within our walls, is as purely a myth as the popular cannibal, Polyphemus. The hazing of to-day is as innocuous as a case of Homœ-

pathic medicines, and the rushing is about one-quarter as dangerous as the old fashioned sport of chestnutting. "We would not live alway," but the chances for continued respiration, with frame entire and cuticle unscratched, are probably as good here as anywhere in the world. So we would beg loving mammas to close their ears against those editors who would keep their boys from sweetmeats by telling them ghost stories.

We cannot deny, however, that there exists here, to some extent, a rudeness of manners. We have to confess that Freshmen have had their feelings hurt by impolite Sophomores. Yet, Oh gentlemanly and aristocratic father, do you never wound the sensibilities of those under you? Do you treat all men with equal reverence? We cannot work a perfect cure in our ailing human nature.

Doubtless there is occasional rudeness in public, but any charitable person would ascribe it, in most cases, to thoughtlessness or an effervescing of animal spirits, rather than to any malice, or ingrained barbarity. It is the delicate, Frenchified element of our national character which shudders at boisterousness. No thoroughbred Anglo-Saxon respects a quiet, lady-like boy, whose manners are always decorous. Our English blood impels us to shout and to fight. It is a continental cross, which bids you kick a man with a polite smile on your face, and a "beg your pardon" on your lips.

What I would assert is, that while the English element of brutality is dying away in our colleges, its attendants, boisterousness and highstrung spirit, still remain, to a great extent; and further, that they should be nourished rather than poisoned.

Delicate and dyspeptic journalists urge the introduction of a feminine element into our midst. "To refine and tame" they say. We protest. Refinement and docility are desirable, but not such as would be imparted by the namby-pamby, diluted girl of the period. We can live in gentlemanly forbearance and generosity toward one another without their aid. The effect of promiscuous female society upon the student world is, on the whole, bad.

It might, possibly, happen that a student thrown into constant association with female society, would meet only with a class of women who would ennoble him. But this would be remarkable. If a student could meet in society, or could be intimate within the college walls, with women of intellect and courage, it would be the height of foolishness to urge him to avoid them. Such women, for instance, as our puritan mothers were,—with brains to plan and courage to execute. Women who could sympathize with a man's struggles, and aid him by their suggestions; who could regulate home affairs, and advise in councils of state. Women who dared to do right in defiance of popular opinion; who could look an Indian out of countenance, and pull a trigger without a shriek. Women, too, who had the physical stamina to endure hardships without yielding to despondency. Women, in short, with the capacity to cheer a man instead of discourage him. You will agree with me, however, that such women are rare, and that to find one of them you must pick over heaps of rubbish.

The female society of to-day will produce one of three effects upon a young man who is thrown into it. He will either fall honestly in love, or it will create in him a disgust (perhaps temporary) for the whole sex, or it will furnish him with that sort of excitement which enchains him like any other stimulant.

The first of these effects is not to be condemned. A young man honestly in love is twice the man which he would be, were he either a flirt or a misogynist. He avoids dissipation. He works more steadily, and more to the point. He feels a warmer interest in his fellow men, and lays aside, to some extent, his selfishness. It lights and warms his nature as the rising sun brings out the beauties of the frigid zone. Could we all find women who would inspire an honest love, it would be well for all to be in love. We should constitute a little paradise in this desert of selfishness. But since this cannot be, let us turn to the other effects mentioned.

Many young men, after having been intimate with one

after another, having patiently trod the rounds of our metropolitan society, acquire a supreme disgust for the existing type of womanhood. This is to be deplored, because, in the first place, it has been pretty satisfactorily demonstrated that with a respect for its women, varies the civilization of a nation. It does a man no harm to regard woman as comparatively holy beings, of a more delicate spirituality, as they are of a more sensitive physical organism than himself. It is well for everyone to have an ideal, for his tendency is to raise himself to it. It is, perhaps, as well for men to build womanhood, as anything else, into this ideal. By spiritualizing her, he spiritualizes himself. But let this ideal creation be shattered, and with the ruin falls an element of good,—his faith in human nature. This loss affects him in two ways. He either shrinks into himself, finding his society in books, and becomes a sort of hermit, or he forgets himself, and finds his enjoyment in dissipation of some sort. Either effect is to be regretted. For men who have the capacity for intellectual research, would benefit the world much more if they mingled with it and loved it, than they can when shut up in themselves, even though their discoveries eventually come to light. The effect upon the world, of loose morals, needs no discussion. In either case a man becomes hard and selfish, and the democracy of celibacy welcomes a fresh immigrant.

Upon the majority of young men, however, the last of the three effects named, is conspicuous. The society of woman becomes to them a necessity of their daily life. They love it as the drunkard loves his bottle, or the smoker his pipe. This is evidently harmful. In the first place, it demands an amount of time which few students have to spare. It is a maxim, that petticoats do not assimilate with Greek and Mathematics. In the second place, it tends to give men an effeminate cast of character which they do not need. We Americans are getting to lack that decided masculinity which gives so stable a character to the English and German nations. The strong, bold, decided character of our ancestors is degenerating into a politic, imitative

nature which cannot be too strongly condemned. Hence, anything which tends to deprive us of our sexual characteristics should be avoided. Among other degraded types of humanity, deliver us from the typical "lady's man;" a man of small ambitions, for his highest is to entertain by his little accomplishments, a set of silly, be-spangled flirts. Physically, no man at all, for he must sacrifice physical development to social popularity, late parties, the opera and theatre, the promenade, and the dawdling senseless call; in fine, general lackeyism must take the precedence of pedestrian performances, boating, base ball, and the gymnasium. Morally, he is mild; generally lacking in positiveness, neither very good nor very bad. Women in society have a way of knocking off a man's characteristics, and leaving him so polished as to be monotonous. They drill him in adaptiveness until he parts with his originality. He waits for your opinion before enunciating his own. He bows to your "yes," and assents to your "no." He may go into this school of manners pure gold, but he comes out amalgamated. He may enter it in the rough, but he issues from it moulded into a very ordinary pattern.

This is not what students need. They do not need the excitement of female society as a recreation. We are social enough among ourselves to supply all such wants, and our sports are sufficiently varied to supply every desire. We need far more the physical vigor and the robust manliness which an out-door life will help us to, and which a loyal attendance on capricious woman keeps us from. We need intellectual, rather than social greatness. A healthy stomach is the only stable foundation for a powerful intellect, while the material for its structure should be, not faultless manners, but a vigorous mind, with its parts cemented by pure, free, manly impulses.

They do not need it as a means of discipline. We are not so rough as we look, and what roughness there is, can be better removed in some other way. Students, as a rule, are too young to be benefitted by modern society. Let them wait till more mature. Let them learn a code of

gentlemanliness among themselves, and it will be easy for them to adapt themselves to the world of society. Let them develop each their own good characteristics, and not pattern themselves after a common form. Let them learn to maintain their own opinions, carefully made up. Let them be earnest in their principles. Let them be ruled by ingrained generosity, yet devoid of pusillanimity. Let them live for a few years under such voluntary discipline as shall give them some other rule of life beside self-gratification, and then they will be ready for society. In short, let them be made up into men before they learn to revel in society, rather than to be formed *by* society.

They do not need it as a preparation for domestic happiness. They will inevitably see enough of women in this country, without seeking them, to know something of their nature. Their general knowledge of human nature acquired in college, and the disciplined mind cultured there, will give them the good sense to select, and the power to win wives. It is as refreshing to a woman to meet a man who is not the model and the darling of society, as it is for a man to meet a woman with distinguishing characteristics. The surest way to win woman's favor is not to be like her, but to be like yourself.

What I would condemn is, not a respect for woman and a love for her society, but that overmastering, insatiable desire for her companionship, which tends to drag her from her lofty throne of purity and spirituality, and throws into the shade the fellowship of more instructive men and books. Woman, naturally revered, becomes powerless so soon as she becomes a common, comprehensible event of our daily life, Man, naturally a worshipper, grows into a cynic or a fool when drugged with her companionship.

Leave the amusement of modern society to such light-heeled, uneducated puppies as have never risen above its level. Elevate, rather than degrade your tastes, and when you seek society, let it be for the good there is in it, and not always for the amusement it furnishes.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON A GREAT BUGBEAR.

WE wipe our pen, pick up our blotting paper, hand in a dozen pages or so of copper-plate manuscript, put on our hat, and, standing on alumni steps, realize or attempt to realize that another year has gone, that another annual is shelved. I say *attempt* to realize, for it takes a mind of more than ordinary calibre to grasp the full length, breadth and depth of those three words, "annual is over." It has been looming up before us for ten months; first term, 'tis true, it was only a mist; but by winter it had settled down into a fog; while the hot weather finds it a dense, impenetrable cloud.

Last week we said to ourselves, "this time next Tuesday annual will be over": and yesterday we thought 'this time to-morrow annual will be over,' and last night we dreamed that every question in Philosophy was "explain the gyrometer," and that we were busy flunking them all, when with a start we woke up, and, after feeling the bed post to make sure that it was only a dream, turned over with a sigh of relief, murmuring "this time to-morrow annual will be over."

Yes. The Rubicon is passed, and we stand on the steps and feel the cool breeze blowing over from 'Divinity,' fanning our flushed face, and remember with quiet satisfaction that flourish at the bottom of the twelfth page, dwelling with pleasure on the 'P. S.' inserted in the left hand corner:—

"*Prof. Cramhard.* I have been obliged to omit the 119th question for want of time."

We smile internally, and pat ourselves metaphorically on the back, and think, 'pretty smart thing that,' and are immensely disgusted at finding out afterwards that one hundred and twenty-three out of one hundred and twenty-five fellows have done exactly the same thing.

We glance over the printed paper in our hand, and as our eye runs over a score or two of questions a great '4'

seems to be photographed on them all ; but we stop at No. 47 and reflect. I believe I had a pretty general idea of that poser, though there were some points not altogether clear, and after all, I put down so much that Cramhard will have to get a double action telescope to pick out what I didn't know. Well, we'll call it 3.50 any how ; he ought to take it for granted that I knew *that much*."

We are alone outside the hall, thoroughly at peace with ourselves and the world in general ; but we don't forget the inquisition in full blast on the other side of those oak doors. Will we ever forget the look of anguish on poor Sam Cook's face, when he telegraphed over, "I have got the wrong skinning paper." Poor Sam ! he hadn't a leg to stand on in English literature and logic. He learned short hand just on purpose to bridge this difficulty. He had worked steadily for two days and nights and had Shaw & Atwater almost verbatim on a manuscript edition of 16 feet by 11-2 inches, but somehow got his papers mixed and brought in an abridged 'Loomis's Astronomy,' by mistake. This was even worse than Tom Evans' *faux pas* last sophomore annual. Tom wrote the 'Analytics' entire on his shirt cuffs, but put them on with the writing *inside*. This he discovered only when in the hall, and was then too much scared to change them, flunking dead of course. Tom was always ready to swear that he put those cuffs on right, and could only account for his misfortune on the wild hypothesis that the ink had soaked through to the inner side.

The faces inside bending over those cork inkstands may be divided into three classes, each sharply defined and to be recognized at a glance. First, the man who is doing well. You can tell him by his fingers at once ; the first two, with the thumb, being well bedaubed with ink. He has glanced over the paper ; feels sure that he can strike every nail square on the head, and then with the rapidity of a phonographer turns off page after page. Of two evils I believe I would prefer the lot of Tantalus rather than sit, stuck myself, and watch this man making one continued spurt from alpha to omega. Every individual hair seems to indicate a desire to stand on end and cheer ; his eyes

sparkle, and the corners of his mouth twitch with nervous excitement; in fact, every feature, muscle and ligament seems to be playing on the surface of an invisible chuckle, and each to be saying in its own way, "soft thing."

To the second class belongs the man who is doing only fairly. He has looked over the list and feels that he has a general idea of most of the questions, can write something on each and perhaps come very near the mark on two or three. He has recognized the fact, too, that quantity must be put in the balance against quality, and that good penmanship will not injure his case any. This task of writing a good deal and of doing it in good style, gives class No. 2 little or no time for star gazing.

But by all odds the man most thoroughly interesting to an outside observer, and most wretchedly miserable to himself, is the man who is in a hopeless and desperate condition of *flunk*. On ordinary occasions, this gentleman is one of the gayest of the gay; but the settled gloom on his countenance now, the suicidal look in his eyes, the drooping languor of his legs and the general appearance of goneness mark an eclipse in the sunshine of his joys, an eclipse total and annual, though not, thank fortune, perpetual, for this little trouble will soon roll away from the disc of his happiness and before long he will be shining again on his friends, just as though yearly overhaulings were myths.

This third class may, we think, be subdivided into two. Of one of these is the man who feels that the waters are about his eyes and ears, but still hopes on, and looks out for straws. He is nervous and uneasy while keeping a close watch on the four guardians of scholastic virtue. He attempts at unobserved intervals to establish communication with his neighbors, or goes up to the water cooler, hoping to meet a sympathizing and posted friend there, with the possibility of getting a glimpse at something valuable on the way back, or, as a dernier resort, he assails, with fulsome smile, the tutor's rostrum, thinking that perhaps he may glean a grain of information by asking an explanation of some question.

Flunkist No. 2 is a conscientious young man. He belongs perhaps, to a Mission Sunday School or may have been a prominent candidate for church deacon and, of course, has no skinning papers. He crammed up some odd places and came in hoping to get two or three of them; but alas! not one familiar resting spot meets his anxious eyes, and for two and a half hours we have a picture of despair to be found nowhere outside of Dante's "Inferno." If Whittier had passed through the course, here, his idea of sadness would have been materially changed, and his renowned couplet would perhaps have read somewhat thus:

"Of all sad words, except dead drunk,
"The saddest are the words *dead flunk*."

But why should we stand on alumni steps contemplating horrors. School's closed, let's be off; and we are just about to move down the path when the door is hastily opened, and out rushes a frantic youth. We recognize a fellow divisioner and greet him with "Ah, Bill, how did you get through?" "Magnificently! never did better in my life! dead rush!" We receive this statement *cum* a considerable *grano*, for William has never been found guilty of even approximating to a perfect recitation. And here let me offer incidentally this piece of advice to the uninitiated. Don't believe a man who, within five minutes of getting out, says he has made a *dead rush*; the chances are twenty-five to one that he will take two for his mark before an hour has passed.

We move on, and the first shadow shows that the chapel is near by. O ghosts of broken slumbers! O ghosts of unfinished breakfasts! O ghosts of empty stomachs! *requiescat in pace*. For two whole months the echoing footsteps of no belated pilgrims will be heard along the aisles of this lofty edifice. For two whole months thy downy cushions will be unpressed. Late rising students no longer bend reverentially over half-conned lessons. Freshmen shake not with the "*pons asinorum*" before them. No ghastly monitor puts on a sickly smile when

he sees a four seated pew with only three in it. The choir in the dark recess sings no longer its unearthly but harmonious strains. Fair woman from above no more looks down on frail and sleeping below——

We had got thus far, musing sweetly, when an ebb tide of liberated co-laborers seized us with "I say, Jack, what answer did you get for the 16th?" Another calls out, is the 14th ablative of cause or means?" While still another voice is heard, high over all, crying out "I say, Jack, "is *regerent* sentiment of another or essential part?" We have no wax with us, so we put our fingers in our ears, put on a soft non-committal smile, nod wildly *yes* and wait till these syrens float away. Experience taught us this dodge. When we were young we used sometimes to differ from our questioners and always had the pleasure of being informed that we were most assuredly in the wrong. Another good expedient is to rush from Alumni hall directly to your room and lock yourself up for about fifteen minutes. This you will generally find long enough to do the business. Some fellows, however, will keep up the cross questioning for an hour or more. Of this class was John Z. who used to bore the club so much with his questions that they decided on giving him a lesson. One day, after a mathematical examination, John came rushing into dinner, crying out "I say, fellows, is the *fourth* $R \cos X$ or $R \sin X$?" Everyone instantly stopped talking. Amid a death-like stillness Dick Betts arose and said: "Let me inform you, Mr. Z., that the examination in Trigonometry closed at twelve precisely, and that it is now quarter past one—roast beef, Mary, rare, if you please."

We drift on lazily and are soon behind the Lyceum. O how cool this breeze feels, when we think of those hot summer afternoons in Prex's lecture room, and we say to ourselves what a wonderful creature man is, remembering how we could snooze delightfully through all those Greek lectures and at the end be able to tell all about Platca and Epidamnus and the twenty-nine causes that made Themistocles such a remarkable historian.

We don't remember doing much in the Morpheus line,

however, in the room directly overhead. In fact, the division needed all its eyes and ears to keep posted on what was coming. Well, that 's all over now. 'Why so?' 'More accurately.' 'And the name is?' are to us only echoes of the past. The transit was correctly adjusted, and we have passed over the meridian. May the compound of 'nodes,' 'evection's' 'dips' 'meridians' 'librations,' etc., etc., go to the right spot and find a resting place there.

We go up stairs to our room; there lies a book on the table open at that tough place over which we spent an hour and a half and which of course we didn't have. We swear we *never will cram* again; we shut the book and put it away; we give our sweep a dollar, we tell Fine Day that we *have* some old clothes, we go over to the fence and shake hands with everybody, and then we go to dinner.



THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

[YALE LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.]

BY WATSON ROBERTSON SPERRY, *Guilford, N. Y.*

MASTER William Shakspeare drew the character of Sir John Falstaff with a heavy hand. The old knight stands, in relief, a burly and unctuous personification of tap-house gentility—a very "reverend vice." At first sight of this "tun of man," cut in such fantastic shape, we involuntarily give vent to our impressions by Dominie Sampson's well-worn phrase—"Pro-dig-ious!" Acquaintanceship, however, gives us a more definite appreciation.

—The character of Sir John Falstaff, as it appears in the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, is a very pleasant one. Concerning it Goldsmith says: "The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom; I here behold an agree-

able old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five." In this, perhaps, lies the charm: that he is a jolly old sinner;—full of many whims and conceits, such as, with the passage of years, grow into important facts in a man's life, and yet utterly lacking, in reality, all those prudential motives which often lead men of years into a feigned or actual morality. Looking at him as he appears after a brief acquaintance, we find in him a natural and yet absurd pretension of being young. In his adventure with the travelers at Gad's-Hill, we hear him crying out (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act ii—scene ii); "They hate *us youth!*"—and a moment after he shouts: "What ye knaves, *young men* must live!"—as though stealing purses were the only way for youngsters to get a livelihood. Acting upon this notion, we find Sir John consorting with young men; and, as almost always follows, especially with such characters, he becomes their jest and amusement. But while Sir John thus assumed to be but a boy, we readily discover in him many things which convince us that really he is a man of experience. For one thing, he had gotten the trick of observation. He judged, and pretty accurately, too, of the length to which it was safe to urge his notions upon the wild fellows with whom he lived. He formed a fair estimate of the effect which his conversation had upon his companions, when he summed up (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act v—scene i): "O it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders!" His judgment, as to the character of Justice Shallow, though in no degree complimentary, was certainly sound, when he states, in general terms (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act iii—scene ii): "Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!" And when he confesses to the chief justice (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act i—scene ii). "The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding;"—even his casual acquaintances perceive that he had been by no means unobserving of his own course of life. In assurance, also, Sir John was far from being a novice. An answer he made to Prince Hal, at Dame Quickly's,

after the exploit at Gad's-Hill, illustrates this peculiarity. Sir John was recounting his marvellous experience—which became more marvellous every moment—when the Prince, with pretended anxiety, interrupts him by saying (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act ii—scene iv): “Pray God, you have not murdered some of them;”—to which Falstaff responds, with great solemnity and the most exquisite assurance: “Nay, that’s past praying for: I have pepper’d two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits.” Whenever, indeed, Sir John is sure of his position, this trait of character becomes downright boldness. An example is found in the dispute which came of the pocket-picking affair. It will be remembered that Sir John claimed to have lost a valuable ring; and in the talk that followed he was led to say that he would cudgel Hal if he said the ring was copper—whereat the Prince pronounced it copper and dared Sir John to touch him. Falstaff replies (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act iii—scene iii): “Why, Hal, thou know’st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion’s whelp.” “And why not as the lion?” asks Hal, in his boyish curiosity. With a certain pompous gravity, which verges toward impudent disrespect in the latter part of his answer, Sir John makes reply: “The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Do’st thou think I’ll fear thee as I fear thy father?—nay, an I do I pray God my girdle break!” Falstaff was always very careful not to render unto Cæsar any more of the things that were Cæsar’s than necessity demanded. Often, however, a misjudgment as to whose property he was dealing with, led him into trouble. But trouble never held him tight long; and we feel almost thankful every time he gets into a quandary, because he has such a refreshing way of getting out of it. His assertion (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act ii—scene iv) that “instinct is a great matter,” is too well known to need more particular mention. A less noticeable, but quite as apt a turn, happened in the earlier part of the same conversation. Falstaff, in his first rage, called Pointz a coward;—to which the latter said: “’Zounds! ye fat

paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee." With great "discretion," Sir John hastens to say: "I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward;"—adding, after his fashion: "but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst." Moreover: Falstaff's years had made him fluent in giving advice, although this is a minor peculiarity. He placed his reputation, however, in this respect, beyond question, when, after having abused Mistress Quickly without stint, and in all ways possible, short of absolute personal violence, he condescendingly and kindly says (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act iii—scene iii): "Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified." We notice, again, that Sir John is too much of a man about town, albeit of so low an order, to live naturally anywhere but in London. True, he appears to better advantage in the country, because his swaggering airs, by comparison with the manners of the rustics whom he meets, almost seem to be the mark of a gentleman, whereas in the town, with its different customs, these only serve as a source of laughter or a subject for practical jokes. But the greatest weakness which country life betrays in Falstaff's character is the development of his sordidness, unrelieved by a proper opposition. When in town he cherished the maxim that "a good wit will make use of anything;" but in the country he seems to have been able to "make use of anything" without exercising any wit at all. In the latter case, it is too palpable a fraud to be pleasant. It is also noticeable that Sir John's good nature and hopefulness are proof against almost any combination of untoward circumstances. Whether it be peace or whether it be war, he manages, in either case, to sail his somewhat bulky craft in the safest waters that can be found; and even in his last appearance, after the total shipwreck of all the hopes he had formed from the accession of Prince Hal to the kingdom, we see him going off in full faith that he would "be sent for soon at night" by his quondam associate, the new-crowned

king. To repeat: a superficial acquaintance with Sir John reveals a very pleasant character. Young, for all his gray hairs; jocose, though often low down in point of worldly fortune; a practical philosopher, in that he only looks out for the wants of to-day, and, like Smollett's Ferdinand Count Fathom, though not at all dead to the instigations of the flesh, yet with wisdom enough to resist them, whenever they interfere with his interest;—however small may be our respect for him, we cannot help giving him a certain sort of admiration.

But let us look a little closer at this jolly old disciple of Bacchus, and make the attempt to find out what his essential excellence is.

In considering Sir John's character subjectively, it is worth while to note, prefatorily, one difficulty which meets us at the outset. In almost all notable fictitious personages there is a certain growth of character, and a crisis in their history which brings out their distinctive peculiarities in striking prominence. Shakspeare's creations are not, usually, exceptions to this general rule, as we may see in the characters of Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo, and others. But Sir John is without this growth and crisis. As the myth represents Athena springing full-grown from the brain of Zeus, so Sir John comes forth from the brain of Shakspeare a perfect man at his introduction. Take his first conversation with the young Prince, where he says (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act i—scene ii): "Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal:—God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked;"—and all Sir John's "manner of wrenching the true cause the false way," his "*non sequitur* which yet seems a *sequitur*," appear as much as in any succeeding part of the portrayal.

The real strength of Sir John Falstaff's character, to come at once to the vital point, lies, as it appears to me, in his incomparable drollery. Like "poor Yorick," he is "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

Bacon has said, somewhere, that "in laughing there

ever precedeth a conceit of somewhat ridiculous." If he had had Sir John in mind, he could not have stated the effect of the old knight's conversation and carriage more accurately. This "conceit of somewhat ridiculous," which is produced by everything that Falstaff says or does, is due chiefly to his marvellous pretensions of being what he is not. Notice one sentence from his conversation with the chief justice (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act i—scene ii): "I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion." Here, in both clauses of the sentence, we see the pretension; in the light of fact it appears ridiculous; and hence our laughter.

Care, however, must be taken, in analyzing the character of Sir John's mirth-provoking power—inasmuch as the comic faculty varies, not only in quantity but also in quality;—and its quality needs examination in two respects: first, in respect to what is actually said, as to whether it be wit or humor; and second, in respect to its tone—its complexion, so to speak—which, as a matter of taste, is often determinate.

As to the quantity of Sir John's mirth-provoking power, it seems to be illimitable. Almost without exception, whatever he says or does, taken in its connection, produces a smile. In consequence of this continued exercise of his power, one cannot help noticing in Falstaff's thought a certain grossness, which is well accounted for by Hamlet's wise remark, that "the hand of *little* employment hath the *daintier* sense." Yet, Sir John is never so gross as to offend; nor does he ever seem fit for the fool's cap. He always remembers that he is *Sir John Falstaff*, and jokes, as a gentleman of those times, with his fellow-gentlemen.

In determining the quality of Sir John's mirth-provoking power, in respect to what he actually says, we must notice the points of difference between wit and humor. Genuine humor must have a touch of kindly feeling about it, and must, at any rate, be unmixed with selfishness.

Originating in the intellect, it must come through the heart. Wit, on the other hand, is a brain-product. Its etymology gives the clearest notion of its distinctive quality: English—wit or wisdom; Latin—*video*; Greek—*σοφία*. Wit requires a man to be of better parts than humor, though not of so good a heart. Applying this to Sir John, I should call him witty and not humorous.

The object of Sir John's wit is usually himself. As he himself says, and with such rare self-knowledge that it seems as if Shakspeare intended in this sentence to give us his own idea of the character (*King Henry IV.*—Part II = act i—scene ii): "The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me."

Falstaff's wit, however, is by no means of the ordinary kind. Its peculiarities are what make up its tone or complexion. It is individual in several particulars. For one thing, it is, as the rule, unconscious. He has the strangest notions, put in the most grotesque manner possible, and yet always speaks as though he were uttering the simplest of truisms, expressed in the most ordinary fashion. Again: His wit is suggestive: he never tells the whole story, but leaves his hearer or reader to fill out the details of the picture;—as where he says, (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act i—scene ii): "But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely and in the street too." Every sentence and clause in this speech is pregnant with wit. Even "I would to God," etc., comes out with such perplexed sincerity that one cannot help laughing at it. But if one stops a moment, to find in what the cause of laughter consists, it will be discovered that the greater part of one's mirth is due to the ideas suggested by the text. Take the first sentence—"But, Hal, I pr'ythee," etc. As it reads, it is a mere skeleton; but every bone

suggests the flesh that ought to cover it. In outline, it brings up the real and comparative character of the two men, their influence upon one another, with its results thus far, and then the delicious impudence of the speech strikes us—from which point a quick-inventive fancy may carry us still further, making the mental picture still more amusing. As Sir John says (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act i—scene ii): “I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.”

Now he who is witty without pretense or apparent intention, and at the same time suggestive in his speech, so that the hearer or reader finds the morsel grow in bulk and flavor as he turns it over in his mind, commends himself to us in many ways: our pride is gratified—our thought is rewarded—and altogether we are thoroughly pleased. No wonder, then, that thinking men like Sir John.

This is, however, in a great measure, an intellectual liking. Another characteristic of Falstaff's thought leads us to like him from the heart.

Properly speaking, we have little or no sympathy for Sir John—i. e., we do not in any sense, suffer *with* him;—although it is no more than natural that we should pity him somewhat when *he* suffers. This particular of our appreciation of the character Shakspeare has worked up in a masterly manner. It will be remembered that Pointz in one place (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act i—scene ii) calls Sir John “Monsieur Remorse;” and, by the way, I surmise that this appellation explains one of the old knight's habits, viz.: his repeated and often (taken in their connection) comical asseverations that he is going to leave his old courses and live a better life. I am the more inclined to think this is so, from the fact that Sir John often makes such vows to himself, which shows that there was no intentional deception about them. Probably they really expressed his actual feelings. This notion is incidentally but strongly confirmed by a passage between Falstaff and Doll Tear-sheet. Doll asks the old knight (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act ii—scene iv): “Thou whore-son little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave

fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?"—to which Sir John, in extremity with this sudden and unexpected call to repent, and in evident sincerity, replies: "Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end."

But Shakspeare gives us this hint that the old knight is troubled with remorse, as it appears to me, solely in order that it may naturalize and strengthen a much more strongly-marked and clearly-developed, though by no means prominent trait of character, viz.: a habit of pathetic complaining. I know it may seem strange that a single monotone of sadness should be introduced into the jovial chorus of Falstaff's life;—and yet we cannot but perceive and admit its use, in humanizing the character. Unless Sir John were made human by a touch of sorrow, we should look upon him as a mere joking machine. As it is, we see the old fellow, for all his

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

a bit down-hearted sometimes, and straightway we feel that he is one of us.

An extract or two will show how this pathetic element strengthens the character.

Take the defense Sir John makes of himself to Hal, when they were both playing at royalty at the "Boar's Head" tavern (*King Henry IV.*—Part I; act ii—scene iv): "——That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd! if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff—and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff,—banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world."

Here we have wit in plenty, and lies many ;—but notwithstanding all this, we feel a sort of mirthful melancholy in behalf of him whose “white hairs” so flatly contradict his general “youthful jollity.”—Again : when the young Prince convicts Sir John of making out a false case about the pocket-picking matter at Goody Quickly’s house, there is a vein of pathos, in spite of its whimsicality, in the answer (*King Henry IV.*—Part I: act iii—scene iii): “Do’st thou hear, Hal? thou know’st in the state of innocency Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.”—But of all the places where this only half-expressed feeling appears, I know of none that approaches, in point of simpleness, earnestness and depth, the allusion of the old knight to his age on the night before he left London for the wars. Sir John is at Dame Quickly’s, as was his custom, and has Doll Tear-sheet on his knee. She has just been kissing him, and says (*King Henry IV.*—Part II: act ii—scene iv): “I kiss thee with a most constant heart;” to which Falstaff replies with the sorrowful refrain: “I am old, I am old.” Here we see Sir John “bestow himself * * in his true colors;”—and surely a more sombre picture could not well be found. The

“Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
“Labuntur anni”——

of the Augustan poet is not more sad and solemn than this.

It will be noticed that I have thus far omitted all mention of Sir John’s appearance in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. I have done this because I consider the characterization in the comedy false to the first principles of the character. Sir John, in his make-up, is essentially a wit ; and, as such, is portrayed as being almost without emotion. Self-possession is the main qualification for the exercise of wit : and hence Sir John is naturally always master of himself. Not only is he thus removed from the domain of feeling by the nature—the essence, as it were—of his character, but Shakspeare has wrought this character up to

the full measure of its possibilities. Accordingly: Falstaff, in the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, respects nothing, admires nothing, loves nothing. He never sacrifices nor forgets self for anything. The self-forgetfulness of a Will Dobbin, the self-sacrifice of a Tom Pinch, are impossibilities with him;—and since a true love necessitates not only feeling, but self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice as well, it is an unmixed absurdity for Sir John to be represented as a lover. As Dr. Johnson observed: "Falstaff could not love but by ceasing to be Falstaff." Shakspeare, therefore, in complying with the command of the "Virgin Queen," was forced to represent Sir John as the victim of a depraved and false love, unrelieved by anything good and ennobling;—and appearing, perhaps, the worse, for its association, and, at the same time, contrast, with the pure affection which drew "sweet Anne Page" and "gentle Master Fenton" to one another. Representing Sir John thus, as a sordid lover, and an unsuccessful one—for neither by poetical nor any other sort of justice could such a mockery of love be made successful—and continually so, the natural and almost inevitable result follows: that all through the play Sir John acts the fool, and only rescues himself from utter contempt by his invariable good-nature. With one or two exceptions his rare and peculiar wit altogether fails him. His "discretion," too, which he always reckoned to be "the better part of valour," nowhere appears: he recklessly rushes into traps, with a laudable desire to make laughter at his expense, it is true, but in a way which is in no wise natural or creditable to him. No wonder he acknowledges, at the end of the play, in sore amazement at his own discomfiture, but with a faint gleam of his old wit, that he is "dejected."

I have thus analyzed Sir John Falstaff's character as I was able. It will be observed that while he is pleasant, he is not companionable; while full of wit, he is never humorous;—and yet, for all his oddity and his intellect, a streak of sadness now and then is found in him, such as breeds sorrowful thoughts in us, even while we laugh. In a word: among grotesque and witty portrayals of human nature, Sir John Falstaff stands chief.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Month

Of October has been characterized by much more than usual activity in the college world. Workmen have been busily engaged on the new dormitory in front of North College, while the walls of the new Theological Hall have risen very rapidly. Nor have these been the only building operations of interest to our community. On High Street Psi Upsilon is erecting a new hall, the work on which is being very rapidly prosecuted. Opposite Alumni Hall, Prescott and White have reared the "Yale Photograph Gallery," in which the class photographer is now taking the negatives of the class of '70, as well as of the Scientific Seniors, whose pictures he is also to furnish. Within the green one or two new paths have been laid out, and the fast-falling leaves are daily consigned to the flames. A couple of accidental fires which threatened more serious consequences, in North College and Trumbull Gallery, were fortunately discovered in season to prevent any great damage. With the middle of the term the Seniors have finished recitations and lectures in Chemistry, and on the afternoon of Friday, the 5th inst., underwent their final examination on the science, in Alumni Hall. Beethoven, under the direction of Prof. Wheeler, is practising two evenings in the week for the concert to be given in Brooklyn about Thanksgiving. But by far the most important event of the past month was the

Fall Regatta

On Lake Saltonstall, which came off on Wednesday, the 27th ult. The preceding Saturday was the day originally appointed for the races, but a violent rain on that day rendered a postponement necessary. To compensate for this disappointment, however, very pleasant weather was granted on the second occasion. An excursion train of a dozen heavily laden cars carried 700 or 800 people to the lake, while at least an equal number reached the place by other means of conveyance. Felsburg's band was also present, and helped to while away the time until the opening of the races, as well as to fill up the intervals between them. The first race was for barges over the two mile course, the prize being six silver oars. The boats and crews entered were as follows:—

ACADEMICAL FRESHMEN.—Boat, *Tom Perry*. F. W. Adece, J. Day, W. F. McCook, C. S. Hemingway, A. H. Tennis, W. W. Flagg (stroke), H. A. Cleveland (coxswain).

SCIENTIFIC FRESHMEN.—Boat, *Undine*. H. H. Buck, J. C. Lyman, T. P. Nevins, J. R. Burroughs, F. O. Maxson, W. T. Jenkins (stroke), J. Whittlesey (coxswain).

Thirty seconds handicap was allowed the *Tom Perry*, notwithstanding which it was beaten nearly half a minute—the time being, *Undine*, 15 m. 16 3-4 sec., *Tom Perry*, 16 m. 7 1-4 sec. For the six silver goblets offered as prizes for the winning shell over the three mile course, the four following crews entered :—

SCIENTIFIC.—J. Whittlesey (bow), H. B. Sargent, W. D. Marks, R. Colgate, R. W. Davenport, T. G. Bennett (stroke).

'SEVENTY.—W. C. Gulliver (bow), J. E. Curran, G. L. Huntress, Z. T. Carpenter, R. Terry, W. H. Lee (stroke).

'SEVENTY-ONE LIGHT WEIGHT CREW.—J. Fewsmith (bow), S. Benedict, J. B. Morse, T. Thacher, J. F. Page, H. R. Elliot (stroke).

'SEVENTY-TWO.—L. S. Boomer (bow), F. L. Hall, E. H. Jenkins, F. G. B. Swayne, W. L. Cushing, J. B. Studley (stroke).

The interest in this race, which was at the start very great, was unfortunately much diminished by the breaking of an oar in the Scientific boat, and the retiring of '72 on account of the sickness of a member of the crew. The remaining boats went over the course in a manner not very rapid—'70 winning in 22 m. 37 sec., while '71 followed in 23 m. 2 3-4 sec. The third race was for gigs over the same course, the prize being six gold oars, and was contested by these three crews :—

'SEVENTY.—C. McC. Reeve (bow), A. P. Crane, H. P. Warren, E. G. Selden, W. H. Lee, C. Phelps (stroke).

'SEVENTY-ONE.—F. Mead (bow), J. H. Ford, A. W. Curtis, R. W. Archbald, J. K. Howe, E. D. Coonley (stroke).

'SEVENTY-TWO.—L. E. Curtis (bow), F. H. Ayres, E. Hubbard, D. J. H. Willcox, W. Hall, L. G. Parsons (stroke).

In this race a number of fouls occurred between '70 and '71, in consequence of which the judges reserved their decision until after a hearing of both sides. Unable, from the conflicting character of the testimony, to decide which was the guilty party, they finally ordered a new race on the following day. '72, however, refused to row again. The two other boats rowed a very pluckily contested race, which resulted in a victory for '70 in 22 m. 2 sec., ten seconds better than '71's time. The fourth race was a two mile race for double sculls, for which there were entered :—Ricardi Brothers, Z. T. Carpenter, H. A. Cleveland; Betts Brothers, W. I. Betts, C. Phelps. After a very close contest the two silver goblets were awarded to the Betts Brothers, who rowed the

distance in 14 m. 32 sec., closely followed by Messrs. Carpenter and Cleveland in 14 m. 35 sec. Last of all came the race for single sculls—the prize offered being a “silver cup and the championship of the university.” The following four gentlemen were the contestants:—R. Terry, J. W. Griswold, E. T. Owen, and R. Colgate, Jr. Mr. Griswold, of the Scientific School was the winner of the race, which was around the mile stake, in 16 m. 3 sec., Mr. Terry being second in 16 m. 28 sec. Such is the record of the first races ever pulled at Lake Saltonstall, and their success has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Bone, the commodore, whose enterprise and energy have been the soul of the whole movement. With a continuance of such common sense principles as have governed the navy this fall, Yale men need not despair of a different and more happy story at Worcester, next July. The great interest which boating matters have attracted this term, has naturally distracted attention from

Base Ball,

so that there have been thus far a much smaller number of matches than usual. On Saturday, the 16th ult., the class nine of '72 went to Bridgeport, and beat the Seaside of that city by the score of 33 to 17. The return game of the series was to have been played at Hamilton Park on the 23d ult., but was prevented by the rain. The university club was re-organized for the ensuing year by the choice of the following officers at a meeting on the 13th ult.:—*President*, E. A. Lewis, '70; *Vice President*, P. C. Smith, '71; *Secretary*, C. O. Day, '72; *Treasurer*, H. R. Elliot, '71; *Captain of First Nine*, Charles French, '72; *Executive Committee*, in addition to the President, G. L. Huntress, '70, G. P. Wilshire, '71, G. Richards, '72, and C. H. Thomas, '73. The first match of the reconstructed university nine was played on Wednesday, the 20th ult., at Hamilton Park with the champion Eckfords. The game resulted in a victory for the Brooklyn club by the score of 4 to 8—our nine fielding very creditably, but batting weakly. Of eight university matches played during the season of 1868–9, Yale won five and lost three—the latter including the most important contest of the term all in Brooklyn last July. This summary of matches we extract from the

Pot-pourri,

which was edited this year by E. S. Dana, '70, and issued Oct. 30th. Other facts and statistics from the same publication may, perhaps, be

worth giving. The whole number of students connected with the college, is given as 737, 219 of whom are members of the professional schools. The 518 academical students are distributed as follows:—Seniors, 115, Juniors, 105, Sophomores, 155, and Freshmen, 143. The list of "secret societies" shows one addition as compared with last year—the Scientific Delta Psi—and two losses, the burlesque "E. T. L.," and the little better than burlesque "S. L. M." Skull and Bones, and Scroll and Key, retain their accustomed places with their regular number of members. Of the Junior societies, Alpha Delta Phi has 20 Seniors, 10 Juniors and 18 Sophomores; Psi Upsilon 27 Seniors and 29 Juniors, Delta Kappa Epsilon 36 and 29. Of the Sophomore societies, Phi Theta Psi has 32 Juniors and 25 Sophomores, Delta Beta Xi 31 and 33. Of the Freshman societies, Kappa Sigma Epsilon has 65 Sophomores and 36 Freshmen, Delta Kappa 59 and 88, Gamma Nu 27 and 30. Of the Scientific societies, Berzelius has 14, Sigma Delta Chi 20, Theta Xi 9, and Delta Psi 17. Next we find "Chi Delta Theta" with its traditional five, and a little farther on the Temperance society, which holds it own bravely from year to year, with its three officers. Then comes the Missionary society, with 227 members, of which number, however, only 23 belong to '73, and Beethoven, with a membership of 81. Under the head of "Miscellaneous Organizations" are comprehended also some twenty-five other associations, ranging all the way from the college church to "Midnight Caterwaulers." Of eating clubs there are a baker's dozen; "King of Clubs," "Eta Pi Club," "Sans Souci," of '71, "Help (M)eat Club," "'72sters," "Hard Case's," "The Cherubs," of '72, "Knights of the Knife and Fork," "*Oi ouo-τράπεζοι*," "Farewell Club" of '73, "Scientific Eaters," "Well Bre(a)d Eaters" and the "Polyglossial Club." The *Pot* is very tastily printed and is particularly to be commended for the absence of the silly "Table Talk," in which some previous numbers have indulged. On the same day that the *Pot-pourri* was issued, it was announced that the

Lit. Prize Medal

Had been awarded to WATSON ROBERTSON SPERRY of the Junior class. The title of the successful essay is, "The Character of Sir John Falstaff," and it appears in the present number of the Magazine. The judges, in addition to the chairman of the Lit. board, Mr. Gulliver, were Prof. Arthur M. Wheeler and Franklin B. Dexter. Four other articles competed. Their titles were: "Theodore Winthrop," "Napoleon the Third," "De Societate," and "A Plea for Imperialism in America." Almost as much variety will be noticed in these titles as in the

Town Shows

Of the month, which have been numerous and, in the main, of good quality. Lingard, who has always been a great favorite in New Haven, gave a couple of his entertaining performances on the 14th and 16th ults. On Wednesday, the 20th ult., a large house greeted Carlotta Patti, who sang in concert, supported by an able company. Of minstrels, we have had Sanford's, which were very poor, and Wild, Barney and Mac's, which were very good. On the 27th ult., John B. Gough acted his lecture on "Circumstances" to a crowded house, in behalf of Bethany Sunday School. But the greatest successes of the month at Music Hall have been the three performances of Maggie Mitchell on the 25th and 26th ults. and on the 2d inst., in her characters of "Fanchon," the "Pearl of Savoy," and "Little Barefoot." This actress seems even to have increased her already great popularity with the New Haven public, each of her appearances having secured a very crowded house.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

I wonder if any of our visitors think half as much of the old LIT. office as we five do whose privilege it is, this year, to hold our tri-weekly confabs in it. I don't suppose they do, for they see it under somewhat unfavorable circumstances, gaining admittance only in the day time, when the sun shines very gloomily through the old cobwebbed panes of our single skylight, *then*, even we admit, the place looks very sombre. But after 7 o'clock, when the door is locked and bolted, when the open wood fire is scattering its light and heat over the well known objects, when five chairs are drawn around the blazing hearth, and the incense of five cheroots is rising ceilingward, *then* we begin to realize that the "LIT. Office" is an *institution*.

Oriental magnificence can hardly be said to be a feature in it. Should we "take an inventory of all we have," everything could be summed up in about two lines, to wit: one large pine table, 8 feet by four; five oak chairs, old fashioned; two spittoons and two dog irons; pens, paper, ink, ad libitum; "only this and nothing more." And yet, plain as it is, carpetless, wall paperless, shabby even to barbarian eyes, who, that has ever enjoyed them, will not gladly testify to the pleasures experienced in this editorial sanctum.

Tables and chairs, when they get to be thirty-five years old, are hardly in the bloom of youth; ours, which have nearly reached their two score, are regular veterans, hacked, hewed and battle scarred. There was such a look of experience and intelligence about these ancient relics that preceding generations personified them, and handed down to us the table as "Aunt Eliza," and the five chairs as "Buster," "Ink Blot," "Suds," "Turkey" and "Duffer." One hundred and seventy-five editors have spilled ink on the

smiling countenance of Aunt Eliza, and thirty-five Senior Classes have, at intervals, enjoyed the luxuries of B., I. B., S., T. and D.

Every Board cuts its names in the soft pine of our Aunt, and every year or two some old editor drops in and writes in ink after the names he knows, a brief history of what each has done. So the venerable table has become a history in itself, telling of honors won on the field, on the sea, at the bar, in the pulpit, with the lancing knife, and by the pen. The very first name at the left hand corner of the table is *William M. Evarts*, New York, to which some fellow editor has annexed a list of forensic victories. A little further down we find *Donald G. Mitchell*, bringing up instantly those charming reveries of Ik Marvel. Three names below—but no, we must stop; that great pile of exchanges just before us have a threatening look, and seem offended because we have, up to this time, given them so little attention. We notice with pleasure the following College publications:

Brunonian, *Virginia University Magazine*, *Yale Pot-pourri*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Williams Quarterly*, *Michigan Teacher*, *Southern Collegian*, *Miami Student*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *College Standard*, *Vidette*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Western Collegian*, *Cornell Era*, *Bethany Guardian*, *College Courier*, *Chronicle*, *College Argus*, *University Reporter*, *Denison Collegian*, *Seaside Oracle*, *Campus*, *Amherst Student*, *Pardee Literary Messenger*, *College Item*, *Qui Vive*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Yong Lang*, *Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Polytechnic*, *College Review*.

OUTSIDE PERIODICALS.—*Atlantic Monthly*, *Nation*, *Overland Monthly*, *Sabbath at Home*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Christian World*, *Children's Hour*, *Appleton's Journal*, *American Literary Gazette*, *College Courant*, *Child at Home*, *Christian Banner*, *New York Citizen and Round Table*, *Statesman*, *Boston Daily Advertiser*, *Reform League*, *New England Postal Record*, *Southern Metropolis*, *American Journal of Philately*, *American Presbyterian*, *Journal of Education*, *Hearth and Home*, *Our Boys and Girls*.

The *Union Literary Magazine*, hailing from Canton, Mo., comes to us with a "please X," which we do with pleasure. This periodical is somewhat inclined to be severe on our Princeton friends. It seems that the *Nassau Lit.* in noticing the *Union* said, "The present number of the magazine is about as usual, but we are charitable enough to attribute a trifling weakness to the length of its journey." This was too much for Southern blood; the editor opens his flood-gate of adjectives, and treats the Princeton magazine to an assortment, such as obtuse, uncivil, contemptible, self-conceited, gas-baggy, and winds up by calling it a *porcus* (poor-cus). If, after this lampooning, the editors of the *Nassau Lit.* ever again forget that in "Union there is strength" we shall be obliged to cut their acquaintance.

We extend the editorial hand of greeting to the latest addition to our exchange family. The new born infant is the *College Item*, of Galesburg, Ill. It promises to take a good rank among College periodicals. We wish it every success.

The *Williams Quarterly* is one of the best of our exchanges. The present number has a good assortment of readable articles which look inviting enough to merit more than a passing glance. If more College publications would imitate the "Williams," and come out once a quarter, they would not be obliged to fall under the suspicion that theirs is a "linked sweetness long drawn out." The "One but a lion" principle would operate well in many cases when a good strong quarterly or annual might be worth more than a dozen weakly monthlies.

The *College Courant*, in a three column article, gives a rather severe criticism of a piece in the October LIT. If the *Courant* had seen fit to turn the faucet of its "thunder and small beer" when it had finished with the article in question, we should have had nothing to say; but not content with keeping to its text, it must wander off into a general tirade on the editors of this magazine. We have no desire to enter into any paper war with the *Courant*, but should such a state of things ever become necessary, be assured we shall not begin it like Dean Swift's street ruffian, "who, in hurling odure on his antagonist, was indifferent to the filth that stuck to his own fingers." A three years acquaintance with the undergraduate editors of the *Courant* makes it hard for us to think that they would deliberately be guilty of such an uncourteous act, and we are quite ready to believe that a little sober reflection has, before this, convinced them that much of what they said was uncalled for and out of place.

Since penning the above our attention has been called to a piece in the last issue of the *Courant* in which the author attempts to make amends for the bad spirit and bad taste of his first article. To us its tone seems to indicate a knowledge on the author's part that he has done a mean thing, but lacks the nerve to come out boldly and acknowledge his error. And so, undecided, he sits on the fence and dangles his legs on both sides.

The *Virginia University* has every appearance of a live magazine, though perhaps the poetic muse claims a trifle too much attention. We notice that the Committee has refused to award the gold medal for the best original paper contributed by a student to the *University Magazine*. This Committee, in a very sensible letter, say that none of the pieces handed in come up to the standard in literary excellence, and that the muses have no favors from the golden mean. A rather sad commentary on literary culture in Charlottesville.

There are several other exchanges we would like to notice, but want of space compels us to defer doing so till some other occasion. There is one, however, with a request on the cover to "notice and exchange," which must not be overlooked. It is the *American Grocer*. We give the notice willingly, but must beg to be excused from exchanging. *Family groceries* may, at some future period, have an interest to us; at present they are entirely out of our line.

We have received from Lee & Shepard, Boston, the following books, which we will notice in our next number among the Christmas publications: *On Time, Lightning Express, The Young Detective, Switch Off, Boy Farmers, Through by Daylight, The Sunset Land, Hester Strong's Life Work*.

And now, having done a part, if not the whole of our duty by our friends, let us say a word, in closing, about ourselves.

Vol. 35 has begun its annual cruise under most favorable auspices. Sails, mast, compass and rudder are, we believe, all in their proper places, and are all doing their duty. So far the crew have enjoyed the voyage and hope that the products they have brought to others may not have proved altogether unacceptable. To the Editorial Board of '69, and especially to its efficient treasurer, Mr. LYMAN H. BAGG, the YALE LIT. owes a new life and growth. They received the Magazine from '68 in a somewhat feeble and precarious condition, but in one or two numbers brought it into a decidedly convalescent state, and when their time was out handed it down to us in vigorous good health.

Comparisons, it is said, are invidious, but we think we may be pardoned in saying that the LIT. has not suffered at our hands. By glancing at the May,

June, July and October Nos. of '69 we find that they published in the four 179 pages. Our own printers' bills for the same months charge us with 230 pages, a gain of over 50 pages, or, in other words, a gain of nearly a whole magazine in four numbers. Whether we will be able to keep up the coming four to the average size of the last is a question which cannot be answered now with absolute certainty; but counting over our subscription list, and then performing a simple multiplication of which "3" is one of the factors, leads us to believe that the LIT. will make her 35th voyage without any great break of bulk; but, gentlemen, that aforementioned factor "3" is the most important element in our calculation.

To the Sophomore and Freshman Classes we desire to return thanks for a liberal patronage; '72 was a most valuable ally at the very start, taking 90 LITs last year, and adding fresh laurels to her reputation this year by subscribing for 108. '73 has done nobly, adding 87 names of "good and tried men" to our list.

Those names, and others, did not of their own accord walk into our sanctum and make their mark in the formidable volume which lies open before us. Each one represents a loss in sole leather and uppers, that, in the aggregate, ought to rejoice the heart of every shoemaker in town. Gentlemen, it gave us pleasure to call upon you and to make your acquaintance; we thank you for your kindly invitations to "call again," and would be most happy to do so, but Senior time is precious, and you must excuse us if we should not get round.

The moral of the above paragraph is simply this: *Don't forget to pay your YALE LIT. subscription at the College book store.*

The fact that the gentlemanly proprietor of that institution has recently appeared in a new suit of clothes will be a very poor pretext for not settling.

A very dilapidated pair of boots over there in the corner speak loudly of the subscription campaign just closed. Our respected parent is not wealthy; he has no shares in the Golconda mines. To his mind *one* pair of boots sacrificed to literature was a very serious consideration. As for ourselves we would not think so much of the sacrifice if there was another pair in the closet, or our credit was good with Fenouillet.

Our printers were burned out lately, and the young man who receives proof has a very severe look when a considerable interval elapses between paying bills.

Thanksgiving comes this year on the 18th of November. There are cases on record where Thanksgiving festivities have been gall and bitterness to men who went home with our unsettled account on their consciences.

If we were given to dreaming we should, in pure malice, dream that every man who has not got "paid" after his name, was summarily summoned, on the 18th of November, 1869, by the instrumentality of an odd wish bone or so in his throat, to settle this and other accounts; but we have given up dreaming this year, fearing to trespass on the acknowledged prerogative of our down town neighbors, and therefore will be obliged to forego this punishment. Perhaps you will appreciate the *sau viter in modo* just as well, and accept our best wishes and hopes that a pleasant Thanksgiving, and a good time generally, may be the lot of all.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,	WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,
J. HENRY CUMMINGS,	CHARLES H. STRONG,
THOMAS J. TILNEY.	

THE LATE CHANGES.

IT is some time since an article has appeared in the LIT., discussing the growth and various changes in the financial department of college. As these are many and marked since the last report, it may be well to look at a few of the most interesting ones, and infer from these some of the signs of the times. We propose to say a few words in the present article upon the general working fund of the college, and the fund for the increase of the Library. The second report of the Alumni committee—whose intention, we believe is, to issue annual exhibits “for the benefit of the graduates and friends of the college,”—when compared with the report of the year previous, gives several interesting facts. While donations to specific objects have been as large, and in many cases larger, than in past years, the real pocket money of college has received but slight addition. Last year this sum footed up \$290,000, not counting much unproductive real estate; to-day the figures are \$305,000, and this gain is not proportional to the increase of expenditure. The many drains on this department are, perhaps, not under-

stood. Apart from many claims of its own wants, it is the place of refuge, the *ultima thule* for the needs and deficiencies of all other departments. An endowment in any one of these, unless specially provided for, immediately constitutes a drain upon the general fund to take charge of it. Meanwhile, its own wants go unmet.

It is desired to increase the number of divisions in the different academic classes, an increase necessitating, of course, an increase in the number of instructors. This would call loudly on the already weakened fund. And even before this can be done, ultimately, a larger salary must be given to the present tutors. The extension of the scientific course from three to four years, is much desired; but from want of instructors, or rather want of salary, cannot be put through. When these higher wants are satisfied, a host of smaller ones will rise at once into consideration. Needless is it to grumble about the few sweeps, the capacity of the recitation-rooms, and a thousand and one petty inconveniences, until these greater defects have found their remedy. The reason of the insignificant growth of this important fund is, the prominence given to specific objects. In the report we cannot forbear to smile at several "elephants" of this kind. One individual, with an ear for music, opens his pocket-book "for musical instruction"; another, with an eye for the future, gives "to promote the interest of religion in college"; a third ties up with conditions which may not be realized before the crack of doom, a vast sum two-thirds as large as the whole working capital. By speaking thus disparagingly of specific objects, we do not mean to imply that they are not worthy of donations, but simply that their wants are not so pressing, and could stand waiting much better. The body of the tree first, if you please, and then the branches. Should not this current be turned from the specific to the general fund, more or less evil will result. Other places seem desirous of increasing the number of students; here alone, every year, enough are turned away to fill up a half dozen small colleges. Besides, it is actually discussed in the report 'whether it

will not be better to limit the number of students by increasing the qualifications for admission.' The principle should work the other way. Other interesting facts creep out by comparison. In number of academical students we rank first, in scholarship endowments we are the fifth on the list. In general working capital, Harvard and others are ahead; in the current expenses for the past year, Yale \$103,250, Harvard \$99,460; in the number of instructors, Yale 44, Harvard 31.

These facts, besides showing the great want of a large capital, and the evils which result from a small one, speak volumes in praise of the economy and management of the financial heads of college.

We come now to the wants of the Library. The growth in the past year has been slower than in any other year, since "an over expenditure of the Library income has made it necessary to keep within the narrowest limits, and the purchases have scarcely extended beyond the continuation of periodicals." And further down, still worse news confronts us, for it there appears that, "the same course of retrenchment, unless some unexpected relief arrives, must be continued for two or three years." In brief, the gain for the year has been in books, 150 Vols. by purchase, and 550 Vols. by donation, together with a gift of some thousand pamphlets. This is too slight an increase when we remember that all our libraries together fall short of several prominent libraries in the country. But when viewed from the stand where its working income is known, it has accomplished wonders. Broadly stated, this amounts to \$2,000. Out of this, be it remembered, comes the renewal of periodicals and magazines, and the incidental expenses of the Library. Take these away, and you leave a mere pittance for the purchase of books. A plan, which has worked elsewhere with success, might be adopted with benefit here. We refer to the class system of endowment. Each class at graduation leaves a fund to the Library, the interest of which is to be annually expended in the purchase of books, and the books thus bought, to be marked with the name of the

class. A permanent and ever growing fund is thus obtained, and a few years bring forth the fruit in such proportion as no single endowment could produce. Every class thus leaves behind a tribute of esteem, from which the Library gains some substantial benefit. Howsoever it comes, some remedy is loudly called for. To be narrowed in this branch, is to deprive college of one of its most vital aids in teaching, for apart from plenty of good instructors, the next best thing is plenty of good books. Our library is now one of the choicest, and there is no reason why it should not be, also, one of the largest.

Aside from these two funds, whose wants we have so far discussed, we notice decided marks of improvement in other points of the report. The Scientific is assuming to itself mammoth proportions, and bids fair to rival, before long, its sister department. The Theological, through the kindness of its friends has largely grown in wealth. New dormitories are daily becoming more of a reality. The museum is losing its mythical character. Plans for the new chapel will, doubtless, soon exist. Handsome presents of recent donors grace the walls of the Art Gallery. These and other straws are pointing to the existence and direction of a moving force which, before long will make a revolution in the domestic arrangements of mother Yale. The signs are good. The watchmen on the walls speaketh well of the night, and soon the morrow cometh. But in this general breaking of the day, it is well to have an eye to the weak points in the bastion.

Remember the working fund. Forget not the Library fund. Think twice before you make up your mind, think twice before you take out that bank-book, think twice before you sign that check. Do this, and then come over and help us, O beneficent Alumnus!

MY PIPE AND I.

A lytell ragge of rethorike,
A lesse lumpe of logyke,
A pece or a patche of philosophy.

—JOHN SKELTON.

MY pipe is a very ordinary one, but it has a deal of comfortableness about it. A cherry stem, which still keeps the smell of orchards, and a plain, but plethoric bowl: this is my pipe. It has no ornament, save a trifle of antique carving about the edge—and this is wholly accidental, coming from sundry knockings against the stove, in my lazy attempts to empty it. I like it the better that it gets adornment from hard knocks. A dry old fellow is my pipe, and yet not utterly without a certain juicy humor;—as my friends are wont to lugubriously observe, after smoking it. But my pipe and I understand it all; we take our comfort just the same.

And yet we have our ups and downs, my pipe and I. We try, however, to bear all that comes with philosophic patience, if not with philosophic indifference;—for as my pipe often says, rainy days last only twenty-four hours, just the same as sunshiny ones, which I have never yet been able to gainsay.

My pipe is an every-day friend: it enters into all the business of my life. It marks the cheerful epochs of each day;—breakfast-time, dinner-time and supper-time precede its pleasant companionship; meeting a friend necessitates its introduction; a letter from home is more relishable from its presence; it helps to “welcome peaceful evening in.”

My pipe makes stormy weather bearable. When rainy days come and the leaves are falling, it grows joyful—for such weather promises more of my company. Blessings on the friend who is thus most faithful in adverse seasons! Given plenty of tobacco and a match or two, and it will smoke me all the day long, then. And truly it does soften

the fall of the orphaned leaves to see them go fluttering earthward through the fragrant clouds of tobacco smoke which issue from my pipe ; while the patter of the rain is wondrously softened under its mollifying influences. Indeed, I am not sure but this is the chief charm of my pipe—that it tones down all the roughnesses of life, and while it in no sense weakens my apprehension of their existence, yet so removes me in feeling from them that I am able to view them rather as a spectator than as a sufferer. My brother, then

“Nec te pœniteat calamo trivisse labellum.”

The groundlings may declaim ; but you, sitting in the “calm lights of a mild philosophy,” can well afford them this privilege.

Even the Lord's day is not unblessed by my pipe. And surely a college Sunday needs something to relieve it. Not to mention the dismalness of prospective or realized chapel services, and other incidental matters of a like nature, with which we are “disciplined,” it is enough that we have no home here at college, such as most of us have previously enjoyed. But my pipe rises to the full measure of the situation. It strengthens for chapel ; it refreshes afterward ; it steadies for the excitements of a mission sunday school or a united service ; it quiets in the hours of meditation which follow. But on a Sunday night my pipe fits me for fellowship. In a cosy circle of genial hearts, my pipe reigns over me with undoubted supremacy. For me it softens the jest ; for me it liberalizes philosophy ; for me it increases charity. Enveloping us in its all-embracing folds of smoke, it makes us brothers indeed. Later, when that sober and half-melancholy mood follows which always fills up a part of the sitting of any group of college friends, my pipe fits it to the humor of the time. Not a wink escapes it—not a wrinkle of laughter disturbs its calm serenity. As the talk runs on about the now and the to-come, about goodness and badness, about destiny and God, it tells me to be patient in the present, to wait and hope for the fu-

ture; it softens for me the coldness and abstractness of virtue and teaches me to be pitiful to the sinner—whispering that although sinning he may have been sinned against, and adding that He who is all-merciful, as well as all-just, may be kinder to him than I think; it bids me have faith, for

“God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

And afterward, when at last the kind faces and loyal hearts have gone, and my pipe and I are left alone, it grows still more communicative. With a comical denial of egotism visible in its honest old face, it asks me to notice how *it* is always faithful, patient and ready in my service; how *it* is as much my friend when comfortable in my old boots as when I have torment-causing new ones on, ending its questioning by asserting that if *it*, only a pipe (and there is a pathos in its tone when it says this, which means, to me,—if I *only* were a man or a woman, *I* would show you what a *human* friend *ought* to be), can be so constant and true, how much more true and constant must a sentient entity be;—and thus it leads me to have faith in my kind—thus it persuades me that goodness and faithfulness are active principles in some human hearts. My pipe, with a rare generosity, does not assume to itself all the excellency there is in the world.

But my pipe, unwittingly, has led me into trouble. At home, especially, is this true. My father, worthy man, smokes—as what worthy man does not? “*Qui vit sans tabac n’est pas digne vivre.*” But that his boy should be a devotee of the pipe—ah me, that is putting the boot on the other foot! So I get my regular lectures—though I have noticed that my father is able to put a peculiar unction and force into his speech if he be but smoking at the time: to explain which many ingenious theories might be framed.

And this, with other things, have I suffered on thy account, my pipe! But thou art too kind—too faithful—to be relinquished for such petty vexations. Thou, if no other, art always suited to my mood. And I have need

of such a friend : for life is changeable and I am human—so sometimes I am pleasant, and why nobody knows ; and often am sour and cross with as little reason. A good dinner, a pleasant word, a happy thought, are dominant over the best of us. And my pipe knows this. Well-filled and well-lighted, its big mouth sends forth the sinuous smoke in complete accord with my humor : thin and spiteful puffs when excited or disturbed—long luxurious whiffs, surrounding me with a thick cloud of hazy blue, when lazily contented. In this way my pipe tempers my disposition : alleviating and diminishing my perplexities and sorrows—moderating and etherializing my pleasures and joys.

My pipe is singularly gracious and helpful to me, however, when I am melancholy or meditative.

“ Ven clouds are plack above,
Und much is plack below,
Tish den dat I do love
A cloud of schmoke to plow.”

I remember returning to my room one Sunday night—not so long ago but what I remember it—heartily sick of living. The friends I had seemed of no worth to me, because the one I believed in was a myth. The night was cheerless, and old South College looked grim and forbidding. Entering my room, my pipe, in a good-natured attempt to cheer me up, tipped me a wink of welcome, although I could see beneath this assumption of good feeling a look which said plainly—“ Well, old fellow, here is a pretty fix !” I scowled at it, as my manner is with my best friends. My pipe sobered down at that ;—even its cheerfulness gives way before one of my north-east moods. I sat down then for a visit with the blue devils. They were not behindhand in coming, either. All about me and over me they perched. One wonderfully ugly imp planted himself directly upon my knee. How fraternal he was ! I understood then how honest Sancho Panza came to say “ gadenookers !” In utter desperation I finally shoved the little heathen into the stove, and rejoiced in my soul to see the blue spurt of flame which signalized

his return to "night's Plutonian shore." Wretchedly I turned about for comfort. And there was my pipe! You who smoke, know what it did for me.

He who remembers and reflects needs to smoke. A dapper genius lurks about the ragged edge of my pipe, with wand in hand, always ready to show me pictures of the past. As I gaze at the quaint magician, but dimly seen through the revolving blue, I lose myself in memories and reveries. Childhood days and early friends appear before me. The song of the robin, first heard upon a June morning long time since, haunts me with its original influence; again the sunshine shimmers down through the trees upon the head of my little girl sweetheart, as it did when we teetered under the apple-blossoms summers ago; the story-books are once more full of marvels for me, and I wonder whether Robinson Crusoe and Masterman Ready are yet the heroes I sometime imagined them to be; just as my pipe goes out I see myself, pure and guileless, kneeling at my mother's knee and stammering out a drowsy—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

—But I can never tell all about my pipe and I. Here it is before me now, good and kind and faithful as ever. I think I'll smoke!

W. R. S.

A TOAST.

Landlord, fill up once more each cup.

One toast while day is dawning!
We drink to Death, whose icy breath
May chill us ere the morning.

We pledge not Life; 'tis ever rife
With toil, and pain, and sorrow,
And though to-day be ne'er so gay,
There may be grief to-morrow.

For storms arise in fairest skies,
And clouds the heavens curtain,
There is no joy without alloy,
And naught but Death is certain.

Then drink to him that monarch grim,
King death, who o'er us reigneth;
Thy life and mine, like this bright wine,
E'en now perchance he draineth.

W. R. B.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

FIERCE and sullen frowned the heavens, every breeze
with trouble fraught.

Rose the sun unseen by mortals, heedless of the woe it
brought.

Fitly dawned this threat'ning morning on the red men of
the main,

For their souls are big with sorrow and their hearts are
sick with pain.

Vengeance only, lights the faces of the swarthy, silent
braves,

As they look with direful calmness on a pair of new-made
graves.

Proudly stood the self-appointed venger of his brother's
blood,

Waiting for his people's death-wail that should send him
o'er the flood.

Drooping, clung a maiden to him—fairest blossom of the
shore,

Moaning, lest into her wigwam he should enter never-
more.

"Soon another brave will woo thee; soon a comfort will
be found,

"While I wend my gladsome journey to the happy hunt-
ing ground.

"Hark you! the Great Spirit calling, bids me come and
meet him there,

"Where the woods are bright with summer, peopled with
the bounding deer."

Fiercely drew she back, indignant at the words her lover
said,

While her swarthy cheek was burning with a dull and
angry red.

"Think you then, that when the gold sun underneath the
waves has fled,

"That there comes another sun-ray 'till the night he left
is dead?

"Think you that the night is solaced by the silver suns
that shine?

"Deem'st thou me a two-tongued pale-face, that another
can be mine?

"No! I'll stand on yonder sea-wall, and I'll cheer thee on
thy path;

"Pray the spirit of the red man that he'll kindle hot thy
wrath;

"That thine arm may guide thee bravely to that thrice-
accursed land ;

"That a deep and deadly hatred may impel thy 'venging
hand.

"But I'll wait thy coming, patient, and if evil shall be-
tide,

"You and I will go together to the dreamland, side by
side."

Parted then, these souls, flint-girded. Silently they wend
their way,

She, to watch from rocky summit, he, to battle with the
bay.

Lightly tossed his bark, wrath-laden ; supplely bent his
sinewy form ;

Bravely plead the Indian maiden with the Spirit of the
storm.

* * * * *

Sudden smiled the sky about her, o'er the deed of ven-
geance done

Blithly smiling, from the cloud-land, robed in glory, came
the sun.

Then a fear prophetic seized her, for *he* came not with the
sun ;

Then his bark came floating, empty, and she knew his
race was run.

Grand she stood, upon the turret of this island battle-
ment ;

Slowly raised her love-lit, soft eyes to the glowing
firmament ;

Prayed—"Oh great and happy Spirit, bid him wait till
I may come ;

"Let us tread the path together, to our star-lit spirit
home."

Sprung, like wounded deer from headland, far into the
boiling deep,

And their victim soothes the waters, so that suddenly
they sleep.

Still, they say, the rock is jutting from the bosom of the
lake ;

That the quiet of its waters, neither wind nor storm can
break.

And the red man, roaming by there, tells to each brave of
his band,

That there lies the secret entrance to their chieftain's
spirit-land.

AN UNDERGRADUATE ADVENTURE.

OUR last vacation was drawing rapidly to a close, and I was thinking seriously of turning my face eastward, when a letter came from father's old friend, General Easton, inviting me to visit him at his home, near Louisville, Ky. I gave the matter five minutes' consideration, decided to go, telegraphed the General to that effect, and, an hour later, was steaming down the Ohio on the "Strader." At the Louisville wharf, a smiling descendent of Cain met me with the inquiry "Is dis Master Willard?" and on my replying in the affirmative, he appropriated my baggage and led the way to an elegant four-seated dog-cart, before which stood a pair of splendid bays, champing their bits, eager to be off. In a moment we were in our places and at the word, the team broke into the long swinging stride peculiar to the blooded Kentucky horse, sending us bowling along at a full twelve miles an hour over the smooth shell road. An hour's ride brought us through the long avenue to the towering mansion house, on the portico of which I recognized the portly figure of the white haired old veteran, and at his side a little form in white, which seemed almost of Lilliputian proportions, when compared with the great size of the general himself. There was no mistaking her; it could be no one else than Daisy Easton, the reigning belle of her native city and, as her father called her, the last prop and mainstay of his life.

My welcome could not have been more cordial. Southern and Western people, somehow, have a way of greeting their friends, a warmth of expression, seldom found in the Eastern states. We Yankees are wont to encase ourselves in a thin coating of ice which is occasionally allowed to thaw off, but is soon put on again. Well, I didn't discover any ice or any need of thawing, in the general's house. They made me thoroughly at home at once, and before half an hour passed I found myself looking up to

the general as to some good old fatherly uncle, and Daisy, well, if she hadn't, by that time, settled down into the place of a sister, I'm quite sure she wasn't further off than *first* cousin.

I should like to try my hand at word painting and give you a picture of Daisy Easton, but time or rather the want of it, will only allow me to place a few of the ingredients at your disposal and let you work up the picture for yourself. She was a brunette, with brown eyes of the deepest shade, a nose, not quite regular enough to be Grecian, a small mouth, but with a resolute, determined look about it, and a chin which thoroughly endorsed the mouth and gave an idea of character to the whole face. As I have said before, her figure was of the petite mould, but there was a grace about her every movement which was the poetry of motion itself. She was bright, intelligent, well posted on all the topics of the day, a whole souled little rebel, her father's champion in all arguments and able to hold her own and make her points with great clearness. Such is a brief outline of the young lady who was to play an important role in the little incident I am about to relate.

The General's house was situated within a few miles of that greatest of natural wonders, Mammoth Cave, and as I was very anxious to visit the place, Daisy proposed that we should start next morning on an exploring tour and give the whole day to it. The general excused himself on the ground of a pressing business engagement in the city, but said he would put us under the care of one of his servants, George, who had been for years one of the guides at the 'Cave,' and in whose hands he believed we would be perfectly safe. As there was no Mrs. Easton to chaperone the party, we were obliged to accept the situation, and to start out bright and early next morning, an interesting duo. Daisy said that she wasn't in the least bit alarmed, and you may well believe that I had no objections to offer to the arrangement.

It was about eight o'clock when we drove up to the cave and found George there waiting for us with everything ready, and so without delay we plunged from the

bright sunshine and warmth without into the gloom and dampness within. One who has never been there, can hardly realize how terribly black is the pitchy night which reigns in Mammoth Cave. The darkness seemed almost to take form and substance, through which we had to force our way. The light from the guide's torch penetrated only a few yards into the bleak night ahead, and then came rolling back, as it were, vanquished by a stronger power than its own.

We spent several hours walking through the great halls coming upon new wonders at almost every step. My companion's vivacity and knowledge of every thing around us, made the journey such a pleasant one that we lost our reckoning of time, and were greatly surprised when George informed us that it was about noon and we had better be thinking of returning. He told us, however that he had, a short time before, discovered a new apartment and that he would like to show it to us, promising that its glories would more than repay the labor of getting to it. Daisy, who by this time had worked herself up into a high state of enthusiasm, said "Of course we would go. As for myself, I was not so favorably disposed to the proposition. Somehow a suspicion had crept into my mind that George was not all he had been represented to be. Just before we entered the cave I caught him looking towards Miss Easton with what I thought a most malignant expression; but the General had spoken of the matter so highly, that I tried, afterward, to make myself believe that it was all imagination on my part; still, my suspicion grew stronger rather than weaker, as we went along. He maintained from the start a sullen, moody silence, only vouchsafing a word of information now and then, when we pressed a question upon him, and went through his duty of lighting additional torches, at certain interesting places, in a careless, indifferent sort of way. When, therefore, he, on a sudden, changed his tactics and of his own accord offered to lead us to the newly discovered chamber, my idea that the fellow had some deep laid plot on foot, took almost the form of a conviction; but my hands were bound. Mi

Easton had expressed a desire to make the exploration, and even if an opportunity had been given to me to explain the nature of my suspicions, she would probably have laughed at them. So there was nothing left for me but to feign an interest I did not feel, and to start out with alacrity. I did, indeed, try to dissuade her from going further, pleading the length of the journey and the lateness of the hour. But "No. I wasn't to consider her in the matter at all; we had come out for the whole day, and an hour or so more or less, would make no very great difference." So the result was, that we started off in the new path, following closely in the footsteps of the guide.

I think we must have proceeded for nearly half an hour when George, turning round, informed us that we were then passing through the ante-chamber of the newly discovered hall and in a few moments would be in the center of the great chamber itself; and so it seemed, for the jeweled walls of the entrance gradually widened out and soon disappeared in the darkness. Our guide bade us remain standing where we were, while he should climb up the rough, uneven sides and light all the remaining torches just over us, in the center of the dome, which, he said, he could reach by a path known only to himself. We waited perhaps fifteen minutes, watching his torch as it mounted up and up and finally stopped directly overhead. A few moments more and the light from a score of blazing pine knots broke down through the darkness, filling the whole apartment with a halo of brightness. I shall never forget that scene. We stood in perfect silence under the great dome in this tomb of nature, its myriads of stalactites sparkling like diamonds on all sides of us. Every surface, a mirror which sent the lights dancing like fairy sprites from one to the other. The great lights from above poured down in a flood over everything, painting the walls with a thousand hues, while in a niche 100 feet above, we could see the form of the negro crouching down.

The scene lasted but a moment. Suddenly every torch was extinguished and then, with a cry of exultation, the charred sticks were hurled down and fell at our feet. My

previous suspicions helped me to realize the situation at once. *The wretch had trapped us in this out of the way place and was now going to abandon us.* I put my hand in my pocket. Not a match was to be found in it. Nothing by which we might find our way back to the entrance. In my despair I turned to my companion. She was fully aware of the desperate strait we were in. She knew, well as I did, that we had been entrapped into this chamber known only to our betrayer, but she did not utter a cry of fear. Still I could feel the convulsive twitching of her hand upon my arm and knew that her terror must be great. Then a thought occurred to me, surely the negro would not remain here long, could I not possibly intercept him on his way out? I determined on a plan of action at once, and whispered it to Daisy; then we both stood perfectly still and listened. Soon I heard a small fragment of rock rolling down the side of the apartment. *The villain was moving towards the entrance.* We crept forward in the direction of the sound. The falling of another fragment betrayed his position again. This gave me an idea of the direction in which he was moving. It was not long before I heard his heavy breathing, apparently not more than a few feet above me. I now felt that the moment for action had come, that the wretch was about to leap down to the solid floor on which we stood. I had hardly time to whisper to Daisy to draw back a little, before the leap was made, and he came down with a heavy thump, not five feet from me. Judging the distance by the sound I sprang on him, throwing my whole strength and body into the bound. I struck him fairly and before he knew what to make of the assault, had him down on his back with both my hands firmly clutched around his neck; but my victory was only a short lived one. I was but a child in the hands of a giant. He managed to raise himself partially and to break my grasp on his throat, then throwing me off his body he sprang on me himself and clutched me as I before had clutched him. I felt that my last moment had come. The iron fingers at my throat closed tighter and tighter. I gasped for breath. Even

thing seemed swimming around, and there was a humming in my ears, when, suddenly, I heard a dull thump; the fingers relaxed their hold, and the negro fell over by my side. I sprang to my feet in a moment, curious to know how the tide of battle had been so completely changed. The mystery was soon cleared up. Daisy was the heroine of the occasion. She had not once lost her presence of mind during the struggle. The negro had given utterance to a triumphant shout when he had overpowered me. Daisy had interpreted this aright, and looking round for some weapon she luckily seized upon a large piece of ragged quartz and, coming to my rescue she brought it down with full force on the head of the unsuspecting guide. Fortunately he received the blow on the most invulnerable part of his body, for what would have killed a white man only stunned him. In a few minutes he showed signs of returning consciousness and then, by way of precaution, we bound his hands firmly together with our handkerchiefs.

We labored two hours with him trying to induce the wretch to lead us back to the main entrance, and it was only by our promising to let him escape and to take no action against him, that he finally consented to point out the way. We made the compromise, and after a walk of an hour and a half were again at the entrance of the cave. Just before reaching it we untied the guide's hands and let him go, and I can assure you he lost no time in disappearing from that part of the country.

By subsequent inquiry it was discovered that this negro had borne a deep seated grudge against the General for several years, but had never before found an opportunity of venting his malice. Had he succeeded in his first attempt, it is quite probable that the wonderful beauties of the new chamber might never have been discovered. I expect to be in that vicinity again next summer and hope to give the cave a much more thorough exploration. At that time, however, we will probably visit it in greater force and under more favorable auspices.

ARE WE DISAPPOINTED?

LET us stop, before the curtain rolls up on the last act, and think over our parts. A *Nos Testamur* from the faculty will soon be ours. We will bind our LITS., paste in our Memorabilia, make up our class album, and soon be off. Let us see what mental goods our sheepskin is surety for, survey what other property, apart from class books and LITS., we shall take off with us. Questions throng upon us. Is the inventory as big as we framed it, four years back? Have the wanderings through academic shades bedecked our brows with the laurel of our early visions? Have the draughts from Pierian springs been as deep to our thirsting as we imagined? Sidelong with these dreams let us place the reality. Our dreams were rose-colored, perhaps, and indefinite. The reality is stern and confronting. The college curriculum, by some mysterious alchemy which our dreams pre-supposed, has not developed us unto the statue of perfect lawyerhood or doctorhood, as the wish may have been. We think, perhaps, there has been a want of system. The studies in many cases have been tedious, and even useless; lectures too often have been little practical and barely slept through; living languages have been mastered only in their elements; science has unlocked but a few facts and principles from her vast store-house of treasures; law has been viewed only from a distance and, as it were, through a glass darkly; while metaphysics finds us feebly knocking at the threshold. Nowhere in the vast and varied sea of knowledge has the mental plummet struck bottom.

Sent into the world we are undecided and helpless. We know not which way to turn. We hesitate where to lay our hands on the plow. There is a feeling of strangeness. The result is so different from the anticipation. 'Tis time to bespeak our bearings then, and see does disappointment mingle in the feeling. Objections against colleges come from two sources. Men there are, who speak unadvisedly, never having been there; others have

ed college training, but measure its value by weight
llars and cents. The latter are the practicalists of our

Their song is burdened with clamors for new men,
authors, new ideas, new thoughts. Latin and Greek
ot practical. When you master them, you are only
learned and no smarter, say they, in turning a penny
before. Science wont cook your broth, metaphysics
make your mare go. Something tangible, percepti-
something "smart" is what we want. To get some-
whereby to eat, drink, live and sleep, should be the
f a practical education. Neighboring on their views,
urpassing their folly, is the self-made man. He is
ssentially modest and, perhaps, not conceited. He
at home with his subject, but talks largely. "Away
musty veal houses" is a pet saying; likewise he
gs his arms, and bids them "to clean out the dead
mies of antiquity."

ey would have us hurrah for the American eagle at
, and "us self-made men" in particular. They
nd in metaphors and talk logically, as in the following
f all horned cattle, deliver me from a college grad-
' recently said the self-made and self-satisfied H. G.
vide his Political Economy *passim* :—

he year '56 was a year of wonderful immigration.
that time protective laws were stringent. Give us
ection, by all means."

, miracle of thine own handiwork! Oh, inestimable
I. G.! The year '56 was truly one of "wonderful
gration." Thousands were employed, the *World*
is, on the Erie R. R., and thousands more on the
elegraph lines. These stupendous works were soon

Immigration fell off by thousands, but protection
ot abated one iota of its stringency. "Away with
tomes and dustier Greek roots," cries little Tommie
n, and writes :—

. party of students came in *smoking*. The same
ty were profuse in slang and curses. Oh, the de-
ding effect of tobacco!"

But it is tedious to tarry longer with these small brains. The times echo with their blusterings for reform. Magazines come steaming from the press, packed with their prophetic utterings. Papers are the mouth-piece of their periodical abuse. Books are loaded with their inane gab. You meet him at home in vacations. You come across him in society. He affects a scorn of things ancient. His soul rises not above the almighty dollar, and he keeps Bobbie at home, for he would have his son practical. Taking Bobbie as an example, let us institute a comparison. He is shrewd, quick witted, and above all, *practical*. He can thread the ins and outs of business. He is a skillful accountant and has a familiarity with the latest price of bread stuffs. Commercial parlance glides glibly from his tongue, and business letters as glibly from his pen. Sums in interest are child's play to him, and insurance problems he works out with facility. He is "smart at figures," and can balance Dr. with its neighbor Cr. He knows cotton prices which rule in Liverpool and can distinguish middling from low ordinary. He gets his two thousand a year and can tell you of many a fight between Bulls and Bears. All these are *his* gifts. We know ourselves to be inferior, and we have been to college. This is his sphere and he is ahead of us in it, but we do not envy him nor feel badly. We are conscious of being in a higher atmosphere. We are content to be ignorant of things below, if we can look down upon them. There is a nameless *something*, no matter whether the class orator calls it culture, the faculty, discipline, or ourselves, polish, training, experience,—no matter whether it is imperceptible, untangible, so we feel it in us—which shows us to be of better stuff. Between us there is vast gulf which he cannot pass. Many things we know, which to him are unheard of. Reading, to our eyes, gives beauties which are unseen by him. Words which are linked to an origin of centuries back, are bubbling full of thought for us—to him unheeded. To him zeal strikes no chord of wonder, to us it recalls the familiar face of *zeal*, to boil, and we smile that zeal should come from boiling. Roots, terminations, verb-formations greet us as similar in a dozen

languages. To us some sentences come stiff with latinisms, "like raw, undrill'd recruits forced into line," while others flow liquid with græcisms, "in linked sweetness long drawn out." Poetry, music, art and religion to us sparkle with a radiance which his eyes cannot pierce. So science is our handmaid; with it we can reach to the sun and give its constitution, cross to the moon and tell why not inhabited, dive through the unfathomable heaven, and predict meteors from its bosom. Facts we can give, at which he can only gape in wonder. We can point him out a vegetable formation in rock, which itself is a proof of much. How it cannot exist without light. How in the creation, as the earth existed first and the light later, there must have been a diffuse light to support this vegetable formation. The spectrum we can show him and the wonders it has wrought. How by its colors iron is hardened into steel, new minerals have been discovered, and the fixed stars become as familiar as our own planet.

We could glean facts from chemistry which would startle, and we can charm him with beauties of our language sprung from the very "dusty tomes and Greek roots" which he professes to despise. We could open unto his view the vast vista of geological facts, and start questions in metaphysics which to him would bear impress of the mysterious.

Such are *our* gifts. They may be but floating facts gathered along the whole voyage of our college course. We do not value them for themselves, nay, not if they were tripled. At a higher price than this they stand to us. They serve a nobler purpose. They are the signs signifying of that same polish and culture which makes us different from home-made men. They are the finger-marks of our Alma Mater, and show what she has done for us. It is these signs of things signified, we value higher than tangible gains. They speak of an inner growth. By them we judge we are not as we were; by them we know our thoughts are deeper, our aims better, our aspirations higher. We feel prepared to do, whatever we attempt, understandingly. We view life from a

higher lookout than before, and our vision reaches greater expanse. Nor do we ascribe this result to the bare influence of the curriculum. Much has been gained in the daily bearings and forbearings of social life. Much has come from the hardy fights of societies, the contests of politics, of the ball ground and races. Libraries, clubs, meetings, rushes, honors and rivalries have each contributed something to the grand result. Hours in the reading room, spare moments in the gymnasium, the flurries and fizzles of recitation room, exhibitions, and all other social customs have added brick on brick, till now, as we stand on the threshold, we see the monument most completely completed. We feel the spirit strengthened, the polish given, the experience gained which shall carry us out and through the work of life. Skeptics may question our passport, self-made men jeer us for nothing tangible, but high above all rises the consciousness of a passport within, far better than any *Nos Testamur* of our faculty. If we have not reached to the ideal of our dreams, perhaps they expect too much, and withal, the feeling of mental, moral, intellectual growth leaves no cause for complaint.

Sent forth thus equipped, with the fruits of experience in our hands, with culture to choose, polish to refine, and discipline to persist, can we be disappointed?



HOME.

THERE is nothing remarkably euphonious about the word itself, but echoing from the chords of memory or sounding on the harp of imagination, there is a music in it which only heavenly choirs can rival. The song of sirens is a discord compared with it, and the muses are still when its melody begins to vibrate from the heart-strings. He is but a stoic who is not moved by its simple

utterance. For all men have either had a home or dreamed of one. There is not a vagabond on the face of the earth, who has not pictured to himself a cosy retreat in which his nomadic life is to end. Not a traveler glides over the Rhine, or scales Mont Blanc, who does not meditate, at times, of a bright, cheery home as the terminus of his uneasy wanderings. Not a sailor clings to the slippery yards who does not see glimmering through the tempest the beacon light of home. Not a hard-working man anywhere who is not fighting with adversity to win or keep the simple reward—home. When all other ambitions prove themselves delusions, one and all we yearn for a home in which to live and die, and then for a home beyond the grave. What else is man's ideal of Heaven, but a home? Where all is peace. "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Why do men deny themselves the alluring sweets of sensuous pleasures; why are they deaf to the temptings of self-gratification; why do they deliberately choose poverty, with usefulness, before wealth, with selfishness, except that a home awaits them as a recompense for all their worldly trials? Strive as we may for wealth or honor, they cloy upon us if, after all, we find ourselves homeless. Weaned from a love of home, we are lower than the brutes. Without a longing after home, we are, in reality, aimless and discontented.

The secret of our proverbial Yankee restlessness is, the want of an unyielding attachment for home; that cultivated domesticity which has been such a staunch bulwark to our mother country. That sturdy, oaken old nation, which has outweathered the tempests of centuries, is as dependent for its stability upon the domesticity of its people, as was Samson upon the abundance of his hair. Nothing else enables her to sit with confident serenity amid her wavering neighbors, but the Englishman's love of home. No people in the world are so proud of their homes as they. No people take such solid comfort in their homes as they. No people cling so tenaciously to their homes as they. The great motive of their trade and empire is to guard the independence of their homes.

Haughty and selfish to the world, here only the Englishman thaws out and reveals the warmth of his heart. Here only, he yields to the refining influence of one of the finest races of women in the world.

If the love of home can banish the boorishness, and root out the selfishness of an Englishman, what would it do for us who are much more impressible, and of a finer organization? But we are educated to regard the world as home, and to be as contented on the slopes of the Andes as in the valley of the Connecticut. The glorious American idea of *independence*! drives us away from our birthplaces, and inspires us to refuse a share in the same air which our fathers breathed. The mere fact that a boy was born in New England, is regarded as proof positive that God created him to represent a Pacific state in Congress. If a boy first opens his eyes in the Mississippi valley, he can only be developed by an eastern education, while a babe of the sunny south is the little pet of all the fates, and must be ministered unto by all the intelligence of the world.

Very well. Hence springs our wonderful versatility. This we must credit for our liberal intelligence. This source we must thank for our broad views of men and manners. We are not conservative. We do not cramp ourselves with dogmas. We are ready to consider the views of all men, and borrowing a piece here and a slice there, to patch up for ourselves a new set of opinions. Right again. Progress is cheering. Yet we must keep a foothold somewhere. It won't do to soar among the clouds in search of ideas, without maintaining some connection with the earth. It would be a grand sight to see a mountain grow, but if it grew so fast as to develope into a volcano and swelled until it was suddenly and forcibly separated into its original molecules, it would be neither pleasant for the mountain nor for the lookers on. So with the ever-spreading, all-intelligent empire which is our ideal, we may be too fast. We must perfect the layers as we build, and we must have a foundation. What can be a surer foundation than that of a deep-seated affec-

tion for our homes? He who is loyal to his home will be loyal to his government, for without his government, his home might be valueless. He only will fight honestly for a government, who is at the same time fighting for a home.

Loyalty is the general effect of a love for home. The special effects are invariably good. No one can be wholly selfish who has tender memories of home. It mellows and humanizes the man of the world. It keeps him from becoming cynical and misanthropic. It gives him sympathy for misfortune. It teaches him philanthropy.

It cheers the weary man. How many a yawning chasm of discouragement has been spanned by the pluck springing out of a reverie of the old home, with its bustle and its happiness.

It inspires the struggling man. Whlie, if fighting for himself alone, he would sometimes strike his colors, and surrender to adversity, the love of home lends strength to his arm, and energy to his brain.

It refines the rough, brutal man. The Beast was the slave of Beauty. The lions of the world are often lambs at home.

These, and many other special effects combine in the general effect of giving men a purpose in life. Homeless men are apt to be purposeless.

If there are any bad effects resulting from a genuine love of home, they are not apparent.

If I have been stating facts, the hardening process of a permanent estrangement from home should be avoided. We, who have at present but transient homes, should look these facts in the face. The whole tendency of our life here is, to teach us to do without home. We learn to adapt ourselves to circumstances, rather than to make circumstances bend to us. We sleep under one roof for one term, under another for the second, and possibly move again for the third. We find companionship and comfort from other sources than the home circle. A man who has completed his collegiate and professional education, is as perfectly trained for a life of celibacy, as he is for a life of literary labor. The study of antiquity inspires us

with a desire to wander over the earth in contemplation of the men and customs of the present. Our rudimentary knowledge of the world impels us to complete our store. It is a significant fact that the youthful element in our college faculties is largely constituted of bachelors. Example is powerful. If they can be happy and successful without homes, why can not we, who are taught to imitate them in other things, follow in their footsteps along this path as well? To be sure, a powerful reason for this is, that their education has eaten up the funds which would otherwise be available for home consumption, but this is only another result of our peculiar life.

On the whole, no class of young men has so much to contend against in maintaining a loyal love of home, and a vigorous ambition to possess one. I have referred to the benefits accruing to nations and individuals from domesticity. For this reason I believe that students (who will, in all probability, constitute the influential element in their respective nations,) should be trained to look forward to a life of domestic happiness as well as to a life of scholarly or political influence. Without this, he is deprived of one of the most effective ways of doing good which is by sending out into the world well-trained children. Lacking this source of happiness, this cheering stimulus, he is deprived of an influence which, as much as any other, will encourage and strengthen him in his own life work.



LOVE AND CARS.

“HEADS out in North Middle!” It was Blake’s voice and when Blake called you might be sure something was in the wind. There was a scraping of chairs, clatter of boots and a simultaneous throwing up of sashes

There was an irresistible charm in Blake's cheery shout, and Jack Armstrong, catching a cane from the corner, limped as fast as his lame foot would allow to the window.

"Some sell, most likely," he growled, "that confounded Blake's always kicking up a row over nothing. What's the excitement, Wright?"

"Now, that's a pretty speech for a fellow who hates hypocrisy as you do. Oh what innocence!"

A boot, intended for Wright's head, came whirling down from Jack's window, and missing its destination fell to the ground. The head disappeared for a moment and then was cautiously protruded.

"Hold up there, Jack! who is it, anyway?"

"Who's who?"

"Now come, are you fooling, or don't you really know?"

"I've a good mind to give you my other boot, I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"Well, you needn't get excited; who's that girl with you chum?"

"Girl with my chum? What? I haven't seen any, where are they?"

"Why, over there at the Library." (Increased sensation among the heads.)

"So there is; I don't know, never saw her before, I only hope he won't bring her over here!" and Jack's window came down with a bang that fairly frightened him.

A girl with Tom! He couldn't understand it. Tom didn't know any New Haveners. Oh yes, come to think of it, he did hear Tom say he was going to the train to meet his sister. So that was Fanny Lane, was it? She was on every other page of Tom's album, and as intensely as Jack hated girls, he had always had a desire to see this model of her sex. He never noticed them on the street, but he couldn't help looking at Tom's sister, just because she was Tom's sister, that was all.

She was sitting on the Library steps, very much interested in the ivies which Tom was pointing out, and quite unconscious that she was an object of interest to all North Middle, but wondering all the while why he was so red

in the face. It was mighty hot, he said. Did he think so? Why no, she thought it was very cool, and Oh! how lovely that ivy in the corner was, and how delightful it was down here, and how she wished she was a fellow. Rattling on in her lively way from one subject to another.

Happening to turn her head, she caught sight of the rows of admiring faces, and hastily lowered her parasol, while the roses in her cheeks opened wide petals and turned from pink to crimson. Those horrid men! she wouldn't stay here and be stared at. Take her anywhere, as long as it was out of their sight; where was Tom's room? She wanted to see that most of all.

Jack saw them coming toward the college and drew back quickly from the window. What if she had seen him gaping at her, worse still, what if Tom should bring her up to the room? Horrid thought! He would have to talk, and he never could talk to girls. He'd hide in the coal closet, only there were two objections: Tom would be sure to open the door and discover him, or if he didn't, Tom's sister might stay all the afternoon, and an imprisonment for that length of time would not be pleasant under any circumstances. It was too late, however, for any step, and Jack sank back into his chair with a groan. He heard a merry laugh in the entry, a rustle of skirts, and in floated the terrible vision.

"Ah, here you are, Jack. My sister Fanny, Mr. Armstrong."

"So glad to meet you, Mr. Armstrong," cried Fanny. "Tom has told me so much about you, that I hardly think an introduction necessary. No don't get up! Tom says you have a very lame foot, and must not move about. How awful it must be to have to stay indoors, such a pleasant day!"

The invalid grinned, then began to blush, and could have booted himself for so doing; what on earth should he say?

"Yes—it's very pleasant, rained very hard yesterday —"

"Did it?" said Fanny opening her eyes, "why it didn't in Brooklyn."

"And it didn't here," said the wretch of a Tom. "You're thinking of last week, Jack."

"Was it last week?" answered Jack, hypocritically. Oh dear, why didn't she go? What an awful pause it was, why didn't Tom say something? He seized the poker despairingly and made a vigorous attack upon the stove.

"Look out!" Tom exclaimed, "don't put the fire out." Jack dropped the poker as if it had burned him, and began twisting his fingers out of joint. This pause was worse than the other; why didn't somebody say something!

"How pokey he is!" thought Fanny. "I'll ask him about his foot, perhaps that will make him talk." So having arranged her flounces and herself in the corner of the sofa, she gave Jack a look which entirely discomposed him, and began:—

"You hurt yourself playing ball, didn't you, Mr. Armstrong? Do tell me all about it, I used to watch them play in Chicago."

To mention the name of his birth-place was to rouse Jack to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. A more bigoted Chicagoan I never knew. He discoursed upon that imperial city continually, both when awake and asleep, and Fanny, therefore, unintentionally put him in immediate possession of his faculties.

"Have *you* been in Chicago? It's a splendid place, isn't it?"

"Oh yes, a number of times" said Fanny, indifferently, "it's a real jolly place. How long ago did you hurt your foot, Mr. Armstrong?"

Hang it! What *did* she want to talk about his foot for, he had much rather discuss Chicago. Well, there was no backing out, and so all the details of the accident were given. Miss Fanny who, bless her little heart, didn't know a thing about base ball, pretended to be intensely interested.

"But you'll be well before the race comes off, won't you?" said Fanny, with a sigh of relief.

"I hope so. Are you going up to Worcester?"

"Oh yes, Tom says he'll take me, if I'll promise not to get excited, he hates scenes, you know. I never saw a boat race in my life. And which will beat, Mr. Armstrong?"

"What a question, Fanny!" growled Tom, Jack roared. "I beg your pardon, Miss Lane, of course we *think* Yale will."

"Oh I hope so, of course you'll win. I shall order a blue bonnet for the occasion, Mr. Armstrong."

"I won't take you" said Tom, "if you're going to make yourself conspicuous."

"Tom," said his sister, decidedly, "if you intend sporting that outrageous tie, you *may* go alone. I shall not make myself conspicuous, and besides, I want to show my colors."

Jack thought a moment, and then said, hesitatingly, "Don't you want my badge? It's in the top drawer, Tom."

Fanny was in ecstasies. "May I have it? Oh thank you. Now I must see if it is becoming," and she jumped up and ran to the bureau.

"There," said she, making it into a pretty little knot at her throat, "does that look nicely?"

"No" said Tom, "If you wear it so, no one will know what it is."

"Tom, you're real cross, I didn't ask you. Does that look nicely, Mr. Armstrong?"

Jack, unused to flatter, thought his best plan was to repeat her words.

"Yes, that looks nicely."

Then she pinned it in her hat. "Does that look better, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Yes, that looks better."

He admired, out of the corner of his eye, all her graceful motions and gestures, much to Tom's amusement, who couldn't conceive what had caused this remarkable change in his chum. Here he was, looking at Fanny with as much interest as he would at a favorite meerschaum. The idea of Jack getting sentimental!

Suddenly Fanny turned again, and with a very penitential air, said—

"I'm afraid you think I am very vain, Mr. Armstrong." Jack fairly squirmed with delight.

"I don't wonder—I mean—Oh no, I don't think you are at all!"

"Yes I am. I've been three whole minutes before this glass, and now I'm going to atone for my folly by going as far away from it as I can." And back she tripped to her seat at the window.

"How beautiful the Art Building is!" she added. Capital chance to introduce Chicago! Jack seized it with avidity.

"Yes, but it doesn't begin to compare with some of our"—

"Sorry to interrupt" said Tom, "but you haven't any time to spare, Fan. The Hartford train starts in about fifteen minutes, you'll have to walk fast."

"Must we go? Good afternoon, Mr. Armstrong, I shall look for you at Worcester."

"Good afternoon."

The closing door seemed to shut all the sunlight from the room, and Jack stood staring at it as though he expected the bright vision to re-appear. And before the lovely Fanny had reached the foot of the stairs, Jack hobbled to the book case to get—Tom's album!

Among the crowd at Worcester that year, there was not a prettier girl than Fanny Lane. There were plenty of showy, dashing beauties around her, but not one of them felt that enthusiasm which lighted up her expressive face, and caused many an admiring bystander to forget he contest he had come to witness. She wore the blue bonnet, and Jack's badge on her dashing little jacket. But I don't think he noticed these trifles, he simply saw that she was present, and that satisfied him.

The strong backs bent to the oars, the boats sped forward, and from the crowded banks rose murmurs of applause. Jack never did do so well, and if the others had gone to work with such a vim the race would have

been ours. But it was because Jack knew that Fanny Lane's bright eyes were following him.

You all know how the race ended, and there is no need of entering into particulars. If there was one man on that crew who felt disgraced for life, it was Jack Armstrong. He didn't wait for reproaches and questions, but put for the cars, anxious to leave the place as quickly as possible. In the throng at the depot he met the Lanes.

"Well, Tom?" (sheepishly.)

"Well, Jack," (patronizingly,) "you haven't disgraced yourselves anyway, and *you did* bully, lots of fellows said so."

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong, I'm so sorry!" added the irrepressible sister, "But you don't *know* how finely you did and (drawing herself up proudly) I'm going to wear my badge into Boston. Isn't that brave?"

Jack gazed down at her with a look of undisguised admiration.

"I'm glad you are not ashamed of it."

"Ashamed of it? No indeed, I am not; and where are you going now, back to New Haven?"

"As fast as I can, and from there to Chicago. And you?"

"Hasn't Tom told you? We are going to Conway for a month. Were you ever there?"

"Never."

"Why can't you run up for a week?" said Tom, "I'll engage you a room; come along, there's splendid fishing."

"Do come"; said Fanny, eagerly, "there's a capital croquet ground, they say, and I'll introduce you to some lovely girls, and there's no end to the good times you can have."

"Well, perhaps I will," said Jack, quite delighted at the idea, "I haven't had any good trout fishing for two years or more. At all events I'll write you beforehand."

"All right then; and now we must say good-bye, or we'll lose our seats. Hurry up, Fan."

"Good-bye, old fellow."

"Good-bye, Mr. Armstrong," said Fanny, "we shall look for you early next week, good-bye." And the badge

and the smiles and the bright eyes vanished, and left him standing on the platform very much in love.

What a summer that was in the White Mountains! A brighter, more sunshiny month of August there surely never was, and a jollier party of young people never scoured the woods and hillsides of Conway. Wherever there was fun going on, a pic-nic, or a rowing party or a dance after supper, Fanny Lane was in the midst. There was not an accessible mountain, but she had climbed it and carved her name at its top, or a brook along whose banks the prints of her little boots were not to be found and by her side the faithful Jack was always to be seen.

A week or two after they left, some one found a very pretty monogram consisting of the letters F and J cut in the bark of an apple tree in the orchard. It was well known that Mr. Armstrong used to smoke his after dinner cigar there daily, and consequently there was fresh material for gossip among the Conway boarding houses. "They must have been engaged all the time they were here." No, good people, you were sadly mistaken.

It was while they were on their way to New York that the important event transpired. Tom, by some good fortune, had gone out on the car platform to smoke. As they drew near the city, Jack noticed that Fanny grew less lively, and by and by, when she stopped talking altogether and looked abstractedly out of the window, he began to wonder why it was. She would leave him soon, he couldn't bear to think of it. Perhaps she was sorry that he was going to leave her. Pshaw! of course she didn't care that much for him, and then there came another thought which fairly frightened him. Who did she care for? He bitterly hated the man, whoever he was. He would try and ascertain, at any rate, before they separated. Chancing to glance at her hands, which were then ungloved, he noticed that she wore only a seal ring, and that was a beacon light to this castaway on the sea of love.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Fanny." She allowed him that privilege, you see.

Fanny started, and looked as guilty as if he had read them.

"My thoughts? Oh they were not worth telling."

"Will you tell me if I guess right?"

"No—Yes." Of course he couldn't guess.

"You were thinking about a boat, weren't you?"

"Why, how *could* you tell?" (Coloring deeply.)

"Because you haven't spoken since we left Harlem river."

"Haven't I really? You must excuse me, I assure you I didn't intend to be so rude."

"And then, don't you remember, you pointed out a row boat?"

"Oh, but I was not thinking about *that* boat," cried Fan, quite forgetting herself. There! She had betrayed her secret, of course he could guess now, and with flushed cheeks she began to fumble in her traveling bag in search of an imaginary handkerchief, turning her head away, that he shouldn't see.

Jack was extremely delighted; "You mean the boat we had on the pond last Saturday?"

"Yes," said Fanny, carelessly, "I was thinking how tired I got!" This was a fib, as Jack well knew.

"Tired! I thought you said the row wasn't half long enough?"

"How inquisitive you are!" said Fanny, pouting, "I changed my mind afterwards."

"Then it must have been after I left you!" and Jack gave her a look which expressed far more than his words.

There was no answer to this. The traveling bag was opened again and explorations vigorously renewed. "Dear me!" said Fanny to herself, "I really believe he'd propose if we were alone," and the idea was so agreeable that she shut the bag, and went off into another reverie, and left Jack to listen to the beatings of his own heart, which was terribly excited at that moment.

Thunder! he wished the car were empty and there was

no chance of Tom's returning. He looked around. Tom had lighted a fresh cigar, but every seat in the car was full. What could he do? He wanted to tell her that he loved her, on the spot, for he couldn't wait a minute. If he did wait, he would lose her, for they were well into the city by this time.

Gradually darkness closed around them, they were entering the tunnel. Now's my time, said Jack, if I could only think what to say. How do people propose, I wonder? Well, I've got to say something, here goes! and, passing his arm along the back of the seat, he leaned forward.

It was an ill-timed moment, for just as his mouth opened to utter the fatal words, a sudden light streamed into the car from an opening above.

Jack drew his arm back in hot haste and straightened himself in his seat, but it was too late, the passengers had all noticed the action, and were enjoying the joke immensely.

Darkness again—deeper than before, The arm crept along the seat once more, and Jack bending down, whispered—

"Fanny, if we were in that boat now, and I should ask you if you were tired, what would you say?" Fan edged away from the window.

"Not while you are rowing, Jack!"

Do you know what followed?

Tom came stumbling through the gloom and reached his seat as the car emerged into daylight. He looked at his companions in astonishment. Fan's hair was sadly disarranged, and Jack's new beaver was knocked over one eye, while on their faces beamed the sweetest of smiles.

"What the deuce—I beg your pardon, Fan, what in the world's the matter with you two?"

"Nothing," said Fanny, "only Jack and I are engaged."

A TRIP TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

YOUR pardon, Reader, for introducing in a place sacred to things new and entertaining, a subject worn so threadbare of late as the Adirondack Mountains; but a recent trip among its fastnesses proved such a rare four weeks of pleasure that I would fain try to leave with you a more cheerful and, I believe, just impression of that much abused spot, which I am sure we of all persons, are especially adapted to visit and enjoy.

While it must be confessed that many of the hardships and discomforts incident to this region have not been exaggerated, there is an amount of sport and enjoyment to be obtained there which amply compensates for every annoyance, and of this I would tell you; premising, however, that there are five indispensable conditions of success to a traveler there, all but one of which depend upon himself and not upon the place; namely, a good guide, a pretty good constitution, a taste for wild life, pluck, and pleasant weather. Armed with all of these he is sure to succeed; but any one of them being absent, the result will be materially altered. I shall consider all of them fulfilled.

We are told, in Political Economy, that our inherent distaste for onerous effort constitutes the sole basis of value. If this be true, then in the first place, the mode of traveling among these mountains is valuable beyond comparison. For it involves no labor whatever on your part, except in crossing the portages, but consists simply in sitting at the stern of an easy going boat and being rowed wherever you would go, by a strong and willing guide. Traveling on foot, except between the lakes, is impossible and unnecessary, for trout are found there—as, with a limited knowledge of the subject, I am convinced that they are everywhere—only in the water, and if deer will not come to water of their own accord, they can be made to, while that wonderful net-work of lake and river which interlaces all this region, enjoys a complete monopoly of its beauty and grandeur.

The portages, or carries as they are more often called, to which I have referred, constitute the only drawback to this kind of travel and, it must be confessed, a serious one if they are numerous and long. But this does not often happen; for while some of them seem almost endless, they do not average more than a mile and a half in length and, unless you are traveling to see the mountains, are not unpleasantly frequent. Mr. Murray has very amusingly pictured the funny side of carries; but they often have another, and, believe me, an equally sober one. The infrequency of their occurrence, however, atones for much unpleasantness, and I look back now to some of my carrying experiences as the most interesting and amusing of the whole trip. Whether they seemed such at the time, I am not so sure.

But after alighting from the stage at Kellog's or Martin's, a due amount of rowing and a modicum of portage brings you to the camping place, which you have either previously selected yourself or do now with the help of your guide, and here commences the great and peculiar enjoyment of the place. Civilization is left behind. You eschew henceforth collars, wristbands, and bosomed shirts. Neither do you shave, nor use a door-mat. Your house is built of spruce bark and your bed laid with balsam boughs. Some camps are furnished in addition, with a dining room fitted up with table and benches; but this savors of effeminacy and, although very convenient, is not at all necessary. The afore mentioned bark becomes as indispensable as their bamboo to the Japanese. Not only your house, but the "jack" with which you hunt at night, and the table cloth on which you eat the venison in the morning, are all made of it. I was informed that it made besides, a warm coverlid, and, upon an emergency, a very effective patch for rent unmentionables. For this, however, I cannot vouch. Washing facilities are furnished by the spring or stream which supplies your camp with water, while the lake near by makes the grandest of bathing places. Looking glasses are a thing unknown, and, accordingly, while to wash one's face without this

great ally of civilization is comparatively an easy matter, when you come to the hair you find yourself at once in that heavenly condition where parting is impossible. But this is an inconvenience to which one becomes rapidly accustomed, and, so far as I could see, suffers not at all from it in his social relations there.

There is something gloriously free and enjoyable in camping out in these lonesome woods ; a feeling which one needs to experience before he can understand it. To sit in a circle around the camp-fire at night, after a day of successful sport, and catch your first three pounder and shoot your first buck over again, with the open heavens above you and the grand, old, solemn trees around, has an element of satisfaction in it such as is seldom experienced. Add to this an utter freedom from restraint in dress and manner, a most exhilarating atmosphere, imparting renewed life and health with every breath, plenty of fish and game, a splendid appetite, and a glorious sleep insured at night, and your enjoyment is complete.

I have said that some camps are furnished with a table - I ought to tell, I presume, what they put on these tables, and how it is procured. Those lily-fingered gentry who assayed to "do" the mountains this summer, simply because it was "the thing, you know," forgetting that what an enthusiastic sportsman could describe with unqualified praise might want many comforts and involve many hardships for such as they, and turned back at the very threshold to find a gloomy satisfaction in decrying the place and reviling Mr. Murray, grew especially eloquent over the scarcity of trout and venison, which they had in a few cases experienced, but oftener heard rumors of. Now our party were, all of them, but indifferent sportsmen, yet for two weeks, the only two which we spent exclusively in camp, not a day passed but that our bill of fare comprised trout or venison or both, in great abundance. That they were difficult to obtain upon the borders of the wilderness where the great majority of the disaffected stopped, is true ; and especially so during the last exceptional season but a day or two's journey in would generally find a su

ficiency of both, and I can very well see how in ordinary times, a skillful hunter need be troubled only to know when to stop catching and shooting. Our party went only ten miles from the border and lived like kings. I will give you the bill of fare for one day:—

Breakfast.—Trout, broiled over hardwood coals, with pork; Bread and Butter; Slap-jacks, with maple syrup; Tea and Coffee, with milk and sugar.

Dinner.—Partridges, Trout, Pancakes and Tea.

Supper.—"Choke-dogs," Toast and Chocolate.

This was, as you might imagine, quite endurable, and, with the exception of the partridges, could have been repeated at any time. Venison we did not have upon that particular day, although it came in abundance afterwards, for the deer which had very obligingly come to the lake on the evening previous expressly to supply our larder, was generously spared and sent on his way rejoicing by your humble servant, much to the disgust of his hungry comrades.

The viand yclept "Slap-jacks," and still further disguised under the toothsome name of "Choke-dog" in the bill of fare above, may need a word of explanation. They are a species of pancake, apparently, fearfully and wonderfully made, and baked of a size suited to north-woods appetites. Morning, noon and night your guide feels called upon to prepare them, and you will find the process a not uninteresting one to watch, particularly that critical point in it, when it comes time to turn the nondescript. This is accomplished, I might as well tell you, by flipping it up in such a way that it turns over in the air and comes down into the pan again with a *slap* on the uncooked side, whence the name. I achieved considerable celebrity myself in this branch of the art, but was entirely eclipsed by my guide who could throw one over his head and catch it behind him. This was too much for me, and although I frequently tried it, it too often ended in a cake for the dogs, to be at all profitable. Thus much, then, for what they eat there. And now we will be a little illogical,

and having eaten our trout and venison will catch them while they are digesting.

That three pound trout are as plentiful in the Adirondacks as one would naturally infer from Mr. Murray's book, is by no means true. Still, trout of three pounds weight and even larger, are taken there occasionally. I heard of four, for instance, which were caught at one time by two of the guides, the largest weighing four pounds and six ounces, the smallest four pounds and two. There is glory enough, however, as any fisherman who has ever tried it knows, in catching a one pound fish, and this is a matter of every day occurrence. They fish with flies for the most part, and not often in running streams as we do, but at their mouths in the open lake, where the trout gather in warm weather to enjoy the cooler water from the mountains. Here, early in the morning, and just at dusk, can you see the golden beauties roll their yellow sides up to the light and closing their mouths upon some luckless insect, go down again with a swirl which makes the water boil about you. Then prepare your flies, and if you are skillful to throw and quick to strike, you will soon have such sport as I had one well remembered day, and for another half hour of which I would cheerfully go as far again.

There is something simply glorious as you sit in your boat, all excitement, deftly tripping the flies over the bubbles where some old patriarch has just gone down, to see the water break under your snapper, and, striking with all your might, to feel the little pole bend as if the hook had fastened to a log, while you know there is a two pounder out at the other end with only a single hair between him and liberty and every chance in his favor. Then comes the tug of war. Round and round he goes, a yellow gleam as far down as you can see, but safe, you know, so long as he stays there and pulls steadily. Soon, however, he grows tired of this bootless chase and, getting restive, darts like lightning first to this side, then to that, now to the surface and now straight down again, striving to double back upon your line and by slacking it shake

himself free. Every muscle must now be tasked to steady the boat—which is as unstable as a wherry—to keep your line tight and steer the phrensied fish away from the stumps and lily pads, while your guide, as much interested and excited as yourself, shouts to you to “keep cool” and “keep him under.” (Sound advice enough, I suppose, but unless you have caught more big fish than I have, I defy you to “keep cool” or “keep him under,” either.) But trout are gameist, just before they die, and if your nerves are reasonably steady, your tackle strong, and the water clear, his struggles will soon grow more and more feeble, until finally he comes to the surface with mouth wide open, and suffers the landing net to be slipped under him, and himself transferred to the boat without a struggle.

Reader, if it has ever been your good fortune to hook and land a two pound fish with a twelve ounce pole and single hair, I dare say that you never felt better satisfied with yourself or prouder of any success in your life, than when he dropped into the net and you knew that he was yours. Add to this one a dozen, yes twenty, no one of them less than ten inches long, and you will have some faint conception of the sport to be had in a single day among the Adirondacks.

But this is only half. At night deer come to the shore to feed, and floating for deer with a “jack” is even more exciting, if possible, than trout fishing. There is something so solemn in the deathlike silence which broods over forest and lake, broken only occasionally by the falling trees or the mournful cry of the loon, something so weird and uncanny in floating along without any apparent propelling power—for the guide who sits behind you does not make the slightest sound with voice or paddle—under the overhanging trees and through the dark pools, grating by invisible lily pads, that you might well be rendered nervous by a far less excitable occurrence than the sudden command to “light up,” for “there is a deer in!” And then, if after scratching fifty matches, as it seems to you, with a noise like thunder, you light the “jack” and, turning

it toward the shore, discover two bright spots out before you in the darkness, and know that behind them is a deer. If, I say, you do not then and there develop such an aptitude—some call it “fever,” I believe—that your gun, as you raise it to fire, points alternately to the zenith and nadir, your coolness—well, I couldn’t do justice to it, but I can’t comprehend it. I only knew that under these special circumstances, I, who am the unfortunate possessor of the most phlegmatic temperament and have been famished with a gun ever since I could carry one, missed, one night at point blank range, with fifteen buck shot in my barrel, a deer, turned broadside toward me and not forty feet distant.

I would like to tell of running deer with hounds, with their thrilling cry echoes among the mountains and come to you across the water where you sit, watching for game to break cover; of the fun and vexations of long shooting; of pleasant evenings spent about the camp parson, citizen and student “chewing gum,” and listen while our guides told stories of bear and moose painter hunts among the hills in winter; of uproar of uncle Ike Robinson and hospitable mother Johnson. I have already surpassed the limits of an article. Read Murray’s book and read it. The first part is true and last interesting. And next summer, when annual dragged its weary length along, and you go home weary and wilted, shoulder your gun and rod and start for the Adirondacks, following his directions. You will find it the most enjoyable trip of your life; but never, under any circumstances, promise to write a piece for the magazine about it afterwards.

J. H.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Month

Of November has been, as usual, the quietest of the term, the general dullness being only broken by the annual thanksgiving jubilee. The building operations of the college have been prosecuted steadily, the

not so rapidly as was to be hoped, and both the new dormitory and the Theological Hall have been raised nearly to the roof. The north coal-yard suffered slight damage from a fire in the early morning of Friday, the 26th ult., and more serious injury from another, just a week later. The results of these conflagrations have been an "assessment of special damages" on the term bills, and the commencement of repairs, which show that the old edifice is destined for another century of service. Prescott has taken the negatives of almost all of the Seniors, and the proofs thus far have given very general satisfaction. Prof. Dana has taken several geological excursions with the Seniors during the fall, the most important of which, to Stony Point and the Thimble Islands on Wednesday, the 3rd ult., was participated in by more than half the class. Pere Hyacinthe, the "great Carmelite Friar," visited the college on the 16th ult., attending chapel, addressing the theologues, and sitting for his picture at Prescott's. A representative of the Argentine Republic, in search of American teachers for the schools of that country, also visited us towards the close of the month and presented his claims to the Seniors. The country will doubtless rejoice to learn that the enthusiasm which the first mention of his object aroused was so far dampened by his representations, that there is little danger of any large proportion of the vast amount of talent in '70 being withdrawn from the United States. Foot-ball, which, since the prohibition by the faculty in '57, of the annual game between the Freshmen and Sophomores, had quite disappeared from college, has been again introduced this fall, and several friendly encounters have taken place. Chess, too, which three or four years ago was a favorite amusement, but which had also of late almost entirely died out, has been again revived. The Law and Scientific schools and the classes of '72 and '73 have each a chess club, and two or three match games have been played during the term. Subjects for the prize compositions have been given out to the Sophomores, and questions for the prize debates of next term in that and the Senior class have been chosen. The Seniors have just finished reading the two compositions required of them during the term. The corporation of the college met on the 8th inst., their most important action being to raise the price of tuition after this year from \$60 to \$90. This action will, however, interest the Seniors much less than the members of the other classes whose names appear in the

College Catalogue

For 1869-70, which was issued Friday, Nov. 12th, from the press of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor. The roll of "fellows" of the corporation remains the same as last year, with the exception of the eight

ex-officio members, all of whom, through the fortunes of political life are new men. The list of "Faculty and Instructors" contains 51 names, a larger number by six than any previous catalogue. Only two chairs are now vacant, that of Kent Professor of Law, long held by the late Judge Dutton, and that of Professor of Mining. Two professorships in the School of the Fine Arts appear for the first time in this catalogue, and three new instructors in the Law School have also been added. It is quite a coincidence, by the way, that the faculty should contain two persons bearing identically the same name, as is the case with the "Professor of Botany," and the "Professor of the History and Criticism of Art," the full name of each being Daniel Cady Eaton. They are distinguished in the catalogue by giving the former's name as Daniel C. and the latter's as D. Cady. With the exception of a new "Assistant in Chemistry," the other changes in the corps of instructors were noticed in our October number. The total number of students is given as 736, of whom 518 are academical students. As officers and students 795 persons are, therefore, now connected with the college, a number considerably larger than in any previous year. The academical students are divided as follows;—Seniors, 114, Juniors, 106, Sophomores, 155, Freshmen, 143; the 218 others are thus distributed;—Theological, 35, Law, 18, Medical, 28, Scientific, 141. The sum of these last four numbers, it will be noticed, amounts to 222, which arises from the fact that four persons are enrolled at the same time as students in two departments. In the matter of residences, 26 states and 7 "other places" have representatives. Connecticut, of course, heads the list with 269, followed by New York with 157. Pennsylvania stands third with 54, closely pressed by Massachusetts with 53. Ohio has 45, Illinois 30, New Jersey 22, Kentucky 19, Maine 11, Missouri 10, California and Tennessee 7, New Hampshire, Delaware and Vermont 5, Canada and Maryland 4, Rhode Island 3, District of Columbia, Louisiana, Minnesota and Wisconsin 2, while the following eight localities have each a single representative;—Arkansas, China, England, Georgia, South Africa, South India, South Carolina and Wales. Of the 518 undergraduates, 248 occupy rooms in the college buildings, and 270 in the town outside, according to the following summary, the "ins" being first mentioned;—Seniors 99, 15; Juniors 86, 20; Sophomores 52, 103; Freshmen 11, 132. In the "terms of admission" it is for the first time announced this year, that Davies's Legendre may be offered as a substitute for Euclid. To the requirement of English Grammar and Geography is also appended the remark, "a thorough knowledge of which will be required." To the truthfulness of this statement a num-

ber of Freshmen will readily bear witness, several having been conditioned in these branches last July. To the list of lectures in the "Course of Instruction," Prof. Packard's sixteen lectures to the Juniors on Greek history in the third term, are added this year, and the list of scholarships is increased by the modern languages scholarship lately established by W. W. DeForest, of New York City. We rejoice that the catalogue this year is not obliged to repeat the statement heretofore annually made, that, owing to lack of funds, no instruction could be given in the School of the Fine Arts. Two professors for this school were chosen last summer, and it is now in readiness for students. The catalogue, this year, contains more than the usual number of inaccuracies, while the *Pot Pourri* was much more free from blunders than most previous issues. That any reference to

Boating

Should occur in the catalogue will, probably, surprise most of our readers; a careful perusal, however, will discover this statement in the portion relating to the theological department:—"The harbor of New Haven affords excellent facilities for boating, to those who are inclined to this mode of exercise." With this encouragement from the authorities we trust the theologues will soon be found contestants in the college races. The success of the fall races on Saltonstall was mentioned in our last number; we are glad to learn that the patronage was so generous as to quite off-set the very large expenses which they incurred. The first fruits of these races, in a pecuniary point of view, appeared in a letter, dated Nov. 6th, from W. W. Phelps of '60 to C. H. Owen, of the same class, placing at the disposal of Mr. Owen and Mr. Chatfield, of the *Courant*, \$1250 in five annual installments of \$250 each, to be used, in their discretion, "to advance the interest of the Yale Navy." Mr. Owen, through whose influence we understand the gift was secured, was Litt. editor of '60, a prominent boating man, and bow oar of the first crew that ever won a victory over Harvard. At a meeting of the navy, held immediately upon the receipt of this encouraging intelligence, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Phelps was passed, and ordered to be transmitted to him by Edward P. Clark, who was elected at the same meeting to fill the office of Secretary. For some time after the races, as the weather permitted, the commodore tried various men in the harbor with a view to the next university, and not far from a dozen men are at present working in the gymnasium to prepare themselves for places on the crew. Altogether, the fall term this year, has been more encouraging to the cause of boating than any previous one since '70 has been in college. The Scientific shell, which was prevented from com-

peting in the Saltonstall races on account of the breaking of an oar soon after starting, challenged the winning '70 crew shortly afterwards to row another race. The latter declining, the champion flag for shell was delivered up to the Scientifics at the end of four weeks, according to the requirements of the constitution. The Scientific crew, by the way, rowed regularly for three or four weeks after the regatta, and intends to challenge the Harvard Scientifics to row a race at Worcester next summer. During the coming vacation a strong effort is to be made to raise money enough among graduates to pay off the long standing debt on the boat house, which at present amounts to about \$1500. It is hoped that the alumni will be no less slow to contribute to the aid of the navy than some of them have been to assist their

Societies

In the raising of money for building purposes. The new hall of Psi Upsilon, on High street, has been going up very rapidly during the last month, and is now so far progressed that outsiders are denied admission. Scroll and Key has also recently broken ground for its long talked of new hall. The building is to be situated on the north-west corner of College and Wall streets, and the ceremony of breaking ground for the edifice took place at midnight of Thursday, the 18th ult. According to an account in the *Courant*, of the 27th ult., which is understood to have been communicated by a graduate member of the society, the cost of the new structure, in the opinion of the writer, "cannot be less than \$75,000." We think, however, that this will be considered, among the uninitiated at least, a very liberal estimate, although we see no reason to doubt that the hall will far surpass any other society building in college. The class of '71 has been for the last few weeks fully occupied with "Junior politics," and the end is not yet. The coalition originally adopted some six weeks ago, gave Psi U. two Editors and four Cochs, with the spoon-man, D. K. E. four Cochs and three Editors, with the chairman, and the neutrals one Coch. So much difficulty, however, has been experienced with regard to the nominations that there appears at present some slight prospect that the coalition will be given up, and the elections really made by the class next January. The supper which has been heretofore usually given about the middle of the fall term by the initiation committees of Delta Kappa and Sigma Epsilon to their predecessors in office, was not forthcoming this year, and this custom is now probably dead. The rage for committee dinners, which has been of late years quite violent, appears to be on the decline, and all parties will probably be well satisfied to give up the practice. But, to avoid moralizing, we will hasten on to give some account of the

Thanksgiving Jubilee,

Which came off on the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 16, in Alumni Hall. The committee in charge of the entertainment consisted of R. W. DeForest and G. D. Miller, of '70, P. C. Smith and L. Starling, of '71, H. W. B. Howard and J. B. Smith, of '72, W. D. Crocker and F. S. Wicks of '73, from Brothers; and J. B. Camp and H. A. Cleveland, of '70, C. E. Beebe and J. Fewsmith, of '71, F. H. Baldwin and J. F. Bloomer, of '72, and W. W. Beebe and C. W. Bowen, of '73, from Linonia. Several important changes in the character of the Jubilee were made this year, the most important being the transference of the show from one of the society halls to Alumni Hall, and the admission of ladies. To suit these changes a large stage was raised at the south end of the room and well furnished with some of the old Music Hall scenery. In front of the stage were placed benches for the students, who were arranged according to classes, the Seniors in front and the Freshmen in the rear. In the north end of the room were placed the raised seats used on class day, which were reserved for ladies. The room was decorated with the national colors and college flags, and quite filled by an audience of about 1000. Precisely at half past seven, the appointed hour, the overture was given by the orchestra, followed by the traditional election of officers. The customary announcement having been made by a member of the committee that the shortest Freshman would be declared President, and the longest Secretary, three or four individuals were passed to the stage over the heads of the upper classes. Having been extended upon the floor and subjected to the usual rule, the tallest was declared to measure 560° F., and the shortest three barley-corns. The names of the fortunate President and Secretary were given to the audience as Jacob Smith and Jedediah Plutarch, and under these pseudonyms alone can we hand them down to posterity. The opening load, which was suggested by the last Spoon Exhibition, was announced as "The Perfect Stick," and consisted of a huge glue-pot with the label, "Spaulding's Glue." Then followed a poem by Walter R. Beach, of '70, with the alliterative title which we reprint from the programme,—*"A Jocular, Jingling Jumble, Joining Jovial Jest in Juxtaposition with Jubilant Jokes."* The poem was a happily written production, reciting in pleasing rhyme the origin of the college laws and the zeal with which the venerable enactments are now-a-days observed, closing with a graceful address to each of the classes. The next event of the evening was "the savory side-splitting farce," entitled *"A Race for Dinner."* J. B. Camp excellently sustained the leading part of "Sponge, a hungry peripatetic," and J. E. Curran looked and played well the part of "Robert Fedwell, a corpulent innkeeper." The other

actors were H. W. B. Howard, R. Johnston, F. Mead, L. Starling, J. M. Russell and G. P. Wilshire, all of whom sustained their character creditably. The "Thanksgiving Sermon," by W. R. Sperry of '71 was an excellent performance, abounding in witty hits and interspersed with some very practical and common sense remarks on the ministrations in the chapel. "Morton's petite comedy," entitled "A Pretty Piece of Business," was next presented, the dramatis personæ being G. L. Huntress, H. J. Faulkner, F. H. Hoadley and R. Baldwin, of '70, and F. Baldwin, of '72. We think this play may be safely styled the best piece of acting ever given in college. The three female characters which were taken by Messrs. F. H. Hoadley, R. Baldwin and F. E. Baldwin, were excellently represented, the "make up" and acting the latter gentleman being worthy of all praise. The male parts were excellently sustained by Messrs. Huntress and Faulkner, and the whole play deserves to be characterized as very far superior to the general run of college acting. Next came "the dulcifulously incanting nigrescent minstrels," the "artists" being J. F. Bloomer, C. S. Belford, H. Cleveland, J. E. Curran, D. J. Griffith, W. C. Gulliver, G. D. Metcalf, C. E. Perkins, J. A. Ross and B. Silliman. This part of the show went off to very good satisfaction, although the lack of concord between singers and orchestra seriously interfered with the success of some of the songs. The evening's entertainment concluded with "the terrible act tragedy" of "Hush! or the Grand Master of the K. G. C.," the most praiseworthy acting in this play was that of J. B. Camp, "a conservative, non-committal old bachelor," and that of H. A. Cleveland, "an intelligent contraband." The other characters were creditably filled by H. R. Elliott, H. W. B. Howard, L. W. Hicks, F. Thorne and R. B. Lea. Thus closed the Jubilee after a very successful three hours' performance. According to the financial report of the treasurer of the committee, the expenses of the show were \$354.61, and the receipts \$303.05; leaving the committee in "insolvency" to the amount of \$51.56. The receipts were subscriptions, chiefly from the Freshmen, \$123.85, admission tickets, \$124.50, reserved seats, \$53.50, and sale of invitations, \$1.20. Admission tickets were sold at 25 cents each and reserved seats at 50 cents each. Public opinion in college is divided as to the wisdom of the changes which we have chronicled. That the institution must be shorn of the improprieties which have heretofore disfigured it, all must admit; but there are not a few who believe that this can be done without the admission of ladies. The great charm of the thing has always been its impromptu, off-hand aspect; but this character it can hardly retain under the new system. In short, we fear the tendency of the new move is to destroy the old-fashioned, impromptu

jubilee, and give us in its place a labored and expensive exhibition. However, we will stop croaking to say a few words of the

Concerts

Which have been given during the term. After much faithful practice under Prof. Wheeler, Beethoven, seventy-three strong, went to Brooklyn on Saturday, the 20th ult., and gave a concert in the Academy of Music in that city. The concert was very successful in an artistic point of view, and moderately so in a pecuniary. A glee club has also been organized in college during the term, consisting of Griffith, Gulliver, Perkins, Reeve, Ross, Scaife and Silliman, of '70, Smith, of '71, and Bradley, of '72, with Elliott, of '67, as pianist. Its first venture was made at Hartford, on the evening of Wednesday, the 24th ult., but, owing to insufficient advertising and other causes, only a small audience was present and the concert was postponed. Better success attended their performance at Springfield, Mass., on the 8th inst. and still better their concert at Birmingham, on the 11th inst. On the last Monday evening of the term the club will make another trial at Hartford. Beethoven will give a concert at Boston next term, and possibly in other places. Its condition at present is much better than at any previous time for years. We must leave to some abler mind to explain the "law of association" by which we make

Velocipedes

The next topic of our record. Although dismissed with a touching obituary in the May number, the "fiery, untamed steed" refuses to stay buried, and has of late again stalked forth. Hoadley re-opened his rink in the basement of Music Hall on Wednesday evening, the 3d ult., and does a fair business during the afternoon and evening. His is, however, the only place now open in the city. His rates are fifty cents an hour, although five half hour tickets are sold for a dollar; and his stock of machines comprises twelve. Before the advent of the snow he kept his machines at his store during the day, and considerable riding was done on the new Nicholson pavement on Chapel street, which affords a very fine floor. During the winter, the probability is that Hoad will do a good business in this line, although there will be, of course, no such excitement as a year ago. From velocipedes, as everybody knows, the transition is very natural and easy to

Personal Items,

Under which head some facts are to be recorded which have collected

during the last few weeks. Prof. H. N. Day has lately increased his list of text books by the publication of an "American Speller." Prof. F. G. Welch has also put forth a book with the high-sounding title "Moral, Intellectual and Physical Culture: or the Philosophy of True Living." Prof. Whitney has refused a flattering offer from Harvard, and an effort is making to increase the funds of the Scientific School to such proportions as will remove the danger of losing our professors through the inadequacy of their salaries. Prof. Barker has delivered two or three lectures recently, in Brooklyn, on subjects connected with Chemistry. Prof. Bacon, of the Medical School, read a paper on "Vaccination" at the meeting of the "Social Science Association" in New York, the last of October. Wyllys Warner, for thirty years connected with the college as tutor, secretary and treasurer, died in Chicago, Thursday, the 11th ult. Death has also been busy within college during the term. Typhoid fever carried off George Herbert Bascom, of the Senior class, on Sunday, Oct. 24th, and the same disease was fatal to Alsop Lockwood Betts of the Sophomore class, on Friday, the 10th inst. A committee of the class attended the remains of the former to his home in Whitehall, N. Y., while a large delegation of his classmates attended the funeral of the latter at Stamford, Conn. G. S. Merriam, tutor here from '66 to '68 has been elected Professor of New Testament Biblical Criticism in Chicago Theological Seminary. John E. Todd, recently settled as pastor of the Chapel street Congregational church, was valedictorian of the class of '55. Besides Mr. Todd, six other valedictorians are now residing in this city, viz;—President Woolsey, of '20, Gen. Russell, of '33, Henry B. Harrison, Litt. Editor of '46, Librarian Van Name, of '55, Tutor Peck, of '61 and Arthur Shirley, of '69, now in the Theological school. A few words remain to be said of the

Town Shows,

Which have been of all qualities during the last month. The best, of course, were Edwin Booth's "Hamlet" and "Richelieu" on the 15th and 16th ults., though his support was not what he deserved in either play. Mrs. G. C. Howard delighted the many admirers of her "Topsey" on the 11th ult., but gave less satisfaction as "Jessie Brown" on the 4th inst. Lingard gave another of his pleasant entertainments on the 3d inst., and, as manager, brought Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul on the 11th and 13th. Humpty Dumpty helped make the unfortunate who spent Thanksgiving in New Haven resigned to their fate. During the month we have had several minstrel troupes, the best being Buckle, Serenaders and Kelly and Leon's. For the rest we have had gift entertainments and second-hand shows which do not demand special mention.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

More than a month has passed, kind reader, since our face has been seen among you. Our visit has been delayed a little, from moving back into our old printing quarters, but we hope it is none the less acceptable on that account. At any rate, the delay has given us a larger

List of Exchanges

Than usual, and these we now propose to catalogue.—

COLLEGE MAGAZINES.—*Beloit College Monthly*, *Chicago Index Universitati*, *Christian Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Nassau Lit.*, *Union College Magazine*, *Virginia University Magazine*.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*Amherst Student*, *Antiochan*, *Bethany College Guardian*, *Brown Yang Lang*, *Columbia Cap and Gown*, *College Argus*, *College Courier*, *College Item*, *College Mercury*, *College Standard*, *Cornell Era*, *Delaware Western Collegian*, *Eureka College Vidette*, *Hamilton Campus*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Indiana Student*, *Irving Union*, *Iowa University Reporter*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *Madisonensis*, *McKendree Repository*, *Miami Student*, *Michigan University Chronicle*, *Notre Dame Scholastic Year*, *Pardee Literary Messenger*, *Pittsburg College Journal*, *Polytechnic*, *Rutgers Tangum*, *Shurtleff Qui Vive*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Williams Vidette*, *Washington Collegian*.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES.—*Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Christian World*, *Cincinnati Medical Repository*, *Hitchcock's Monthly Magazine*, *Hood's Household Magazine*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Michigan Teacher*, *New Englander*, *Overland Monthly*, *Once a Month*.

OUTSIDE PAPERS.—*Advertiser's Gazette*, *American Literary Gazette*, *American Presbyterian*, *Appletons' Journal*, *Baltimore Statesman*, *Baltimore Southern Metropolis*, *Boston Standard Bearer*, *Boston Christian Banner*, *Citizen and Round Table*, *College Courant*, *Hearth and Home*, *Loomis's Musical Journal*, *Nation*, *New York Free Trader*, *Philadelphia Proof Sheet*, *Reform League*, *Seaside Oracle*, *St. Louis Journal of Education*, *Small Fruit Recorder*, *Scientific American*, *Schoolmaster*, *Yonkers Statesman*.

Having cleared off the numerous gifts which Santa Claus has placed upon our table, we lean back with a sigh of relief, and yet with a smile, to think that soon the voices of

Merry Christmas

Will ring upon our ears. May it be merry for each one of you, kind readers. To '73 it is the first of those pleasant oases which meet them on their four years' voyage. Follow the Horatian maxim,—Seize well the fleeting day, for such resting spots will be few enough when you stand, where we now linger, on the threshold. Content yourself with this. You have passed one term, but *eleven more* remain. You have borne the brunt of first term Freshmen and are still alive. Around the christmas hearth, recount to loving ears the story of your thrilling deeds. Tell of the trophies stolen, the windows smashed and the fearful horrors of your first initiation, to the little ones who sit upon your knee, or cling lovingly around your neck. Good luck to you all. We wish you well, though your advance up the college ladder but tells us our own time is most spent.

All hail the gentlemanly Soph! Well have you kept your promises, and broken down the first barrier of rugged custom. While many have obeyed its imperious dictates, you alone have had the manliness to resist it. We thank you for the sake of those you spared, and greet you for our own. With other classes as gentlemanly as '72, the dead limbs from this same tree

of custom must be forever lopped. May the yule log on the christmas send out a warmer glow, to receive you in the circle of dear hearts w gather around its blaze and, in your happiness, twine into a wreath of rem brance kind thoughts for him, whose genial face you no more will see an you.

We greet you next, ye wearied, heart-sore pilgrims, lost in the ma Junior politics. The paths of honor are perilous and the feet of kings wont to slip. But 'tis yours to let the light of justice into this same tan growth of intrigue and injustice. Throw away all petty claims of men societies. Open wide the portals of your honors to all classes of men. *the best man win.* You have come nearer to this same step than those went before you ; do not let the golden moment pass. It will save you n a hard feeling and give you many a kindly one, as you go round the ci of parting friends on Presentation day and find not one to pass over, 'twixt you and him will rise no remembrance of wrong committed or wr received.

Now, to our own dear classmates, we extend our inky fingers for a he christmas shake. 'Tis the last '70 shall ever see within the walls of alma mater. The period of our early dreams, against whose coming meant to do so much, has met us, and much of it has passed. Useless, n are regrets for hours misspent. Before us lies the great unknown, in wh ways and wilds we shall be but novices. We are passing the boundar life. On one side lies youth and all its golden dreams ; on the other, n hood with its sombre-tinted realities. Ere another half year has rolled ar its short-lived months, we shall have laid aside the classic robe for the *virilis* of age, and under its folds new resolutions must be made and follo with new vigor. Energy, independence and consistency are the trio of tues which alone will ensure success. Energy to to adopt, independenc follow, and consistency to continue. To this hour we have never faced reality, but have floated on in scenes of the "golden, happy, unforget." longer can we shun it. Time and tide abide our coming no more. Le clear the vessel, make ready for action and, in the coming contest, with blue of old Yale at our topmasts, we shall never strike our colors, be danger e'er so great or the battle e'er so dubious.

For ourselves, we feel that our work is most over. How that work been performed is not for us to say. Our task has been an arduous one, withal, not unpleasant. To it have been devoted the best of our leisure hou but we do not regret their loss. We feel, that while working for others, g has been done ourselves. This is our reward, and the consciousness this we shall carry off with us when the door of the old sanctum shall b closed behind us forever.

To our successors in office we extend the weary, but welcome hand. shall put up our blotter, wipe our pens, and wish them a hearty *bon voya* when their turn shall come to man the LIT. for its XXXVIth cruise. they strive, as we have done, it will suffer no loss at their hands, and increa years will but add to it increased vigor and success.

But the term is gone. Merry bells of sleighs and merry voices that echo unison with their cheery noise, tell us to haste away. Some are off, and will linger no longer. Good-bye, once more. Merry Christmas to you ;

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

J. HENRY CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

THE COLLEGE PULPIT.

FEW congregations in this country present greater opportunities and incentives to a preacher than that which assembles every Sunday in the College Chapel. Full 400 students, with a gallery audience largely composed of professors and instructors, form a body of hearers which demands and has a right to expect the highest grade of pulpit excellence. That this demand is not at present satisfied, that this expectation is not realized, are facts patent to every observer. One has only to notice the bearing of the several hundred hearers at the middle of any ordinary service, to be convinced that there is some grave defect, either in preacher or audience.

With which of the two does this blame rightfully rest? The casual listener from abroad, with preconceived ideas of student character, will probably not hesitate to assert that the trouble is altogether with the students. Very likely he will go so far as to say that it makes no difference to whose preaching students listen, as all would alike fall under their condemnation. That as a body we are critical, inclined to captiousness, and difficult to

please, cannot be denied. But granting all this, we are yet not prepared to admit that the blame for the present state of things rests altogether with ourselves. That it is not an inherent attribute of student character to refuse attention to every preacher, we have occasionally most convincing proofs. Witness the condition of this audience when the pulpit is occupied by a good preacher from the city or from abroad. The carelessness and inattention are gone, and, save for some slight laxity of demeanor natural to students, few strangers of any ability can justly complain of their audience.

Just here we find the solution of the difficulty. It is not that students cannot and will not appreciate good preaching, for, as we have just said, everyone has seen convincing proof to the contrary. The trouble arises from the fact that in filling the chair of "Professor of Divinity and College Pastor" the proper qualifications do not seem to have been kept in view, or at least not attained. It does not seem to have been considered that there was anything peculiar in this audience, or that the ordinary criteria of pastoral usefulness might not here be in place. And so the ordinary ministerial qualities seem to have been alone considered, without the slightest reference to special fitness for a peculiar task. That the college pulpit does require special characteristics and demand peculiar qualities, it would seem hardly possible to deny. And yet to our mind the present state of things is largely due to the seeming disregard of all such characteristics and qualities.

From the very constitution of college life among us, the work of the man who fills the college pulpit must be chiefly performed *in* the pulpit. As a *pastor*, his work is of the most limited character. With the little intercourse which exists between students and instructors, it is hardly to be expected that there can be any close association between the college preacher and his congregation. It is as a pulpit speaker that the "College Pastor" must do the chief part of his work; it is therefore as a pulpit speaker chiefly, that he should be selected and judged.

And it is to the fact that such considerations seem not to influence the minds of the powers that be that we attach in great measure the blame for the present state of things. In plain words, because a man has somewhere proved himself a most excellent *pastor*, it seems to be considered proof positive that he is perfectly fitted to *preach* in the College Chapel.

That these are plain words, we are well aware. But we believe them to be the truth—at least the expression of what an overwhelming majority of the students believe to be the truth. We see the great possibilities of the position; we see the present failure; we have expressed what seems to us the cause of the failure.



OLD HOUSES.

I CONFESS to a strong affection for an old house. It may be because I was born in one, or, it may be because of an habitual reverence for whatever is aged and venerable. Certainly, there are few objects which I contemplate with a greater interest. To my mind, an old house is not a mere structure of wood or stone or other substance: age and association have invested it with a character. The tides of life which have surged within it, seem to have imparted to it something of their own essence, and to have had an humanizing effect upon it. I approach it, therefore, as I would a friend full of years and experience. As such it speaks to me in a language which no other can understand; of days gone by, of past events, and of men now in their graves. With these as texts, it preaches sermons wiser and more eloquent than any which human lips can utter. Or, if I be in no mood for sermons, it entertains me with marvelous stories of the scenes through which it has passed, of the lives which have been lived

within it, and of the human joys and sorrows which it has witnessed. Thus I can take a delight in an old countess's mansion which, I venture to say, the palaces of the rich and great would fail to afford. But while all old houses in a measure, interest me, it must not be supposed that my love for them all is the same. On the contrary, not even age can add charms to those low-roofed, cramped and angular structures, whose doors are so small as to almost forbid the entrance of hospitality, and whose ceilings are too low for one, even when in, to stand upright. They are too suggestive of a narrow spirit or narrow means on the part of the builder, and, in either case, we do not find in them a proper degree of satisfaction. Like the tub of Diogenes they have no room to spare; and I can think no fitter occupants for them than a couple of old maids and a cat.

But give me those old houses which are built large and high, and which, with no great pretensions to architectural beauty, have an air of solid comfort about them. Their rooms are of ample size, with high ceilings and pleasant windows. In the midst rises the great chimney, which shows to every room a face "black but comely," in the shape of a generous fire-place. This chimney is the soul of the house, ever bright and glowing, ever diffusing warmth and life throughout the body which contains it. Around its hearthstones cluster the affections of many another soul, which is or has been cheered by its benignant influence.

O the world of enjoyment that may be had in an old house of this sort on a winter's night! Let the fire-place be heaped with logs until the old chimney fairly groans under his burden of smoke and cinders. Let good cheer and good fellowship abound. Let care be banished and restraint laid aside. I care not then how the wind howls or the storm rages without; their violence will but increase the mirth and gladness which reign within. In the absence of other companions, however, the cheerful hearth itself will be good company. By its side I love to sit and muse; to live the past over again, and to take fresh hopes for the future.

But never, perhaps, do I more fully appreciate the delights of an old house than on a rainy day. When all the world besides seem gloomy and forbidding, I find here a tried and faithful friend. One glance at its cheerful interior is enough to repel the blues, and further experience usually routs them altogether. The pleasures, which the place affords, are simple, it is true; yet they are not to be despised for that; for, if simple and harmless pleasures can satisfy us, they have a manifest advantage over those which are more exciting and injurious.

I therefore draw my fund of enjoyment largely from such things as at another time or in another place would be flat and uninteresting. A good dinner, for instance, never tastes better than when spiced by the homely cheer of an ancient country dwelling. An old author is never so agreeable as when read by its fireside. And, above all, old stories never sound half so well as when told with such suitable surroundings.

I often find it a pleasant way of passing an hour to examine the literature which sundry chests and out-of-the-way corners may chance to furnish. When weary of this, I wander up into the garret haunted by ghosts and rats, and full of all manner of odds and ends. This I thoroughly rummage, scrutinizing every peculiar object with curious eye, searching eagerly for old relics, and gathering the history of the building, as far as possible, from the accumulated rubbish.

But rainy days must have an end, and then comes the crowning luxury of them all, to sleep and to dream in the ancient guest-chamber. Now all these things, although humble in themselves, have somehow, an indescribable charm. At any rate, I find that by means of them, the longest day can be shortened and the dulllest made bright and happy. Is it any wonder, then, that I carry away with me kindly recollections of the old house, or, that memory paints in vivid colors the hours spent there, whenever she recalls them? It was my good fortune not long since to visit an old mansion of this sort, a brief description of which may not be uninteresting. It is one of

many others situated in one of our older New England villages, and facing on a solemn street lined on either side by venerable elm trees. It stands in a somewhat retired place, and is thus fittingly removed from even the little noise and bustle of which a country village may boast. Behind it rises a broad range of hills, or mountains, as the natives call them, while between lies a narrow valley which soon stretches out into a pretty bit of landscape.

The house is a large white edifice, with two stories and a high curb roof. The front door opens into a small hall from which you enter the two main rooms or ascend to the upper story. The right hand room, which is kept as a parlor, is as dark and mournful as country parlors are wont to be. They are generally used, I believe, when the sewing society meets, or in case of a funeral. In consequence of this restriction, it was but once, and that for a few minutes only, that I invaded its sanctity. I remember seeing some stiff-backed chairs, a table with a Bible on it and a fire-place enclosed by blue tiles. The opposite apartment is the pleasantest in the house. It is of goodly size, well lighted, and has withal a very substantial appearance. This effect is produced chiefly by the large cross beams and heavy mouldings which characterize most of the structures of the last century. It is now pleasantly fitted up as a library and study for the benevolent old clergyman who occupies the dwelling. But its chief attraction is its fire-place, which is a very spacious one and, like that of the parlor, adorned with tiles.

These tiles are ancient, rare, and curious. They were brought over from Holland, I know not how long ago and have ever since been preserved with pious care. As regards their rarity, the parson, who is also something of an antiquary, informed me that after considerable research he had been able to learn of but one set like them in the country. They are square in shape, and purple in color. Each illustrates some scriptural subject, and in a manner truly striking. One especially took my notice. It was designed to explain the parable of the mote and bean and it does it thus:—One Dutchman, in a tunic and fel

hat, is in the act of violently upbraiding another, a meek looking individual, in whose eye a considerable speck or "mote" can be discerned, while from the eye of the former, projects a "beam" of about the size of his arm. The others show a like anxiety on the part of the artist, to make their meaning plain. Leaving the library, we proceed to the dining-room, of which I have the most pleasant and abiding recollections. It is a cheerful place, resembling a large hall, and reminding one by its general appearance, of the old English hospitality which we read about, and which had not wholly disappeared from the colonies when the house was built. In the chambers, the solemn old furniture of a former generation is made to serve, and has an effect quaint, but, on the whole, quite pleasing. Further than these I did not explore, but I left the ancient mansion, feeling that my interest in it would only increase with more intimate acquaintance.

But, alas—the generation of old houses is dying out. One by one they yield to the ravages of time, or are rudely destroyed to make way for others. Thus many a precious memorial of the past is blotted out; many a volume of history, rich and rare, though roughly bound, is closed forever. Instead, we see costly and elegant villas, decked out in all the finery which modern architecture delights in, and furnished with all the improvements which modern ingenuity can boast of. But, after all, I question whether any real, substantial addition to happiness has been made by the change. To be sure, the mansions of other days were often plain and unpretending, for their design was comfort rather than luxury. But, nevertheless, they enlarged the bounds of human enjoyment, they increased the measure of domestic felicity, and, above all, they promoted that rare virtue of hospitality which has been too much neglected in this enlightened and selfish age.

Times have changed, however, and though I rejoice at the signs of improvement, yet I cannot but regret that much of real excellence has been left behind. The natural and vigorous tone, which formerly marked our social life,

has given place to something more artificial and refined. Our tastes have indeed become more elegant, and our manners more polished. Yet, meanwhile, we have lost many of the solid enjoyments and honest delights of life. The institutions and customs which fostered them, have grown aged and obsolete with the noble old mansions in which they were once so well observed.



DO WE LAUGH TOO MUCH?

"Moche laughter is a wearinesse."

—CHAUCER.

PLATO, in defining Man as a "two-legged animal without feathers," unwittingly subjected himself to the ridicule of Diogenes, who exhibited to the Athenians a cock plucked of his feathers and cried, "Οὗτος ἔστιν ὁ Πλάτωνος ἄνθρωπος." Subsequent writers have narrowed down the distinctive features of the human as separated from other animals, until we find in a recent work the assertion that "Man is merely a laughing animal." Regarding the subject in this light, if we consider the amount of laughter as indicative of the proportion of manly development, we must consider the average student as an extraordinary specimen of virile power. We are all apt pupils of the *Ars Ridendi*, from the fellow whose incessant grin irresistibly suggests the infliction of "*L'homme qui rit*" to his undemonstrative *confrere*, whose relish of a jest is unproclaimed save by the inarticulate chuckle of Cooper's Deerslayer. Moderate laughter is good. Excessive laughter is a weariness to the flesh. The average student laughs more than other people. The question then naturally arises—"Does he laugh too much?"

Let us glance for a moment at a student's room in the evening. Half a dozen fellows are gathered around the fire, a

smoking, save one unlucky youth who, under the ban of a "pledge off," is meditatively poking the coals. A new comer, who, by the way, is so unfortunate as to wear thirteens, bursts into the room. A., with the recollection of that last game of whist still fresh in his mind, seizes upon his entrance as the signal for the remark, "Hollo! here comes the thirteener." S. says, "Yes, quite a new *feature* for one evening's entertainment." B., the inveterate perpetrator of poor puns, says, reprovingly, that those jokes are rather *feeble*; while M., as if to second this suggestion, triumphantly adds that they are all *futile* (foot-ile.) Each of these remarks is followed by loud shouts of merriment. This is the food for laughter which the student feeds upon. Nothing which can be twisted into the shadowy semblance of a joke is too trivial for his purposes. Good puns are appreciated, but poor ones by their very poverty excite the greater amount of merriment. In the recitation room this tendency is even more apparent. A man comes in late and a half-suppressed titter runs through the division. Or perhaps some diffident fellow is called up, and in his embarrassment mistakes the place or mispronounces some name. There is nothing particularly funny in this. On the contrary the case is one which should excite pity, and yet a chuckle rises simultaneously from all parts of the room, and the unfortunate victim fizzles or flunks. The instructor sneezes, and instead of the reverent "God bless you" of the 18th century undergraduate, the 19th century undergraduate roars with laughter. How exquisitely ludicrous the whole matter is! How courteous the laughter! How manly! In short, the student incessantly craves for mirth. Like the inebriate who is constantly seeking for opportunities to gratify his appetite, the student eagerly scans each new poster, hoping for the return of some favorite minstrel troupe, or of Lingard and Alice Dunning. The excellence of a performance is gauged by the amount of laughter it excites. "Been to the show?" "Yes." "How was it?" "Bully! never laughed so much in my life." Such is the feeling among students, and as a result

of this feeling burnt cork draws crowded houses while the first-class opera or concert barely pays expenses. Even if the desire to say that they have seen the last *prima donna* attracts students to the opera, they will generally be found in little knots, picking out whatever can be made to seem ridiculous in performers or audience and mutually presenting it as food for mirth.

The causes of this overmuch laughter are easily seen. During the hours of study and recitation the mind of the student is kept on a continual strain. He has, however a kind of india-rubber organization so that the more he is pressed down the more he expands, and when he is let loose his spirits proportionally rise. This very buoyancy causes him to see everything through rose colored spectacles. A poor pun is an original witticism ; every pretty girl is an Hourie ; and an afternoon's sleigh ride is a temporary transportation to the seventh heaven. And thus since he sees everything in this way, he laughs, and laughs at things which to others seem dull and common-place. Another reason is the austerity of the life around him. He is an inhabitant of a little independent world totally different in its occupations and aims from the one about him. This outer world is a New England world, stiff forbidding and dull. The student prefers his own, and strives to make it as different as possible. The outer world laughs little, and *per contra* the student laughs much. Again, we might, perhaps, appeal to the old philosopher who says that Democritus, who was always laughing lived one hundred and nine years ; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty, and that laughing, then, is best and to laugh at another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the Gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us. But the most important reason is the desire for popularity. This is the lever which turns the college world. Time, money self-respect, nay, any and everything are heaped on to aid the power by the would-be popular man. I say would-be popular, for far be it from me to disparage the character of him who, by his true manliness has gained the esteem

of his class. I mean the scheming politician who seeks to rise at the expense of others, and who, watching with the greedy eyes of jealousy every gentlemanly action or kindness rendered on the part of a classmate, seizes upon all such as vulnerable points by which he may stab him in the dark. But besides these means the aspirant for popularity in seeking for the college philosopher's stone tries even a laugh. Some men are judged by their laugh. "I like A., he has such a good, hearty, jolly laugh," is a remark often made, and when it reaches the ears of the would-be popular men,

"Full well they laugh with counterfeited glee,"

whenever opportunity offers. And so laughing is the fashion, the order of the day, and the student laughs; laughs at nothing at all, and laughs too much.

The result is levity in everything. Our sensibilities to the feelings of others are blunted. We pick out the peculiarities of instructors and classmates and hold them up to ridicule. And what we have learned so thoroughly and practiced so constantly we must carry out into the world. With such roughness clinging to us we cannot be gentlemen. Again, we instinctively acquire the habit of regarding everything in a vain and frivolous manner. In our rooms, at recitation, or when brought into contact with the outside world, we have one main object, the discovery of something ludicrous. We seize upon life's pictures, not as lessons for the future, but as comic illustrations for our amusement and we strain our senses to relish to the full the comic element. If the picture be too dark to gratify this craving we hurry past its teachings to turn to another more suited to our tastes. Again, those men who seem most anxious to improve their opportunities are the objects of special ridicule. We deride those about us who converse on any save the most trivial matters. Thus, since

"The sneer of a man's own comrades
Trieth the muscles of courage,"

we discourage those who would elevate the standard of college sentiment. Nobody likes to be set up as a target for the missiles of the army of laughers, and so each one insensibly shapes his course in such a manner as not to appear "odd." In this way we crush originality, encourage artificialness, and are modeling our world according to one standard, and that a standard of perpetual laughter. We are almost being led to believe that laughter is the chief end of man. If all men become monkeys by perpetual laughter, as a certain author has observed, we students must be the advance guard on the road to monkeyism. We begin by laughing at an innocent pun; we end by deriding all things, even the most sacred.

I am no Puritan. A hearty, honest laugh has a peculiar charm for me, and I honor the begetter of it. I agree fully with that old author who has said that no truly bad man ever does laugh heartily. But I do deprecate most strongly the

"Loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind,"

and most thoroughly do I despise that class whose

"Eternal smiles their emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

We want laughter in college. It is the safety valve for our spirits, the time honored foe to the blues. But we do not want the forced chuckle of the would-be popular man, or the derisive laugh which mocks at the weaknesses of others. Let every man laugh, but "may he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin."

REFORM.

THE *New York Observer*, which usually comes to us with a long face and drowsy eyes, for once is fairly aroused and alarmed, and thus expresses itself:—"Surely our colleges ought not to encourage monkery, and it might be well to institute, as a part of physical education, in connection with the gymnasium now so popular, courses of lectures upon the duty of marriage and kindred themes." After quoting the above, the smart *Advance* adds,—“Try the joint education of the sexes. That will cure it.” Projects for our improvement, morally and socially, follow one another like Banquo’s progeny, “another, another and another.” But none have taken exactly the above view. Joint education has been urged simply on the ground of justice to females, while we have been left entirely out of the account. Now the tables are turned, and we are to reap all the advantages of the system. The two plans, “lectures on the duty of marriage and kindred themes” and “joint education of the sexes,” might be combined, and thus the result be more gratifying to our reformers.

From the lips of the lecturer, as from a sacred oracle, would distill the “life of counsel” and he would, doubtless, begin by informing us that Adam was solitary, that he had the companionship of “nature, angels and of God.” He could portray that mortification of the flesh which so befuddled the minds of early fathers, confessors and monks. Augustine, Thomas à Kempis, and a long array of like men, could be presented to warn us against that use of books which warps the mind and narrows the affections. Thus talking familiarly with the past hours of the world and noting what report they have borne to the skies of delinquencies of the good and the wise, we would learn how there might have been borne more welcome news. Stimulated and fired by such instruction, students would go forth to other and wiser courses. They would, in the

light gratuitously and effulgently bestowed, see that the teachings of these misguided men were but "dreams and old men's tales to frighten unsteady youth." As soon as college life was finished, they would find a healthy pursuit in commending themselves to the fashionable part of the female world. Demosthenes and Cicero, so assiduously studied, would be put to use in addressing to some lady a few words, "brief, moving and to the purpose;" thus happily crowning the instructions here received.

But our friend of the *Advance*, and others, add to this. They doubtless attempt to prove from their own experience the benefits of such a system. A good and worthy divine two hundred years ago, seeing a poor wretch led to the gallows, exclaimed: "There goes myself but for the grace of God." So our reformer could point to his bachelor friends and say, "There goes myself but for the joint education of the sexes." Then with nice philosophy, but very unlikely arguments, he insists that students while in the pursuit of elementary knowledge should marry and be given in marriage, securing at an early and romantic period of existence a life-long companion and comfort. And all this he could sustain on the utilitarian principle which would "get happiness, and with every getting get happiness." It is true that the pirate and pickpocket taken at the right time and trained in the right way, might have made very pious and exemplary men. Students who have come out of college inveterate bachelors might have become very sober, sedate heads of families if they had been properly reformed here. But it is necessary to remember that "to reform the world's a vast design." "The march of civilization is indeed onward—onward like the firm and intrepid tread of a jackass toward a peck of oats." Still the jackass of "reform" hasn't quite reached this point in his career contemplated by his friends, and it will probably require Herculean applications of the goad to bring him to the goal.

Doubtless there has been a reformation. To mention the renowned of the past is to include Sappho, Aspasia, Lais, Glycera and Phryne. The first and earliest seems

to have been the lover, and Phaon repelled by her ardor. But she had red hair and he wasn't to blame if he couldn't take verses, warm though they were, instead of beauty. The change went on from this extreme until all Europe was smit with a delirious gallantry, and women maintained a fantastic empire over the hearts and imaginations of men. They looked down upon their votaries from the pedestal to which excessive adulation had raised them. To-day they apparently desire to do everything they have never done before. Verily there is progress! It is a noticeable fact and well worth mention, that during these years of change literary men have generally been unfortunate in their choice of companions. Xantippe was no comfort to the venerable Socrates. Salmasius' wife was a termagent, and Queen Christina said she admired his patience more than his erudition. Sir Thomas More was very unlucky. In order to soothe his scolding wife he taught her to play upon the lute, viol and other instruments. When she had attained considerable proficiency, she played in season and out of season, and tormented the gentle Sir Thomas beyond measure. Sir Thomas Brown, though a bachelor, maintained that woman "is a rib and crooked piece of man."

The holy Mecca, then, to which so many reforming feet are tending is, the joint education of the sexes. "Think," say these pious pilgrims, "what a refining, elevating effect this system would have upon the boorish congregations at our colleges! These new faces would shine more glorious for good than all the books which now furnish light to brightest students."

It is by no means sure that the "girl of the period" is so much better than young men in general, that her presence would transform college into an Eden of propriety and good behavior. If we have found our ideal in the living pages of quiet homes, where gentle, sensible mothers and sisters reign, we need not seek another. Such as would assemble here would afford nothing new or rare in character. True they would be witty, knowing, amusing, charming, fascinating; but if the reformer expects to find

in school-girls anything nobler or more godlike than dwells in honest, true-hearted college men, he has set out upon a search more bootless than that of Don Quixote after glory. He will not find a being wiser or better, but likely to have more faults and foibles, often of vapid mind and useless life. But to be a little more practical. If the reformation should bear them into our recitation rooms, they would add confusion as well as glory to the scene. All the marks, which are now the limit of the student's audacity, would be but a tithe of the offering which would be laid upon the altar of bright eyes and sly winks. We should behold Amazons and Circassians. The former rival their masculine friends, the latter strive to please them. The tutors and professors, if doves, would become choleric. It would be found that the unruly and turbulent propensities of the mind are not so easily controlled as awkwardness of manner and gait. Oberlin is often admiringly cited as proof of the efficacy of the new system. There all colors and sexes meet beneath the ægis of joint education, and climb the heights of knowledge without pipes or tobacco. The facts seem to be that the number of females is small, and the police regulations work to a charm; and one of these conditions might be affirmed of all similar institutions. If it could be proved that it was the presence of these ladies which banished tobacco, there would be an anthem of approval from Mr. Trask and all the self-constituted virtue in the land. From such a reformation may we be delivered. Many female orators are loud in their advocacy of "mixed" colleges. I would by no means disparage their utterances, but merely suggest that their counsels are not always to be implicitly followed. During the war, when the deepening shadows of defeat were upon the land, one of these ambitious champions of progress spoke of President Lincoln in terms of mean abuse; uttered big swelling words about revolution, and doubtless imagined herself the incarnation of wisdom. Time has proved his faithfulness and her folly. She is now in the van-guard of "reform." One more instance of this foolish wisdom and

I will leave this part of my subject. Three hundred years ago, a Chinese empress had club feet. She prayed her Lord, the Son of Heaven, to ordain that her feet should henceforward and forever be the standard of beauty throughout the Celestial empire. After consultation with his advisers, he so decreed; and to-day Chinese women can hardly stand. Truly, reform under the auspices of women and wise men is not always comfortable, to say the least. Finally, we are well enough off as we are. There is much hard work to be sure. Our life isn't all ease nor would this be desirable. Whether man ought to be obliged to work may be a disputed question, but it makes no difference as to the fact that "all people who on the earth do dwell" have something to do. But we have our enjoyment and it constitutes no small portion of our experience. We have our chums, our friends, our reasonable amusements. We gather in our rooms, smoke our pipes, receive the stories as they fall from the Nestors of the crowd, and are as oblivious to the outside world and its cares as if they existed only in our wreaths of smoke. Now we do not need to have this changed. Anything that makes our present condition better or adds to the sum of our useful attainments, will be joyfully welcomed. And here let me correct the impression that students are idle. There is a difference between idleness and what in childhood is called play. Idleness is the opposite of work. Play develops into reasonable recreation, while idleness remains the same disagreeable, invariable quantity. "To blow a large, regular, and durable soap-bubble, may become the serious occupation of a philosopher," says Sir John Herschel. It is hardly possible to find a student who doesn't occupy his time with something. There is indeed a tradition of a certain John Hole, who was so lazy that in signing his name he wrote the J, and then punched a hole in the paper; but his is an exceptional case. Some are very neglectful of college duties and have but little knowledge of the precise branches with which the faculty would fain have them acquainted. A horse always feels his oats when he starts; he is frisky, and prances and

kicks. But a short pull sobers him wonderfully. So friskiness generally vanishes in the earlier part of college life and students look out for sensible things and are content to do them. They gain some information, and add to the sum of their useful acquirements. If then we have enjoyment, study and improvement enough, what need have we for "reform?" There is no call for a new class of students to stimulate, to work or to share in our oldish play.

We are apt to think that we shall always go on as we now are going. Not, maybe, that we put it exactly in that form, but that is practically the idea in our minds. Hence there is great ambition to see all the world at once. But it is sure that change awaits us, not only in physical form and feature, but in mind and heart, in taste and feeling. It may seem like a preacher, with rosy cheeks and unfurrowed brow, talking about the cares and trials of life, for us to peer into the future. Yet we are not endeavoring to lift the veil, only suggesting what we all know. The only reformation, then, which we need, is increase in judgment, honor and truth. "But fruits come not of sunniest years," and if wisdom is added with our days we may well be content. The great mania of our times is desire for something new. There isn't so much wonder at the lights and shadows of life as dissatisfaction with what is well enough. Fortune mixes no draught, however sweet, or wreaths no garlands for our brows, but what we wish the cup were different or there were one more rose to perfect the crown. But the breath that vents such dissatisfaction will, like a bubble, break itself at last. Reformation has limits; it may attempt to overleap these legitimate boundaries; but like a firebrand it kindles others, and then burns itself and them.

POPULARITY.

THE striving after popularity, in the literal, etymological sense of the term, such popularity as Macaulay defines—"the state of being adapted, or pleasing, to common or vulgar people," is growing to be a national vice. It not only degrades our public men who were once virtuous, but, worse still, it tends to prevent honest men from becoming public functionaries. Pandering to the tastes of the ignorant is neither agreeable to the candidate if he be a man of culture, nor is it excusable in the public officer, whoever he may be. Yet our principle of suffrage gives such power to the ignorant that the gift of office is largely under their control, and it may be claimed that to humor them is a necessity forced upon our office-seekers. Whether it is a necessity or not, it is plain that many of our public men purchase their positions by sinking their principles to the level of their constituents, rather than by elevating the principles of their constituents to their own, or such as *should* be their own. That this so-called *necessity* is but an excuse seized upon by corrupt functionaries for giving rein to their own licentiousness, and by ambitious demagogues for misinforming and prejudicing the impressionable mass, is apparent to any thinking man. It is as possible to educate the people up to a love for honesty and a sense of justice as it is to keep them down on a level of comparative ignorance and passion. Whatever may be the facts in the case, the bad effect of this craving after popularity on the part of our public men will be acknowledged by everyone.

Of something the same nature, and of precisely the same tendencies is the striving after popularity which forms so noticeable an element of the student ambition here. I do not mean to assert that those whom we proclaim as the popular men in the end have attained their position by these objectionable arts. I only protest against the means which are *generally supposed* necessary to this

end, but which, almost invariably, ruin those who adopt them; *usually* intellectually and morally, but almost invariably, socially.

The first advice a Freshman receives, upon entering the town is, to do nothing which will make him unpopular. "Don't go to Gamma Nu, for it will make you unpopular in your own class!" is the advice of four-fifths of those to whom he will look during three years for advice and example. "Don't refuse a luxurious spread to your 'Delta Kap' initiator, for it will make you unpopular in the class above you" is the next bit of sage advice given by these men of the college-world. So he enters upon his life here with this one maxim thoroughly ground into him, "Be popular!" Since his knowledge of the road to popularity is but vague, he naturally watches his advisers. Those whom he sees most frequently are reputed to be "fast." They spend a great deal of money for the direct benefit of their friends, and, as they suppose, for the indirect benefit of themselves. They dress well. They are very suave. They have no very decided opinions of their own. They avoid contradiction and controversy. They prefer to chime in with the chorus, rather than to compose the melody. They are careful not to excite jealousy by excelling. They account no time so well spent as that occupied in entertaining a knot of loafers. They study, merely that they may stay in college long enough to become a "Coch." They train themselves down to as perfect nonentities as can be supposed to have any existence at all, in the hope that by avoiding *offense* they will be honored by their class. This, I say, is the model which many a Freshman sets up before himself of a "popular man."

Probably no one of us knows what a large majority of each Freshman class enter college, and, during their first two years here hug themselves in the delusion that they will at some time see hanging over their mantels an elegant black-walnut spoon, concerning which they are ever murmuring, even in their dreams—"In hoc signo vinces."

But few of them, perhaps, will become vicious in their

attempts to be popular, but they will ape their model in other respects. They will be intimate with everyone, good, bad and indifferent. They will be extravagant, non-committal, common-place, idlers, know-nothings.

All will agree that while this kind of life is not at all exceptional here, it is to be deplored. In the first place, their ideal is a delusion. This is not the way to become popular among men of sense and principle, such as constitute the majority of our classes here. Think over the spoon committees within your remembrance. They have not been composed of vicious men. The majority on the committees have been men of decided opinions and firm principles. Many of them have been good scholars. They have, as a rule, been men whom you could thoroughly respect, as well as love.

To be popular at Yale, you must of course be a gentleman. You must be self-sacrificing in every particular. You must be generous according as you can afford it; not wringing money from a poor father, to feast gluttonous classmates. You must be fair in your dealings; not grasping, or avaricious of honor. You must be positive, not negative, in your character. You must have opinions, not necessarily inflexible, but firm. You must stick to your principles if you have any, (and if you haven't any, the sooner you get some the better for yourself and your friends.) If, in addition to all this, you have the power of entertaining, or amusing, so much the greater is the probability of popularity. But, without these characteristics, unless college opinion degenerates, your wit and joviality will count but little.

If you are satisfied that the well-beaten path which I first described to you is not the highway to popularity, you are ready to proceed with me to the second point, which is,—that you can find in college some nobler object of ambition than to become one of the glorified nine who lavish time and money for the amusement of their friends. Not that a position on the Spoon Committee is not, at the present day, a highly honorable position, but that the time and anxiety which it costs one to secure an election

to it, and then to perform its duties, might be more profitably occupied in some other way.

In the first place, as has been shown in our national affairs, this craving after popularity grows upon one. There is a delightful intoxication about it, which, once experienced, cannot be forgotten. In the case of our public men, this desire to please everyone, leads to a lamentable laxity of principle. In the case of our popular college men, this desire, perhaps, leads only to a relaxation of the will, a want of firmness. But this, in turn, will eventually lead to something else. Nothing but a weak will leads men into temptation. To say that any of the "Cochleareati" have, as yet, proved my assertion to be true, is, as I have affirmed, a slander. But the *would-be* "Cochleareati" have demonstrated the proposition time and time again. What we have to fear is, that while this reward for popularity exists, and while so many are struggling to win it, the evil done to them will not be compensated for by the pleasure accruing to the victors. Then again, relying on our observations of human nature, is it fair to suppose that these nine men themselves will always come out from the contest unscathed? Assuming that these nine men heretofore have been the only ones who have finished this struggle unimpaired, ought we to affirm that it will always be so? Where so very many fall, it is more than probable that at no far-distant day, all will be more or less injured.

In the second place, the foundation principle of the system is a wrong one. It is the principle of selfishness. You gratify the selfish whims of the multitude in order to feed your own vanity and thus minister to your own selfishness. You tickle them with money, forbearance, and apparent sacrifice of self. They tickle you with an honorable position. Here the analogy between our national politics and our college politics is perfect. The office-holders are selfish in their sacrifices. The office-givers, because they must give to some one, are careful to give to that one who secures to them the greatest advantages in return; that one who humors the greatest number of whims.

The effect upon the office-holders has already been hinted at. The effect upon the office-givers is equally bad. While they cannot appear before the college-world as popular men themselves, being forced aside by more favored ones, they nevertheless learn to look upon the acquisition of popularity as a laudable object of ambition. They learn to admire popular men because they are popular. They mean to be popular themselves at some future day. They enter the world feeling that success is to be won by rendering themselves pleasing to their fellow men. Naturally their selfishness obtains the mastery over them, for, from gratifying the whims of others, what is a more natural transition than to gratify your own?

Just here it would be well to notice that there is a wide difference between the respect of your fellow men, and the state of being popular among them. Popularity, as I have just said, depends mainly on one's willingness and capacity to gratify mere *whims*. Respect depends partly on one's natural abilities and native nobility of character, but mainly on the way in which he develops his abilities and perfects his character. Popularity grows out of your treatment of others; respect, out of your treatment of yourself. To be popular, you must be pleasing to the bad as well as the good; to the ignorant as well as to the wise; to the stupid as well as to the witty. To be respected, you must use your powers only for the advancement of what you believe to be just and right.

So from this world of pleasing and being pleased, men go to face a world of infinite variety. Some will fall upon an element as fond of pleasure as themselves, and will help to swell the power of those men who are degrading our public offices. Others will alight upon a community of weak men, with but visionary ideas of independence, and will help to enlist them among the satellites of "popularity!" But others will meet with stern, just men, who will scoff at their winning ways, ridicule their lack of individuality, and frown upon their laxity. Then they will find that success is not won by weakness, but by strength; that strength springs not from popularity, but from respect.

Our college graduates should be men of power; men who are accustomed to conquer obstacles; men of courage; men of independence; men of principle; not weak, vacillating, selfish men. In the one case, college-bred men will rule, and that wisely and justly. In the other case, by the world at large, college-bred men will be ridiculed, the progress of learning will be fettered, and ignorance will be glorified.

I merely ask you to consider the general tendency of the public opinion engendered here by our system of rewards for popularity.



A NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

IT was about seven o'clock one evening when we (the original "Scholiast" itself) walked into the business office of the *Tribune*. Stepping to one of the desks, and standing almost in the very place where Richardson stood when McFarland shot him, we asked for one of the editors, (the same gentleman, by the way, who wrote the *Evening Mail's* amusing account of '69's Spoon Exhibition), and were directed to the editorial rooms.

The room we were in, perhaps the most commodious in the building, faces upon both Nassau and Spruce streets, and is occupied by various officials connected with the financial department of the paper. At the right, as you stand with your back toward Nassau, is the cashier's desk; subscription, advertising and mailing clerks occupy the rest of the space; while at the left a little door in the wall opens upon a staircase leading up to Mr. Greeley's room. "The Reverend H. G.," as one of the hands somewhat familiarly called him, is rarely out of this room when at the office. Speaking about him afterward in the editorial rooms proper, I asked how long since the "Philosopher" whi.

had been up there, and was told—"About two months." In fact, Mr. Greeley is only acquainted with those who have been connected with the paper for a long time; and when he gets above his proper level he wanders around in quite a helpless way until he finds the familiar face of some veteran of the office. Mr. Greeley's penmanship is popularly supposed to be a fearful and wonderful thing; and if some of the stories told about it be true, the supposition is not all fancy. Yet, for all this, with certain of the older compositors his manuscript is at a premium. The reason of this is, probably, that, when one becomes acquainted with his writing, a great deal of method is found in it, for all its apparent madness, while, beside, Mr. G. always sends in his copy just as he wants it to appear, and whatever mistakes are found in the proof-sheet are occasioned by deviations from the manuscript.

But it is time we went up stairs ourselves. Going out on Spruce street, and down to the first entrance, and then up to the third landing, we come upon a little door, staggering under the weighty announcement—"Editorial Rooms of the Tribune. Ring the bell." Neglecting the injunction, we went in. A narrow passage, with the proof room on the left and the wash room on the right, leads us into the room of the city editor. Going straight ahead, and passing on our right, the room where the *Tribune* files and a part of the library are kept, from which room a door, on the Nassau side, leads into the room of the managing editor, we come to a door which gives us admission to the last of the editorial rooms. Here we found our friend with coat off and in that generally half-dressed condition so characteristic of the regular printing office *habitué*, as though he had determined to make a night of it. This was a mistake, however;—as soon after he asked us out to dine with him. Getting dinner in the early part of the evening—so different from the custom of ordinary working people—is due to the nature of morning newspaper work. An ordinary office editor does not get through his labor until about two in the morning. Accordingly, he does not get up until about noon, which

brings dinner sometime early in the evening, and supper a little after midnight.

While our friend was getting ready for his midday meal, we had time to look about us more carefully. And a very insignificant place it was, too. A low room, crowded with desks, but *not* crowded with chairs (indeed, it is one of the *Tribune* office proverbs, I believe, that there are always two more chairs wanted to accommodate those present), with newspapers and scraps and dust in unlimited quantity—this is what first strikes the eye. Each desk has a gas-burner, with its green paper shade, and each shade is helped out in shading the eyes by old pieces of paper pinned on at the lower sides, much after the fashion that prevails in certain rooms in college. Above the desks and on the walls and all about were pasted and pinned various newspaper clippings, valuable for reference and diverting for their fun, together with here and there a wood-cut caricature or other curious thing which had fallen a prey to the devouring shears and the inexorable paste or tenacious wafer. But our friend has his coat on, and we leave.

It was almost twelve o'clock when *we* returned to the office, although our friend the editor had finished his dinner and gone back long before. Business was flush when we went in this last time.

The reporters' room was full, and old steel pens were scratching off the doings of the evening with a *vim* all their own. Reporting is the lowest stage of editorial writing. Many of the *Tribune* writers began in this department; and to get a regular situation in the office, one is generally obliged to begin at this kind of work. Recommendations or what one has done elsewhere, as at school or college, for example—are no special help in obtaining a position. Newspapers have their own standard of excellence and availability, and every man is judged by that alone. The reporters are under the immediate direction of the city editor. Their work is given them by "assignments." A large book hangs in the room, in which the city editor pastes notices of all lectures, con-

certs and meetings of various sorts likely to be of public interest, as fast as they appear. Every day he writes opposite each notice of that date, the name of the reporter whom he wishes to write an account of the subject of the announcement. Beside those who are thus given their definite work to do, one man is always kept in the office all night, so as to be ready for any unexpected thing that may happen during the evening. This duty is assigned to different men on different nights, on the principle of equality of labor. Those who have their regular work assigned them, get in a little before midnight, write up their reports and then go home. Much judgment and tact is necessary on the part of the city editor, in order to put the right man at the proper work;—for to set a man who would write a prize fight in stunning style at work at reporting a prayer meeting, would probably invalidate the orthodoxy of the journal, even if it did not get for it the credit of being managed by heathens.

As we step toward the editorial room proper, we notice a light in the managing editor's room, indicating that he is at his post, holding his various forces well in hand for the assault upon the public in the morning, toward which all his efforts have been tending for the last twenty-four hours. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the present managing editor of the *Tribune*, and the real autocrat of the concern, came into power at the termination of John Russell Young's rule. He has already made for himself an enviable reputation as a newspaper man. Possessing the same cool, clear and comprehensive judgment, the same brilliancy of conception and fertility of resource, the same remarkable executive ability which marked the management of Mr. Young, Mr. Reid has, in addition, a peculiar suavity of manner in the exercise of power and remarkable ability to make the complicated machine run with the least possible friction. He lacks nothing essential; but the military formalism and red-tape precision of his predecessor are nowhere visible. Not only does Mr. Reid attend to the duties peculiar to his position, but in case H. G. is busy with his cabbages or away at a political meeting,

he finds time to write the leader, which, however deficient it may be in capital letters, is never found wanting in clearly expressed thought.

But we are in the corner room, corresponding to the business office below. The gas is on, and of course there are no empty chairs. For several hours, now, this has been going on, and there are here and there signs of getting through. We notice, as we come through the door, with our faces toward the Park, that Mr. Cleveland, the political editor, and brother-in-law of Mr. Greeley, has just finished a glowing recapitulation of the merits of the *Tribune* almanac, and is about to put up scissors and wafers and pen, and go home. Next to him, Mr. Howard, who formerly did the heavy work on the *Evening Mail*, is "going through" a big pile of exchanges with a precision and rapidity only acquired by long experience. In an office of the size of the *Tribune*, exchange reading is no small labor. Everything important must be clipped, and the question of importance must be decided while one can run through the catch-words of the item or article. The work is often materially diminished by notice beforehand to look out for particular items in particular journals on particular days. For example: word comes from the political editor to look out for certain nominations to be made in Philadelphia at about such dates. Here, at least in respect to one thing, the exchange editor knows what he is looking after. At the left hand side of the room, near a window looking out on Spruce street, is the desk of Mr. Ripley, the literary editor, who is now in Rome, writing up the Ecumenical Council. Yonder, in the further corner, sits the foreign editor, looking over and clipping from journals from abroad. Next to him, at the right and at the front of the office, is the desk of Mr. Linn, one of the LIT. editors of the class of '68, and now editor of the weekly and semi-weekly *Tribune*. He is now at work on the make-up of the semi-weekly, which goes to press on Tuesday and Saturday mornings, as soon as the daily is printed. The weekly goes to press on Friday mornings, as soon as the forms of the daily are taken

from the press. The next desk on the right belongs to the assistant night editor, who at this moment is running over the latest telegrams, putting them into a readable form preparatory to sending them to the composing room. The associated press news comes from the telegraph office on "manifold" paper, copies of it being made for all papers in the city connected with the association, but special news is received on long narrow strips of white paper, rolled up like a ball of ribbon. In the right hand corner of the room sits Mr. Ottarson, the night editor. He is one of the oldest fixtures of the establishment, having set type on the first copy of the *Tribune* ever issued. He has a certain air of *brusquerie* about him, partly natural, and partly due to the nature of his duties. The position of night editor is one of the most perplexing, and at the same time important, in the office. He has charge of the make-up of the paper, and although working under the directions of the managing editor to a certain extent, yet the final decision as to the relative necessity of the publication of different articles comes upon him. To-night, for example, as he sits there with his shirt-sleeves rolled to the elbows, rapidly but carefully going over the pile of copy on his desk, he knows that there are sixty columns of matter up stairs already in type, for which the burdened columns of the *Tribune* can not afford a stickful of space. And as he sees the copy coming in from the different departments, (enough to fill forty newspapers perhaps,) and remembers that the sum total of room in a newspaper is determinate and invariable, one is not surprised to hear him break out with—"shoo fly, don't bodder me," in tone like a Frenchman's *sacre!* though intended to be musical. He smiles grimly, however, as he recollects that when the other editors have left, *he* has the final decision. The general make-up of the *Tribune* is after the style of the London *Times*. No display headings are allowed—simplicity and solidity are the only things aimed at. The *World* is a notable specimen of the opposite style of make-up. On the right hand side of the office (for we are still standing in the door, though by this time several chairs are

empty) the reference files of the *Tribune* are kept ;—above each one of which is posted a notice reading : “ This file MUST not be mutilated.” In the room at the right of the one occupied by the reporters, files of the paper are kept for cutting, and for preservation ; while in addition a large part of the *Tribune's* library is kept there, the remainder being in the managing editor's room.

But it is almost one o'clock, and time for supper ;—from which we shall not return until next month.

W. R. S.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Embraces the two preceding months, and closes with Feb. 15th, a long but uneventful period. Its most noticeable characteristic has been the remarkable weather of this winter, which has had but little of the wintry character. The month of January was particularly remarkable in this respect, there having been, according to Prof. Loomis, but half a dozen cases in the last hundred years in which the mean temperature of that month was higher than this year. As a consequence of this unusual mildness there have been but a very few “ skating days ” during the last three months. The traditional “ Christmas anthem ” having been rendered in the usual style on Sunday morning, Dec. 19th, the fall term closed on the following Tuesday for the fortnight vacation. On the last Monday evening of the term the glee club visited Hartford a second time and gave a very successful concert. Thursday, Jan. 6th, was the opening day of the present term, which, with the exception of the gymnastic exhibitions, has been thus far very quiet and monotonous. Work on the new dormitory and the Theological Hall has been kept up more or less briskly all winter, and both buildings are now about completed externally. The north coal yard has been “ revised and improved,” and now boldly disputes the palm with the rival edifice in the south part of the yard. Prescott has completed the work of taking negatives of the Seniors, but has enlarged his building with a view to New Haven custom. The Great American Traveler has made us

another flying visit, but staid long enough to be "interviewed" by a representative of the *Courant*, and give to the world through that medium the story of his eventful life. At the close of the term in December the usual

Junior Appointments

Were announced as follows: PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS—Kinney, Perry, Todd; HIGH ORATIONS—Hamlin, Hine, Janvier, Johnson, Lanman, Lea, Pope, Riggs, Sherman, Thacher, Whittlesey, Williams; ORATIONS—Archbald, Cuddeback, Dudley, Gray, Mansfield, Owen, Starr, Steele; DISSERTATIONS—Auchincloss, Beebe, Bradstreet, Burr, Clark, Deming, Guthrie, Mason, Maynard, Wilson; FIRST DISPUTES—Benedict, Blanding, Bliss, Hoffecker, Howe, James, Stœckel; SECOND DISPUTES—Board, Coonley, Mills, Moody, Potter, Sperry, C. H. Starling, Sweet, W. K. Townsend, Uhle; FIRST COLLOQUY—Decker, Elliot, Henlein, Mead, Stelle, W. I. Townsend; SECOND COLLOQUY—Curtis, Hazard, Hird, Landmesser, Morris, Slocum, Wheeler. The total number of appointments, it will be seen, is 63; which, for a class of only 106, is considerably above the average. The Junior Exhibition takes place Wednesday, April 6th, and will be under the charge of the following committee, which was elected at a meeting of the class on Monday, the 31st. ult.—Messrs. Benedict, Board, Clark, Fewsmith, Mead, Peck, Thacher, Thorn and W. K. Townsend. Appointments suggest the

Studies of the Term,

About which a few words must be said. These are for the Seniors, Lieber's Civil Liberty (just finished,) and International Law to the President; Paley's Evidences of Christianity, (just finished) and Butler's Analogy to Prof. Porter; and History to Prof. Wheeler. Up to the present time lectures on History have been given by Prof. Wheeler every noon, while the President and Prof. Porter have alternately given lectures at 5 o'clock. The class is once more divided alphabetically, Prof. Wheeler being the officer of the first division, and Prof. Porter of the second. The Juniors recite Latin, (Germania and Annals of Tacitus) to Prof. Thacher; Whitney's German text books to Prof. Coe; and Natural Philosophy to Tutor Miller. Calculus as an "optional," in place of Latin or German, is recited to Prof. Newton by about a dozen. Prof. Loomis also gives them three lectures a week on Natural Philosophy. The Sophomores recite Latin (Cicero de Amicitia,) to Tutor Peck; Ray's and Johnson's Analytics to Prof. Newton; Greek History

to Tutor Tinker, and Greek (Aeschylus) to Prof. Packard. Tutor Wright in Greek, (Herodotus,) Tutor Day in Latin, (Quintilian,) Tutor Richards in Euclid, and Tutor Wood in Greek, (Herodotus,) are the instructors of the Freshman. The three lower classes are divided, according to stand, the division officers of each being in the order named. During the first ten days of the term the annual

Prize Debates

Of the Senior and Sophomore classes came off in the usual manner. The Brothers Sophomores discussed on Thursday evening, Jan. 13th, the question: "Is Roman Catholicism likely to become a dangerous political element in this country?" The judges were Prof. A. M. Wheeler, Prof. D. C. Eaton, and Tutor Tracy Peck; the speakers were E. S. Lines of Naugatuck; G. E. Martin of Norwich; J. C. Chamberlain of Bridgeport; T. R. Bacon of New Haven; J. H. Hincks of Bridgeport; C. C. Deming of Hartford, and F. S. Smith of Angelica, N. Y.; and the three prizes were awarded to Deming, Hincks, and Bacon. The Linonia Sophomores on Friday evening, Jan. 14th, debated the question: "Are Trades Unions, or Combinations on the part of labor, beneficial?" Prof. J. M. Hoppin, Tutor E. L. Richards, and Tutor T. L. Day were the judges; A. R. Merriam of Goshen, N. Y., D. N. Beach of So. Orange, N. J., L. E. Curtis of Oneida, Ill., D. S. Holbrook of Chester, Mass., and F. S. Dennis of Newark, N. J., were the speakers; and Holbrook, Dennis, and Curtis, the recipients of the three prizes.

On the same evening, the Senior Brothers spent a number of hours in attempting to settle the question, "Would it be a wise policy to encourage Chinese immigration?" The judges were Prof. A. M. Wheeler, W. C. Robinson, A.M., and T. R. Lounsbury, A.M.; the speakers were E. G. Selden of Norwich; O. Cope of Butlerville, Ind.; M. F. Tyler of New Haven; J. G. K. McClure of Albany, N. Y.; J. E. Lord of New York City; P. Lindsley of Nashville, Tenn.; C. E. Shepard of Dansville, N. Y.; E. S. Hume of New Haven; G. Chase of Portland, Me.; T. J. Tilney of Brooklyn; E. P. Clark of West Springfield, Mass., and J. S. Chandler of Madura, South India; and the prizes were awarded—first to Tilney, second to Clark and Selden, and third to Chase and Shepard. The Linonia Seniors on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 15th, discussed the question: "Can great cities govern themselves?" Rev. David Murdock, D.D., Hon. G. H. Watrous and Prof. Wheeler were the committee of award. The speakers were J. W. Andrews of Columbus, O.; H. B. Mason of Chicago, Ill.; C.

McC. Reeve of Dansville, N. Y. ; W. S. Hull of Nashville, Tenn. ; D. W. Learned of Plymouth ; E. J. Edwards of New Haven ; G. L. Huntress of Center Harbor, N. H. ; H. P. Fellows of Hudson, N. Y. ; and N. B. Coy of Sandusky, O. The first prize fell to Andrews, the second to Mason, and the third to Edwards and Reeve. The faculty pushed forward the time for holding the debates somewhat this year, and will insist hereafter that they shall come off by the second Saturday evening of the term. Debates being out of the way, the most engrossing subject was the

Class Elections

Of the Seniors and Juniors, which came off the latter part of January. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 22d ult., the former class met in the President's lecture room, and by large majorities elected William C. Gulliver of Galesburg, Ill., CLASS ORATOR, and Henry B. Mason of Chicago, Ill., CLASS POET. Mr. Gulliver is the Chairman of the present LIT. board. After a couple of fruitless attempts last term to dispose satisfactorily of the offices at their disposal, the Juniors finally threw off all bonds of coalition, and held a class meeting on the afternoon of Saturday, the 29th. The eight persons elected by the coalition having first resigned, the following persons were chosen COCHLEAUREATI—R. B. Lea of Nashville, Tenn. ; J. Wales of Randolph, Mass. ; P. C. Smith of Westfield, Mass. ; L. Starling of Frankfort, Ky. ; C. E. Beebe of South Orange, N. J. ; F. Collin of Penn Yan, N. Y., R. W. Archbald of Scranton, Pa. ; W. E. Walker of Detroit, Mich. ; and J. H. Ford of North East, Md. After this the five persons elected by the coalition last term as LIT. editors, tendered their resignation, and the class proceeded to a new election, which resulted in the choice of the same men. Some dissatisfaction, however, having been expressed at the terms in which their resignation was tendered, the board again resigned, and another class meeting was held on Monday evening, the 31st ult. This last election resulted in the choice of the same men as EDITORS YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE—W. R. Sperry of Guilford, N. Y. ; C. A. Strong of St. Louis, Mo. ; C. D. Hine of Lebanon ; A. B. Mason of Chicago, Ill. ; and E. F. Sweet of Vineland, N. J. Mr. Sperry was subsequently elected Chairman of the board. In the above lists of Cochs and Editors, the names are given according to the number of votes received by each. Debates and elections being thus well out of the way, every one was ready for the

Gymnastic Exhibitions,

In aid of the Yale Navy, which came off on the evenings of Thursday, the 10th inst., and Friday, the 11th, and the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th. Started two years ago as an experiment, these exhibitions have already become one of the most pleasing of student institutions, and deserve a long existence. Several new features were introduced this year, and the character of the entertainment greatly elevated. Felsburg's band was present on each occasion; the seating accommodations were greatly improved by the use of the raised class day seats; and half a dozen valuable prizes were offered. A paper, entitled "The College Gymnasium," was also published, containing the programme for each performance, and filled up with advertisements and reading matter. Over thirty individuals took part in the different performances, which were of the most varied character. On the first evening, Ruskin's complete works, "to be given to the best general performer," were awarded to F. A. Lowe of the Scientific School, and two black walnut Indian clubs, "to be given to that person who will perform the greatest number of exercises in the most graceful manner," were awarded to E. H. Williams, '72. On Friday evening a beautiful ice pitcher, salver and two goblets, offered for "that person who has made the most progress and shown the greatest development during his college course," were given to Z. T. Carpenter, '70. On Saturday afternoon a valuable French clock was awarded to R. E. Coe, '72, as "the most graceful performer," and an Indian club to S. S. Clark, '73, for "performing the ten single exercises in the best manner." Two extra prizes, each being a beautiful edition of Shakespeare, were also awarded at the last exhibition. One was given to Mr. Clark of '73, for excellence as a general performer, and the other to E. W. Miller, of '68, for progress in physical development. The award of prizes gave much better satisfaction than is usual in college, especially the extra prize to Mr. Clark. He is for his years one of the most accomplished gymnasts we have ever had, and richly deserved this incentive to future effort and progress. Of the numerous performances we can only specify as particularly excellent, the performances on the horizontal bar of Messrs. Lowe, Clarke, Coe and Carpenter, the trapeze act of Carpenter and Coe, and the double somersaults of Clark, Lowe and Carpenter. Each of the exhibitions was very well attended, and not far from 1200 people were present at the different performances. Despite the many and great expenses, the treasury of the Navy will, therefore, probably receive quite a respectable sum. Great credit is due to Mr. Welch for the great amount of time and labor he expended in getting up the shows, and we hope he will keep up the custom every year in future. The only criticism we

have to pass upon the performances is the too great length of each entertainment,—a very common fault of all student-managed institutions. With this exception we can bestow upon them unqualified praise, which is more than we can say for some of the

Town Shows,

Which have visited New Haven since our last issue. This period has been the harvest time for lecturers, and we have had them in endless profusion and variety. Prof. Perry, on Free Trade, about the close of last term, Horace Greeley, on Protection, during vacation, Anna Dickinson, Kate Field, Gough, Curtis, and C. "Carleton" Coffin, are a few of the names which occur to us, not to speak of the Scientific Course, which has already given us A. D. White, LIT. Editor of '52, and now President of Cornell, B. Waterhouse Hawkins, Prof. Barker and Prof. E. S. Morse. In the way of music, we have had two most enjoyable evenings with Parepa Rosa's splendid English Opera company, Maritana being the bill for Saturday the 5th inst., and Fra Diavolo for Monday, the 7th inst. Of the numerous other shows which have visited us, the most noteworthy were the performances of the Maffit and Bartholomew pantomime troupe, the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and the two appearances of E. L. Davenport. We are glad to learn that we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing this gentleman's Hamlet, as well as to enjoy an evening with the popular John Brougham.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The long period since the issue of the last number of the Magazine, has covered its table with a perfect avalanche of

Exchanges,

Which we will try to get into some degree of order.—

COLLEGE MAGAZINES.—*Brunonian*, *Christian Union Literary Magazine*, *Dartmouth*, *Denison Collegian*, *Griswold Collegian*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *Union College Magazine*, *Williams Quarterly*.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—*Amherst Student*, *Antiochian*, *Bethany College Guardian*, *Brown Yang Lang*, *Columbia Cap and Gown*, *Cornell Era*, *Delaware Western*

Collegian, Hamilton Campus, Harvard Advocate, Indiana Student, Iowa University Reporter, Lawrence Collegian, Madisonensis, Miami Student, Michigan University Chronicle, Notre Dame Scholastic Year, Pardee Literary Messenger, Pittsburg College Journal, Polytechnic, Rutgers Targum, Shurtleff Qui Vitæ, Trinity Tablet, Washington Collegian, Wesleyan College Argus, Williams Vidette.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES.—*Arthur's Home Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Christian World, Littell's Living Age, Michigan Teacher, New Englander, Once a Month, Overland Monthly.*

OUTSIDE PAPERS.—*Advertiser's Gazette, American Literary Gazette, American Presbyterian, Appleton's Journal, Baltimore Southern Metropolis, Baltimore Statesman, Boston Christian Banner, Citizen and Round Table, Reform League, Seaside Oracle, St. Louis Journal of Education, Schoolmaster, Yonkers Statesman.*

Our list of college exchanges is constantly growing, and hardly a month passes that the oldest college magazine does not extend the hand of welcome to a new comer in the journalistic field. Among our older visitors we have noticed within the last few months considerable improvement in many cases, all going to show that there is a call for college journals, and that, if well conducted, they will be adequately supported. Particular mention of different publications, and farther comment on our exchanges we are unwillingly compelled to forego. But before the magazine leaves our hands we must be allowed to say a

Word of Apology,

Which is due ourselves no less than our readers. The number is not what we wished, nor what we intended it to be. Worse still, it is delayed beyond the usual time of issue. For both of these shortcomings we crave the indulgence of our readers. Ill health on the part of the Editor in charge of the number, and delay on the part of his contributors, compels him to send forth a magazine to which he is more than half ashamed to attach the initials

R. P. C.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

J. HENRY CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

COLLEGE MORALITY.

[T has been my fortune (or rather misfortune) to linger for some weeks near the scene of our annual festivities. Both the deprecatory criticisms of the press far and wide, and the universal exclamations of horror, at the excesses of college students have caused me to reflect somewhat on the subject of college morality, and induced me to say a word in its defence, though I would be far from attempting to gloss over the excesses at that especial season. I do this the more readily since there seems to be an inclination among students themselves, to think the standard of college morality low. The numerous petty oversteppings of the conscience, the many inconsistencies which college discipline tends to foster, the multifarious sins of youth and inexperience, all conspire to set forth in a strong light the state of immorality in which we are living. Were this all, we could hold our peace, hoping and praying for improvement. But it is not all. The *real* immorality of our college life makes but a faint shadow when brought beside our *reputed* wickedness. Our reputation has penetrated to every hamlet, and the name of collegian is linked

with rowdy or even ruffian. A sober student walking the church of some distant village in the most orthodox manner, is too often looked upon as but ready to perform some fiendish trick or, at best, regarded by "the good folk of the town" much as the gay non-conformists of Geneva in the time of Calvin.

It is by no means difficult to find the causes for this distorted reputation. We owe much, very much, to the shallow reportorial brain of the New Haven press. The strong craving for "news," and especially that which may be interesting or "copied," is well satisfied when anything is chronicled concerning college. Yale students are gathered from the four points of the compass; "Yale" is a familiar word at every hearthstone in the land; everyone is interested in its affairs, and as a natural result everything concerning it finds a wide circulation. With such a state of things of course no one could complain, if the feeble imagination of the press did not magnify mole-heaps into mountains. The breaking of a street lamp becomes an act of desperate vandalism or the hurrahs of a freshman initiation the fanatical cries at some inquisition. From reading these brilliant productions of the imagination one would suppose that no one could live through the horrors of freshman initiation, or survive the midnight attacks of fiendish sophomores. Yet strange to say no one has been killed. Truly, if these "reliable records of public doings" were correct, no college graduate could be an infidel, for the hand of God would be too visibly displayed in the continued miraculous preservation from death. Thus trifles magnified, and scattered in their magnitude broadcast among homes that know little or nothing of college life. In this way it has come to be regarded as a "life terror." Little excesses are glaringly exaggerated by the local press as if each day's paper did not chronicle similar or greater sins which are forgotten with the reading. But because these are committed by students, by a strange fatality, they must needs be copied by paper from paper carrying the impression that college is indeed a sink of iniquity. The evil grows with each reprint, and new

was the truth of Virgil's much quoted line better exemplified, than when some college item has gone the rounds of the press ; and nothing could have had a more disastrous effect, for it is with "fear and trembling" that fond parents trust their loved ones to "the influences of college life."

This somewhat extended inquiry into the causes of our present disagreeable repute will show the false position in which we are placed. We do not lay claim to any angelic perfection, but we do indignantly disclaim the Satanic character that is far too often imputed to us.

We are told that our religious standard is low. We should not believe it, even were the charge not one that is being constantly made against every community. An accusation "so trite can gain but half an ear." We hear everywhere about the temptations peculiar to student life. It is impossible we are told for a man so influenced to live a consistent life.

What are the facts in the case? We have in our midst a church with an unusually large membership. We do not believe it possible to find a community of our numbers with a larger church membership. But the body is nothing unless the living spirit vitalizes it. Even here, whatever may be said to the contrary, we believe, on honest consideration, every one will be convinced that there is a good degree of Christian activity. That there is apostacy here none will deny ; so there is everywhere. Temptations peculiar to our sphere there are, but are there not its special temptations linked to any sphere? Few men live consistent lives wherever they are placed, yet some of the noblest types of Christian character have developed within the college walls. There are good and bad characters here as elsewhere, but greater proof than has yet been shown must be adduced to convince us that the religious standard of college is low.

Nor do we believe if we step aside into the sphere of morality our little world will be found so lax. The same charges are applicable to us that find such force against the world. Men are ambitious. Self-interest is stronger

than rectitude. There is a constant over-stepping of conscience ; yet these are temptations to which every is exposed, and to which every one more or less yields. The petty political schemes which stamp many a student as mean have their counterparts in other spheres. A result would follow an examination into the various accusations made against character. Every complaint against the moral course of our life here, would have its counterpart in actual life.

There is, however, a feeling that our moral system, may so express it, is far from healthy. There is a vague, ill-defined impression of something about college morality which stamps it in the eyes of many, as pernicious.

We are ready to make two admissions. We confess both that there is a want of manliness in college character and that the four years spent here constitute the critical period of our life.

We blush to make the first of these confessions, college students *do* lack manliness. The discipline, especially that pertaining to rank, fosters a cringing, toadying, sycophantic spirit. Class and society distinctions serve the same end. Lack of independent manliness is visible everywhere. Recourse is had to small, unmanly tricks to escape a flunk or marks. The same base means are resorted to for the acquirement of class or society honors. The whole regime tends to develop servility. It may evolve sound and brilliant scholars, it may completely panoply the mind with all the armor for life's warfare, it does not add the crest of independence. The student does not become a *man* because he must be kept a *boy*.

Again it is true that these four years are the critical periods of life. Now is the time when character is like plastic clay under the artist hand, soon it will be a finished product, beautiful in its goodness or ugly in its deformity. We should expect then at this time many excesses which in time will be pursued no longer. But these exist, because we are students, but because of our time of life. Such excesses are as common, even more common, to the clerk or the apprentice. "If the half were said,"

should see that only the indulgence of animal passions and appetites and a general disregard for many minor points of morality could be eminently charged against us. Both these accusations can be laid at the doors of clerks and business men, to as great, if not greater, degree than at ours.

I am aware this is a feeble vindication from the gross misrepresentations that have been heaped upon the name of student. Yet we do wish to say that though students are not angels, they are men, and for the most part, gentlemen; and it would be nothing more than an act of kindness for the city which our college honors, to be in some slight degree careful of the reputation which is gained at its hands.

Luckily the old customs are dying out that once inspired honest and untutored people with a horror for "the acts of students," but there remains much yet to do by way of counteracting the prejudice that exists against college influences. We can but utter an indignant protest against the exaggerated and uncharitable reports that the press scatters abroad. Yet we ought to use every means in our power not only not to give foundation for such reports, but to eradicate that prejudice that has taken deep root in the public mind, and such calumnies as have lately been promulgated should not be lightly passed over, either by the college public or the college press.

PLATITUDES.

THERE seems to be in some minds a tendency to inform one of self-evident facts or to utter weak general truths on every convenient occasion. Such a habit of mind is far from agreeable, for it appears, whether rightly or not, to have its origin in a low estimate which the speaker puts upon his hearers' capacity and in an undue respect for his own. It has been remarked by European observers that this quality is especially marked among Americans, that

there is a commonplaceness about their conversation, which is exceedingly tedious. We suppose it is *this* quality which Dickens means to satirize in the "spirit searching" conversation of a western literary lady with the Hon. Elijah Pogram. The lady, after having been presented to the Hon. Elijah, through the kind offices of the mother of the modern Gracchi, instead of uttering the conventional greetings of society, proceeds to discharge the following rockets at the head of the unfortunate member of Congress: "Mind and matter," said the lady in the wig, "glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sweeps the calm Ideal in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then, outlaughs the stern philosopher and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho! arrest for me that Agency. Go bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth."

Of course there are certain conventional platitudes, which we have adopted for the sake of convenience, with which no fault can be found. There is no reason, for instance, except mutual convenience, why two strangers should invariably begin a conversation by remarking upon the state of weather rather than upon the rotundity of the globe or any other obvious fact. But to remove the manifest awkwardness of starting a conversation with one with whose views and range of thought we are entirely unacquainted, we have, by common consent, agreed to start from common ground and play around it till we find a clue to some subject in which we have a common interest with the man with whom we are talking. Aside from this use of platitudes which is analogous to that of axioms and postulates in geometry, a certain proportion of commonplaceness in conversation is unavoidable even if there be a perpetual strain after originality. Indeed a very large proportion of it may be tolerated in a man if only he estimates it at its proper value, and does not labor under the impression that he is original or profound. For the manner of utterance determines a platitude quite as much as the words themselves. All men must make remarks which are neither original, witty or deep. But if they deliver them

carelessly as of trifling importance, we accept their valuation of them and let them pass at that. But if a man delivers empty little nothings in an important and pompous manner, the incongruity of the matter with the manner, produces a disagreeable sensation. Molière has well described people of this class as those who make a marvel of the merest trifle, and even in wishing you good morning, whisper the words in your ear.

Platitudes, as we have intimated before, may consist either in repeating self-evident facts or in making shallow generalizations. Of the two kinds, the first is the more disagreeable, because it is apt to carry with it an idea of contempt for our understanding, while the latter merely calls forth our contempt for the understanding of the speaker. We presume that Mr. Chester, in his recent book of travel in America, means to criticise the first peculiarity when he complains that the clergyman who officiated at morning prayers in one of our prominent colleges which he visited, "in the course of a long, wrangling, extempore prayer, informed the Almighty of several circumstances which had fallen under his own personal notice." Whatever the correctness of the stricture may have been in this particular case, it is one which we think may be generally applied to the American pulpit, outside of those denominations where prepared forms are used. We have often heard in prayers news of some particular part of Zion in which the pastor happens to be especially interested, and have yet oftener heard the Almighty informed of deaths or other events which, as Mr. Chester says, have fallen under the personal notice of the pastor, and such as one would generally look for in the local column of a newspaper. Nay, we even heard, some years since, a digest of a popular work on Astronomy introduced into a public prayer. Now with all due reverence let us say that it is about as gratuitous to inform the Lord of these things as it is to describe to him his character and attributes, his views and purposes, as many who address prayers to Boston or other *audiences* are accustomed to do. Not that a certain element of

praise is not appropriate to prayer. But if such information falls heavily upon our ears, how must it strike the Almighty, who certainly may be presumed to be well informed of events which, according to the professed belief of these same divines, He has fore-ordained from the beginning of the world, and who probably knows his character and attributes, and views and purposes, better than any one can tell him. We shall see more clearly the absurdity of such platitudes, if we suppose that a small boy address his indulgent father somewhat in this wise, 'O father, you are very great; you are at least six feet high, and I am not more than four. Before I was you were, and you are wiser than I. You consist of three parts, your body, mind and soul, though some say of only two, and some wicked Boston people of only one. You have lots of pennies, at least ten dollars' worth, and you can't help giving me some, for benevolence is the law of your being. And now if my humble request has found favor in your eyes, be graciously pleased to give me a penny to buy a stick of candy. But don't give any penny to brother Billy, for he says you are only one person, and mind and soul are all the same thing.'

Platitudes of statement, like the above, are more obvious than the flat generalizations with which we are often tortured. Some people seem to think that it shows a reflective spirit to draw a general truth from every little incident which comes under their notice, as mathematicians aim to reduce everything to m^{th} and n^{th} terms.

We once had occasion to quote the hackneyed line,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage ear;"

"Yes," we were told gravely, "and some that are not savage, too." If you remark to such a man upon the coldness of the weather, he will tell you that cold weather is very unpleasant; if upon the hardness of the seats in chapel, that hard seats are very uncomfortable; if upon the character of the preaching, that poor preaching is soporific or good preaching beneficial, according as his critical faculties have been developed. The same milk-

and-water style of remark, if introduced into a speech, essay, or sermon, and set off by a pompous delivery or style, will find many applauders because it coincides with the intellectual calibre of many who are accustomed to think in the same way, perhaps under the delusion that they are profound. For instance you will hear a composition read on suicide, in which the writer, after having taken for his motto the familiar quotation, "To be, or not to be," will say with an air of pompous gravity: "These are the words of William Shakespeare!" Surely it would not be more absurd to say with a Frenchman: "These words were spoken by the divine Williams!" or "This sentence contains six monosyllables." To rise a little higher we will quote a few lines from a familiar treatise which we shall have occasion to refer to hereafter, "Designed by specific directions to aid in forming and strengthening the intellectual and moral character and habits of the student," (does the title remind you of a recent work on "Physical, Intellectual and Moral Culture"?) which afford a tolerable illustration of a commonplaceness which apes profundity. The introductory chapter which is an unusually ambitious attempt "to strengthen the intellectual habits of the student," and to display those of the author, begins as follows: "The human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite Mind with which we are acquainted. It is created and placed in this world to be educated for a higher state of existence. Here its faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies which, etc., begin to discover themselves. The object of training such a mind should be to enable the soul to fulfil (*sic*) her duties well here, and to stand on high vantage-ground when she leaves the cradle of her being for an eternal existence beyond the grave." Further on we are told with a preliminary flourish which renders yet flatter the not remarkably profound central thought of the passage—"If the mind of man shall ever be raised from its brutishness and debasement—if knowledge, human and divine, is to go abroad—if liberty is to wave her banner where tyranny

now sits—if the female (Liberty? or the strong-minded *gens* whose apostle has recently scratched our author's face as a "Counter Irritant"?) is ever to occupy the station for which she was created—if domestic happiness is to be known and enjoyed through the world,—the *youth in our schools* * * * *have a great work to do.*" And so on *ad nauseum*. Many preachers, apparently desirous of impressing us with a sense of their depth, will begin a sermon with some such expression as—"Man is a moral being," when, as Spurgeon says, they might with equal pertinency say, "A kitten has four paws." We may find good illustrations of this kind of platitudes in the marginal notes with which the books of any public library, not excepting those of the literary societies in Yale college, are too often defaced. What suggestive criticisms do we find there upon our author and what racy reflections in another hand upon the moral character and critical capacity of the former critic!

People who fancy themselves severely practical are peculiarly liable to fall into the way of speaking platitudes. Indeed, a more uninteresting creature can rarely be found than the man who prides himself on being practical. Not but that a practical character is desirable, but nearly everything we do has a tendency to make us practical. Life at the best is a mass of practical duties with just a little touch of romance. If we cultivate characteristics which are forced into us by daily contact with the world, we shall develop them to such an extent as to make ourselves nuisances. Your practical man is an unmitigated bore. If he lives in Cincinnati he will repeatedly tell you with much circumlocution and detail how many hogs are cut up and cured there per annum; if in Chicago, how many bushels of wheat have been taken up into those great elevators and shipped, which is about as near elevation as his thoughts can be said to rise; if a student, he will swear by Todd's Students' Manual, for whose bald platitudes he will have more respect than for the *Novum Organon* (not *Novum Orgānum*, as a prominent clergyman of this city recently called it).

Probably the reason why Americans are so given to uttering platitudes and bombast—for the latter is essentially a development of the former—is the great uniformity of education which prevails among them, a uniformity not of high culture, but of mediocrity. The intellectual condition of the average American is a good illustration of the proverb that “a little learning is a dangerous thing.” High culture, of course, refines the taste and furnishes wide intellectual resources. Absolute ignorance, by throwing the mind upon its own resources, stimulates its creative power and develops a vein of originality, and even of rough but deep poetry among the “mute inglorious Miltons” of the poor. But the man who has learned just enough to think that he knows everything, who has descended from ignorance to a plane where his intellectual wants are satisfied on week days by his local newspaper and on Sundays by the *Observer* is the one who riots in commonplace. What is needed in American society is a larger highly educated class which shall give tone and vigor to the intellectual life of the community at large. Until that element has grown to its due size and exercises its appropriate influence we shall have presidents who will retail from every stump and car-platform the offices they have filled from alderman up to president, or who can discuss horse flesh better than political science; we shall have editors of the Jefferson Brick stamp, and preachers whose sermons sound like a weak dilution of Scott’s Commentaries. Of course the country must look to its colleges to supply this higher culture which it so much needs. And yet we sometimes fancy that American colleges have a tendency to develop the very traits which we deprecate. There is a sort of sameness in the intellectual influences to which one is there subjected which has a tendency to cast minds in the same mould. And in Yale, at least, the system of instruction aims at developing exactness within a limited sphere rather than at encouraging a comprehensive grasp or at stimulating original thought. The mouth-piece of Yale’s theology has a brave motto in the Horatian line—

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,”

but however it may be with her theology,—and the development of it in her pulpit, certainly her bitterest enemy couldn't accuse of being patterned after the style of a master—she can hardly be said to encourage the prevalence of that motto among her undergraduates. But no doubt can be more fatal to vigorous intellectual life than sameness and narrowness which belong, perhaps unavoidably, to the curriculum of an American college. We should be careful not to entrust entirely our minds to be fashioned like clay by the potter according to a uniform rule; we become as like intellectually as a dozen tea-cups; we find ourselves (or, what is more likely, others find us) habitually thinking, writing and speaking platitudes, we may be sure, that the “polishing process” is working effectually, and then we shall soon become as smooth as china-ware of roughness. Such of us as do not wish to become mere duplicated impressions of the same would do well to question if we are showing by a growing fondness for platitudes a diminishing mental vigor, and, if we make some unpleasant discoveries, to courageously investigate the cause.



THE CLASS POET OF '69.

'Tis easy to see, by his quips and his puns,
By his measure—which nothing of harmony lacks,
That in taking his place 'mongst the humorous ones,
Our BAGG will ere long be a rival of SAXE!

TWO OF US.

THE three grim sisters must have smiled upon my entrance into the college world. Not in derision, but in earnest of favors to come. Nor have I ever questioned their good intentions. True, landladies have beguiled me into an unfounded confidence; stewards have won my sympathies by glowing descriptions which time has failed to supply with substance; fair maidens have charmed me only to deceive, still I maintain it was a smile of kindness and not of hate that the three sisters bestowed.

Do you desire me to select from the tangled web the thread which atones for all the rest? Right gladly will I. It is a thread interwoven with my daily life, the blessing of a chum. Away back among the gloomy remembrances of Freshmanic ignorance loom the ghosts of the days when there was no one whom I could call chum, when I crept to my lonely chamber in solitude and despondency. Then for a season I thought the sisters frowned. But it was only for a season. And now, with Junior year drawing rapidly to its close, with the grave responsibilities of Senior year assuming shapes of reality before me, I anticipate looking back in the coming years upon this chumship as surrounded with a halo like that cast by

"The retiring sunset flood."

In scholarship we two occupy a respectable position. Up through the mists of Freshman year, then under the cloudy skies of Sophomore year until we came out into the wider fields and under the clearer heavens of the present, we went together. Although tutors were sometimes blind to superior merit, although Sophocles, leading the ancients, and Davies at the head of the moderns, waged contests for supremacy with doubtful issue, we escaped them all and came to the repose of the present.

For certain reasons the study of nicknames possesses considerable interest for me. I am sometimes inclined to believe that I have found the key to their entire signifi-

cance. Popular taste seems to seize upon some salient feature of character and embody its peculiarities in sounding anomatopeia; or a person in mien or manners suggests some remote idea and a word bearing the same suggestiveness is flung upon his unlucky shoulders. Plunging into the depths of metaphysical speculation it would be an extensive task to trace the stages through which the conception passes before it arrives at an expression, to discover how words and actions are scrutinized until a phrase descriptive of all is secured. Chum and I have not escaped the usual infliction, but around our titles is cast an air of dignity *redolens antiquitatis*. Back in the gloomy grandeur of the middle ages, when learning appeared only in a priestly garb, his cognomen finds an origin. But, by *Zeus ἐπιδουλος*, the classic age itself stood sponsor at my college christening. And in some coming time the careful student will direct his pilgrimage in the pursuit of learning to the modern Olympus, while the ancient mountain will sink into complete insignificance.

Chum and I are inveterate smokers. At least he woos oblivion in the fragrant weed and through him my share of enjoyment is secured. At evening, when the roar of the busy world dies away to silence outside, and the lamp-light falls in subdued lustre round us, we sit with the curling smoke-wreaths shaping into turrets and pinnacles and domes above our heads. Then I take down some book containing the words of a master-poet, one skilled to touch the cords of human sympathy, on whose pages ready images drawn from nature fitly figure the workings of our thought. As the author rises with his theme the pipe is forgotten and the ruddy spark smothers in its ashes. I read of the fair vision, pleasure, and her seductive charms, who

"Laughs and shakes out sunshine from her hair.
All memory too and all the moonlit past,"

and how at the approach of death, "the bringer of endless dark," the fair figure falls

"A handful of gray ashes."

Then we listen to the quiet footstep of duty, with her more lasting charms, still

"That enchantment followed erst,
Only more fair, more clear to eye and brain,
Brightened and chastened by a household charm."

The book is wholly forgotten, the pipe has lost its glow. There enter the forms of those who have gone out from this old room of ours, who have carried away their stores of learning, and with lofty ambition and high purpose, have made mankind better for their presence. As their forms

"Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,"

melt away into the air, we resolve to shake off the imperfection of the past and mold for ourselves a worthy future.

In our present mood words seem empty and vain. So silence steals upon us while our thoughts are busy weaving reminiscences till we mingle again in the scenes of home. Nothing breaks the spell while I wander by the brook that used to turn my ambitious water wheel and float my white-sailed boat. I lose myself in the cool shade of the trees that skirt its banks; I hear the waters dash in tiny cascades down the moss-covered rocks and see them hurrying away in the shaded dell below. Once more I stand under the spreading elm-tree near my father's door and hear the children's laughter come ringing up from the field beyond. 'Tis a prospect worthy of remembrance. The blue sky stretches away to the distant hills upon whose waving sides sunshine and shade contend for mastery. Nearer, the plain sweeps gently with its burden of living green almost to the door of my father's house. May the light of that home go ever with me, shining with brighter and purer ray as the darkness of the world envelops my erring feet.

I glance at my chum. He, too, has been busy among the remembrances of the past, and has listened to the music of the memory bells ringing in his heart. Then,

when the late hour comes clanging through the night, we retire to rest. The world fades away from us and we sleep. With the morning we follow the imperative routine, but a soft influence still lingers around us and clearer atmosphere buoys our spirits up.

Did I say that chum and I were inveterate smokers. It was a mistake. There are times, and perhaps the best remembered of all, when we banish the soothing weed. Such a time comes when spring covers the earth with light and warmth, and we turn no more to the past. Spring is not the time to muse over events which are gone. The hour forbids it. There is a sense of growth in the trees breaking into new life, a breath of promise pervading the air, a story of things to come lurking in plant and flower, which stir within us thoughts of great possibilities and transform the future into an arena for contest and victory. We are sitting by the open window. The sun has set, and the lights of the town glimmer around the Green. Our books lie untouched upon the table, and on the shelf the pipe reclines undisturbed. Nature reads us a lesson from her own volume, and the mild narcotic is forgotten in the intoxication of the air. The elm-leaves sparkle and quiver in the moonlight as the night wears on. The din of the street subsides and old North Middle looks grimly down upon a quiet world. The future fills us with its dreams and hopes. Chum and I soon we shall part, each to go forth into life and battle alone. Only a pure heart and a steady purpose can succeed. Many have gone away from these walls and have risen high in the estimation of man and favor of God. Many, alas! have gone forth only to be deluded by false lights and have gone down like ships in a merciless sea. Let us fix our purpose high and whether we succeed or fail the reward of an approving conscience will be ours. The stars look kindly down and the winds whisper in a musical cadence through the elm-trees. We linger reluctantly till the bells sound, announcing the passing hour.

Thus our college days go by, each one in its flight striking the note of some new harmony.

H. E. K.

THE LEGEND OF ROME.

Proudly now the royal banners
Flutter in the Alban gales ;
For the princes, Sylvia cherished,
Mourned so long as lost and perished,
Re-appear, while glad hosannas
Swell from hills and blooming vales.

Numitor, the king, advances ;
Greets the youths 'mid loud acclaim ;
Gives them power to found a nation ;—
But their doubt and hesitation
Show, e'en now, in jealous glances,
Envy for each other's fame.

Which of them shall name the city
Soon to rise in regal pride,
With its temples and its towers ;
With its wealth of conquered powers ;—
Blended scenes of scorn and pity— ?
Let the auguries decide.

Remus, by his hosts attended,
Stands on Aventine, sublime ;
Gazing off upon the Tiber ;
Straining every nerve and fiber ;
All his fears by faith defended,
As he awaits th' auspicious time.

While on Palatine, undaunted,
Romulus with hope appears ;
Views the future of a nation
In this scene of desolation,
And with vision wild, enchanted,
Paints the pomp of coming years.

Waiting, watching ; watching, dreaming ;
Every anxious moment numb'ring ;—
Why no sign to break this quiet ?
Let the gods in haste supply it ;—
While the early morn is beaming
Can it be that they are slumb'ring ?

To the northward look, ye gazers,
See the birds of promise flying ;—
Remus spreads the joyful story—

Kindles with expectant glory—
 Yearns to welcome followers, praises,
 As he hears their triumph-crying.

But, alas ! good fortunes leave us
 Long before we learn to prize ;
 And with many a hope has perished,
 Loves and dreams we long had cherished ;
 For Hope flatters to deceive us,
 And in disappointment dies.

While the joyous Fabian shouting
 Rolls along the ancient hills,
 Loud huzzas of victory thunder
 From the Palatine, while wonder,
 Mingled with distressful doubting,
 Aventine's wild clamor stills !

Sailing through the sky unclouded,
 While Quinctilian echoes ring,
 See the omen doubly given—
 Hark ! the hills with cries are riven,
 From the hordes upon them crowded :
 Romulus shall be our King !

Now with wedded power and glory,
 Underneath the azure dome,
 Romulus, 'mid exultation,
 Bounds the nucleus of a nation ;
 Gives a home to song and story ;
 Founds th' eternal city—Rome !



JACOB VANDERHEYDEN'S NOTABLE COURTSHIP.

THE valley of the Mohawk is rich in legends of that olden time, when the Dutch and Indians were the sole occupants of its soil. None of these old traditions is more popular among the quiet Dutch people of the valley to this day, than that which narrates the eventful courtship and tragic fate of Jacob Vanderheyden.

b Vanderheyden was a resident of the ancient town of Schuyler. He was a rare personage. Four d a half he was in height, and four feet and a half in circumference. He was bald, his ears were so s to flap slightly about his head, and his lower lip, h projection, was a natural platform, on which all d might have danced a waltz, before it disappeared - behind his teeth. His immense weight had grad- pread apart his legs, the one from the other; so that l the hens and little pigs, which roamed the village, eting Jacob would walk between his legs rather than . wearisome detour on either side.

b, like all his race, seemed to be in his normal state hen fast asleep or dozing. From one or the other e states he awoke but thrice in the day,—once to ast, once to dinner, and once to supper. Over his he was always dreaming; and he had often been to drop asleep on whatever short walks he might ount the village. Whether it was that Jacob's fat were such tempting morsels in the eyes of the vil- ogs, or whether they had snuffed out his lack of e, I cannot tell; but certain it was, that the most lly pup of the town, which, at the sight of the st school urchin, would have turned tail and fled, no sooner set eyes on Jacob, than he was at t man, tooth and nail. So that the village folk always tell when Jacob was stirring abroad, by the barks and snarls which never failed to rend the air as he appeared. There was another blight on ; character. The fair temptress, who holds on high e cup, had somehow wound her way into his warm- ections; and at the time of which I write, Jacob, enough, had formed the habit of brutalizing himself a dozen times in the year with excessive drink.

b gained a livelihood by making shoes. It is a mat- remark, that, in manufacturing his shoes, Jacob regard whatever for the shape of the human foot; at he was pleased to call shoes were found to bear striking resemblance to simple oblong, leathern

boxes. Although Jacob's attention had often been called to this peculiarity in the shape of his shoes, he could never be induced to alter their style in the least. So that, in course of time, people had come to expect that Jacob's shoes would never be a fit; and in this they were not disappointed.

What time Jacob did not spend under his own roof, was spent under that of the village tavern. That institution was, like all Dutch abodes throughout the Mohawk valley, built of cobblestones and mortar in its lower half, and pine boards and shingles in the upper half, with a rickety porch over the front door. Up to this porch every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening drove the coach from Albany; and up to this porch every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning drove the coach for Albany. To this tavern every evening, at precisely six o'clock, would Jacob Vanderheyden wend his toilsome way. Having once arrived there and seated himself in his own particular chair in the bar room, he would light his pipe, cross his legs, shut his eyes, and immediately relapse into his usual state of somnolency, and remain therein until the clock struck ten; at which hour he would return to active consciousness, and taking up his line of march for his dwelling, he would no sooner arrive thereat, than he would seek deeper slumber in his bed. But, on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, the monotony of Jacob's visit to the tavern was broken up. For on those evenings, when the coach rattled up to the door, he would always shuffle his way to the porch, always inquire of the driver if there was a parcel for Jacob Vanderheyden, always get a negative answer, and always receive the same with a grunt of extreme satisfaction.

One chilly evening in March, much excitement was caused among the frequenters of the inn by the appearance among them of Jacob in his best Sunday clothes. But their astonishment surpassed all bounds when this man, who, for years, had not left the inn till ten o'clock, took his departure on this chilly night in March, at seven. As Jacob went down the steps and heard the expressions

of surprise behind him, the fat man chuckled within himself. Why did Jacob chuckle? Here steps a great secret forth. *Jacob was in process of wooing.* Having lived in the lonely, single state until his forty-ninth year, and having at last resolved to quit that cheerless state, he had recently opened a love attack on Miss Mina Van Kaats, one of the belles of Schuyler village. Jacob had begun his suit warily; and so sparing had he thus far been in his attentions, that no one had yet suspected him of having fallen in love. But to-night Jacob was to take a bold leap into the very midst of courtship. On this night there was to be a grand tea-drinking at one Henry Schneider's; and thither was Jacob to escort Miss Mina Van Kaats. It was at thought of the crafty manner in which he had hitherto conducted his suit, and at prospect of the quiet converse he was this evening to hold with his love, that Jacob, on leaving the tavern, stopped to chuckle once or twice, and then bent his steps toward the home of his waiting lady.

The night was destined to be an eventful and a sad one for Jacob. His first disappointment confronted him immediately upon entering Mina Van Kaats' house. It seemed that Mrs. Van Kaats had decided, but a few minutes before, to accompany her daughter and Jacob to the tea-drinking. Here was misfortune indeed! His well-matured plan abruptly upset, his fond anticipation of a lone and quiet walk with his lady love dashed to the ground, Jacob fell at once into the extreme of misery. The smiles with which he entered the house were replaced, as he left it, by a look of the most intense disgust; and a very nausea took the unfortunate man as he felt old Dame Van Kaats' arm hook itself so confidently into his own. On the way, Jacob's spirits rose not at all, but rather fell. For Jacob, when alone, could transport his huge belly over the ground only through great effort; and on this occasion his progress was impeded beyond all account, from his having to lug along, beside himself, the plump, indeed I may say the extremely corpulent, person of Mrs. Van Kaats. And what still further annoyed Jacob was the fact that this fat dame—despite her puffing and

wheezing as she pounded along the frozen road—kept, all the while, in the cheeriest mood, and never ceased all the way playfully to rally Mr. Vanderheyden on his apparent depression of spirits. Unhappy Vanderheyden! In vain did the moon shed her soft light over you and your love! three is a crowd. In vain did you feel Mina's gentle weight on your strong right arm! your left was gripped by the chatty dame.

By the time they had reached Henry Schneider's gate, Jacob's disappointment had so worked upon his feelings, that he was altogether unmanned; insomuch that he was doubting then whether he should burst into tears, or, by a sudden movement, trip up that gad-fly, Dame Van Kaats. In short, his nerves were completely unstrung. What occurrence more untimely, then, than for Henry Schneider's bull-dog to recognize Jacob's fat form in the moonlight, and to make a savage rush at the miserable man, as he turned into the yard? Jacob, brooding over his sorrow, was, for once in his life, not on the lookout for dogs. And a swift rush and sudden bark at his heels, which sent a cold chill up his back and over his skull, was his first intimation of an enemy at hand. With a wild cry of terror and a nimbleness he had never before been known to exhibit, he placed the goodly form of Dame Van Kaats between himself and his foe. But the dog came around Dame Van Kaats' person, and Jacob shambled to her other side. The dog followed, and Jacob shambled still more. And so these two proceeded to describe a series of circles about the person of the enraged Dame Van Kaats as a center. How long this chase might have continued is uncertain; but Jacob, losing his wind entirely after describing the sixth circle, in the extremity of his despair, suddenly seized Dame Van Kaats with both hands, projected her with tremendous force straight upon the luckless dog, and, without once looking behind him, scrambled up Henry Schneider's steps and into the hall.

This act of Jacob's was, as all can readily see, well calculated to lower him in the estimation of Dame Van Kaats, and so to injure him in his suit with the daughter.

And notwithstanding the fact that the aggrieved lady had soon smoothed again her ruffled feathers, and seemed to have become fully reconciled with Jacob, it was evident that she did not look upon him with that particular favor he had displayed of yore. Jacob saw this clearly and was much disquieted. He could not speak, nor think; but, with sadness stamped on every feature, and remorse gnawing at his heart, he paced Schneider's front parlor with a step as violent as was possible for one so fat.

But Jacob was fated, on this evening, to step a peg still lower in Dame Van Kaats' esteem. Blindman's buff was being played. And the thought suddenly struck Jacob, that he should drown his grief in the merriment of this game. Into the turmoil of the sport, therefore, he straightway plunged, with an abandon which astonished all present. By reason of his fatness, however, he was soon caught. And now, with a handkerchief over his eyes, the fat man bounced about the room in a truly wonderful manner. He made desperate catches at empty air, bumping himself madly against all the tables and chairs in the room, and, as far as could be seen, it appeared to be all one to him whether he walked or rolled over the parlor floor. In the course of his flounderings, Jacob, in an evil moment, came to a stand-still directly in front of Dame Van Kaats, who was quietly sitting, a smiling spectator of the merry scene. Pausing there, he groped for a moment vaguely in the air. Then, as if having collected his scattered forces, he all at once made a most furious charge directly upon the person of the wretched Dame Van Kaats. Her bland smile vanished. There was time but for a single shriek. Jacob fell forcibly upon his victim, the chair instantly cracked asunder, they were borne to the floor together, and a terrible clatter of crockery proclaimed that Dame Van Schneider's tea-cups and saucers, which, brought from Holland years before, had always stood in her parlor in most solemn state, had been broken to atoms.

The fright of Dame Van Kaats was exceeding great; but Jacob's mortification knew no limit. And it was with

a feeling of utter hopelessness for his love suit, that he now quit the gay throng in the parlor, and proceeded to join himself with a quiet knot of old burghers, who were smoking long pipes and brewing various warm drinks over the kitchen fire. Here Jacob, after imbibing somewhat, began to feel quite contented again; and as time and his tripping went on, Jacob's spirits at large and his hopes of winning Mina in particular so far revived, that, at last, he began to ply a jolly friend at his elbow to take Dame Van Kaats off his hands, to the end that he and Mina might be able to walk home by themselves. This favor his bousy neighbor was only too willing to render; so that Jacob had now only to wait till the company broke up, to find himself again well placed for prosecuting his suit.

The time came at last. And Jacob, with a light head, a glib tongue and a very unsteady pair of legs, bade the hostess good-night and started with Mina Van Kaats homeward. It was a dreary night; clouds were scudding athwart the sky, the moon shone only at intervals, and gusts of March wind swept with a cold and heartless rush across the road and over the bleak fields beyond. Their way led the couple over a bridge spanning the Mohawk. When near the middle of this structure, nothing would do but Jacob must poise himself upon the railing of the bridge, and thence confess to Mina his secret love. The unwitting maid could in no way guess why it was that her escort should thus stop and climb the rail; but she deemed it best to remain with him. Jacob, having mounted to his perch, began to unfold the tale of his love. Already had he gone far in his confession, his hands were clasped in entreaty and his face was overspread with tears, when he suddenly lost his balance, and, pitching backward, seemed about to take up a position in the stream beneath. But Mina was wide awake; and just in the niche of time she caught by his left ankle the rapidly vanishing form of her lover. Jacob's descent was stayed; but his position—dangling by one ankle from the hands of Mina Van Kaats—was still one of extreme peril. It was a vital point to know how long Mina's strength would

hold out. And here Jacob's plumpness would doubtless much lessen the chance of his being saved; and as he hung there, heartily did he curse every mug of beer that had ever found its way into his fat stomach. How long Jacob would have continued to writhe in mid-air, none can tell. For his stocking, by Mina's hold on which he was alone kept from being immersed in the waves below, now began to slip from his leg. In vain did Mina clutch his ankle the tighter. Her strength was failing, and Jacob's shin was far too oily. Slowly he slid out of his stocking and dropped with a loud splash into the cold, dark waters of the river.

Some of the villagers living along the flats related, the next morning, how they had heard in the night distant hallooes for help, which seemed to come from the river. However, they may have been dreaming. But at any rate, no one occupied Jacob's chair at the tavern the next night, no one inquired as usual if the stage-driver had a package for Jacob Vanderheyden, and no one ever claimed the shoe and stocking left in Mina Van Kaats' hands on the bridge. In a word, Jacob was seen in the flesh no more. But strange stories are afloat that his spirit still haunts the river. And when, of a windy March night, the blasts moan down the chimney and howl drearily through the tree-tops, those who live along the flats about Schuyler can hear a human voice far down the river, crying for help; and at such times they will draw their chairs closer to the fire, look into one another's faces and mutter, "Ah! Jacob Vanderheyden's ghost again!"

A NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THERE are two eating-houses on Nassau street, a little way above the *Tribune* office. The first is commonly known as "Varn's," the second as "Hitchcock's." Both are frequented by newspaper men. Our editorial friend and ourselves (the original Scholiast *and* self) went to Hitchcock's for cakes and coffee. The chief peculiarity of this establishment is its list of prices. Everything is marked at five cents. On the wall there hangs a placard announcing that the saloon is closed on Sunday nights. With this exception, it is kept open night and day, the year round. Having finished our frugal meal, we went down to Varn's for some cigars. Varn's is a more pretentious place than Hitchcock's. Ten cents is the ruling price here. On the wall I noticed a card containing the following: "Extra dishes—always in season: Woodcock, Quail, Sleeve Buttons, Boned Turkey—all for ten cents per plate." This sounds well, but it really means—pork and beans, corned beef and beans, fish balls, hash, all for ten cents per plate. This eating-house is never closed.

Our supper finished, we returned to the editorial rooms. Only a few of the desks are now occupied. The reporters have gone home. The managing editor is about ready to go. The night editor and his assistant are still busy, while Mr. Linn sits tilted back in his chair, with his feet on the desk, fast asleep, waiting for the daily to go to press, before he makes the last selections of news for the semi-weekly.

The proof room is full of business. This used to be Mr. Greeley's room; but it was so easy of access that he was finally driven out of it and down-stairs. The room itself, in its fixtures, resembles the editorial rooms. Three or four proof readers are busy here. Proof reading is a most important branch of newspaper work; and on a journal like the *Tribune* it is no small part of the work. Everything is read by copy—the reader marking the mistakes as he reads. A second proof or revise is then taken

from the corrected matter, this is compared with the first, all mistakes made by the corrector are marked, and when these are corrected the type is ready for the imposing-stone. The proof room is connected with the composing room by means of a diminutive dumb-waiter.

But it is time we visited the composing room. This occupies the topmost story of the building. It is long and low; and not even successive coats of whitewash have made the beams and braces overhead pleasant to the eye. Near the door by which we enter is the desk of the foreman. Near the center of the room are the imposing-stones. The rest of the space is filled with stands, racks, proof presses and other fixtures incidental to the business of type-setting. About fifty men are employed here in setting up the *Tribune*. The copy is given out by what is technically called "takes." This is the common sense of it. An article from Mr. Greeley, a review from Mr. Hassard, a lot of telegraphic news, etc., etc., comes up. This is taken and cut up into portions, each of which will make thirty or forty lines, perhaps, when in type. The separate portions are then marked "1," "2," etc., beginning with the commencement of the article. All the copy is thus divided up. These pieces are then hung on the copy hook, and the men come up in order and "take" them off in succession. Hence the term "takes." This way of giving out copy explains the "directions to correspondents" to write only on one side of the paper. It would be rather difficult, to say the least, to make the paragraphs come right for cutting, on both sides of the paper, were it written over on both sides. The compositors are paid by the thousand ems. An em is not a letter m, but a square of the particular size of type used—the em varying with the size. The smaller the type, if the matter be not too "solid"—i. e., if there be plenty of break lines—the more profitable it is for the compositor. Where the type is large, a line is set up sooner, and consequently there is more "spacing out" to be done—for each line has to be justified to the sides of the stick, to keep it in the form when made up; but as the em of the

large type is proportionately increased, it takes more lines to measure a thousand ems, and hence more ems can be set in the same time with smaller type, because less time is consumed in justifying the lines. The real work begins in the composing room at seven in the evening. From that time until about half-past two in the morning the click of the type is heard. Some interruptions occur. An important state paper or speech or something of the sort is expected, and room is reserved for it. But it is delayed in some way. Then the men have nothing to do, or are put on "bogus" copy—i. e., copy which is not intended for the paper, but which is given out so that the workmen may not lose their time. Lunch or supper causes a cessation of the rattling of the type. Many of the men bring this with them from home. Others have it brought to them from neighboring eating-houses. Perched on their stools, munching their cakes and drinking their coffee, the majority wearing various kinds of paper caps, some reading, many joking and laughing, all under the glare of a hundred gas-lights, they present a phase of life which is both interesting and suggestive.

But we have no time for reflections or speculations. The stereotypers are already at work, and they are too important a part of the establishment to be overlooked. Their room occupies that part of the upper story, at the backside, not taken up by the composing room. The room contains a furnace, atop of which is a caldron, now full of melted type-metal. Various other appliances of the business are to be seen in different parts of the room. The process of stereotyping is very simple and rapid. The form is brought in from the composing room. On this a sheet of thick paper, which has been soaked in a certain chemical mixture until it is almost like paste, is laid. This is beaten down with a heavy brush, until every letter, rule and point of the form is perfectly molded in the paper. Plaster of Paris is then sprinkled on the paper, filling up every cavity. Another sheet of paper is laid on, and this is beaten down, though not as thoroughly as the first. The form and its covering are then put into

a steam-press, which both holds the paper mold thus formed down upon the type and bakes it. Upon removal, the paper mold is taken from the form, placed in an iron mold, curved so as to fit the cylinder of the press and having an open space sufficient to form the body of the stereotyped form. This is filled with melted type-metal. The metal cools instantly, is taken out, the edges are trimmed by means of a circular saw, and then it is ready for the press. The whole process occupies less than twenty minutes. The principal advantages of stereotyping a newspaper are these:—a great saving is effected in the purchase of new type and by preserving the paper molds any number of the paper can be reprinted at any time. The saving in the purchase of type is considerable. Those huge printing-presses, turning out at the least 300,000 printed newspapers a week, soon wear out the best of type; and when one remembers that new type enough has to be purchased each time to fill the cases of fifty or sixty compositors, at the rate of forty or fifty cents a pound, and that type-metal is almost as heavy as lead, it is easy to form some idea of how great the expenditure must be, for this single item.

The stereotyped forms are sent down to the basement the moment the last one is ready—generally at about three o'clock. We go down a little earlier. It is a sepulchral place. There stand the presses, as silent as the grave. Vast heaps of machinery they are, with cylinders as big around as hogsheads. Here and there are great piles of white paper, already dampened for printing. On these are stretched brawny fellows, sleeping like tired children. The paper board of each press, too, has its odger. The iron monsters hold them as daintily and tenderly as in a mother's arms. We pick our way around among these, and out to the engines. These are located under the pavement on Spruce street. Their heat keeps the newsboys warm, as they catch a nap on the hard paving-stones above, preparatory to their morning's work. As we re-enter the press room proper, a slight movement is visible. The last form has come down. No one says any-

thing, but every one is awake. Silently every man goes to work. The forms are screwed to the cylinder. The rollers are put in their places. The paper is put on the feed-boards. The feed-men take their places. A thundering crash is heard, settling into a ceaseless din, and the printed sheets are here before our eyes.

From the press room a door leads into the folding room. Here a huge spider-like arrangement of steel bars, driven by steam, seizes sheet after sheet from the pile before it passes it along through its many arms, diminishing its size by one-half at every step, until finally it falls at our feet, a perfectly folded copy of the *Tribune*, ready for the public.

—As I stated last month, each editorial writer on the *Tribune* has his definite work to do. I should have added that whatever he does beside brings him extra pay. If the agricultural editor writes a political squib, or the literary editor comments on the beauties of Alaska, or another of the force furnishes an article outside of his special department, all these articles come before the managing editor for inspection, and he selects such as will make out the best editorial page. Those whose articles appear, receive extra pay.

W. R. S.



THE MINISTRY.

THE day of prayer for colleges has come and gone. I doubt not the needs of the ministry formed everywhere, as here, one of the main topics of consideration. At any rate *here* they were presented with great fervor to the attention of all. During the course of the meeting at the North Church, two remarks were made, which in our view contained a great deal of meaning, though but one of them could lay claim to any very considerable amount of truth. It was said by one of the theological professors that "every graduate from college should gi

a good reason why he does not enter the ministry ;" and a subsequent speaker added that when he saw how the ministry and ministers were looked down upon, he felt little like urging young men to enlist. This latter speaker seemed at a loss to account for this state of the ministerial credit, and was inclined to believe in the existence of some inexplicable and irremediable cause which produced this result. But it struck us that in the essence of the first remark could be found the cause which has operated, and is still at work, to produce that condition of things which justly fills the minds of all with regret.

The rule that every man ought to be a minister who cannot give good reasons why he should not be, is of course a broad one. The word *good* may be stretched to almost any extent, but the *obvious* meaning in this connection was, that, unless there was some *insurmountable obstacle*, this obligation was binding. Such seems to have been the principle that has animated many of those who have had the charge of young men, while there can be little doubt but that it has often influenced the decisions of young men themselves who were in a state of hesitation concerning their future career. There had been, and is, a strong external pressure brought to bear to *drive* men into the ministry ; the great need of ministers, the influence of circumstances, and the great desire to do good, contribute, each its part, to the common end, and men become so attentive to the *end* that they forget to regard the *means*.

Under such a regime it is easy to see at once that the large class who had no positive reasons—a sort of *negative* class—would be induced to enter the ministry, and that the number of these would be large in proportion to the strength of these influences. The natural result would be to overburden the ministry with inefficient servants. This has been the case. No one who has occasion to listen to different ministers can fail to see that such is a fact. If it is idle, as was claimed, to speculate on the *causes* of this, the *fact*, at least, stands before us, a painful reality. No profession so signally lacks efficient men as the ministry. When we listen in one church after another

to the weak and ineffective presentation of God's truth; when we see what part of our college graduates enter this holy work, we cannot but feel that there is abundant reason for our professor's sad regrets, and do not wonder that the ministry is looked down upon, that minister's salaries are low, and their life one of hardship. Our only wonder is that the condition of affairs is as good as it is.

If we have been clear thus far, it will be seen at once that the rule laid down for the conduct of college graduates is a pernicious one. It is far from true. Indeed, so far does it vary from truth that its converse seems the correct principle for action, viz: that no man should enter the ministry who cannot give a good reason *why he does*.

Such a rule as this is the criterion of our course with reference to other professions, and what analogy will not extend this to the ministry? If a man contemplates engaging in the practice of law he asks himself if he possesses the peculiar qualities which that profession demands. Why should not a person looking towards the ministry, do the same? A mere education is not sufficient, for doubtless, with few exceptions, all our clergymen are well educated. "An heart in the work" is not enough, for none would think of charging the clergy with this lack; and yet, as a body, they may well be charged with failure, certainly with inefficiency. The work of the ministry is no less material because there may be a spiritual element, and as such demands its own material, or rather intellectual qualifications.

It is quite likely that at this point it may be remarked that it is a difficult matter for one to tell whether he is fitted for the ministry or not and what the requisite qualifications may be.

Is it *generally* a matter of difficulty for a young man to tell whether he has the requisite qualities for his purposed life-work or not? Now and then one appears conceited enough to believe himself almost a Cicero or Demosthenes, but, as a general thing men succeed moderately well in solving the problem. As regards the qualifications for success in this vocation, it would be foreign to our purposes to enter

into any discussion. We can only say that no one in the habit of attending church can fail of perceiving that one great cause of the present lukewarmness is the lack of able, attractive preaching. We do not wish to lay ourselves open to the charge of advocating anything like flashy pulpit oratory; but what we feel is, the want of earnest manly thought, forcibly and attractively presented. If we are not very much mistaken, comparatively few sermons give food to carry away. It may be that we are unusually dull and, therefore, fail to appreciate much that we hear. Be this as it may, no person is justified in taking up this profession unless he feels conscious of his ability to do this part of the work well. This is the more binding on the embryonic minister, since his efficiency does not, as in the case of the lawyer, affect himself alone, but others more even than himself. It must be apparent that he who does not feel himself capable of meeting this responsibility, who does not feel that he can lend to his pulpit *some* magnetic force, is not the man who can say "I believe this is the duty for me."

There is yet another qualification still more disregarded. Many conscious of their "pulpit power" become ministers without further question. They forget that the great work of the clergy lies outside of the pulpit. They forget that social qualities are needed to bind a congregation together, to lay a firm *moral* foundation on which to build up the religious superstructure, to make, in a word, the society a sort of family on a large scale. The apathy and the non-intercourse of our religious societies distinctly show this want. People go to church much as they go to a lecture. Beyond the going and coming they have little or no idea. There is no feeling of home while there. Everywhere there is wanted a spirit that shall unify these various religious societies, and if a minister have not some social qualities which shall serve to make him a center whence shall issue cords of love to bind the people to that nucleus, his mission will be a failure. In a word, if he be not of a social cast his mission will be well nigh fruitless. Now every graduating class sees some of its members

study theology who while in college never had the power to influence their classmates or were able to bind with but feeble threads either men to themselves or to each other. They are quite often college recluses; men who come and go, who are seldom noticed or seldom missed. Naturally enough each class predicts for such men, failure, and for their congregations, worse than failure.

The objector may say here, that if these men, whom we call unqualified for their vocation, did not take it up there would be many small flocks left without a shepherd. But this would not necessarily follow, and even if it would it could not acquit one from the charge of undertaking what he knows he must deplorably fail to perform. But if by any presentation of this case, such a reaction could be produced, its effect would be to elevate the profession from that slough of low estimation in which it is now struggling. But if those, who feel their utter incapacity to vitalize the church by their "pulpit power," or in their character of shepherds, to unify their flock, yet find it their duty to take up their position in these forsaken places every one can, of course, accord to them the fullest credit of noble motives and say God-speed. Yet this will in no way obliterate the painful fact that the ministry as a profession is deteriorated and degraded, not by an inexplicable cause, but by the quality of a great majority of the men who are yearly entering it.

If such thoughts as these are of any value they will tend to convince us that any rule of action, such as that propounded by our professor, is erroneous. Farther than this, such thoughts ought to stimulate earnest questionings in the heart of every one who contemplates becoming a "Divine Physician," and every man who takes on himself the mantle of this office ought to be armed with "*good reasons why.*"

FREE TRADE IN RELIGION.

I HAVE often had the curiosity to look around at the congregation assembled each Sunday in our College Chapel. Doubtless many have done the same, and if they have not grown utterly callous by the weekly repetition of the same scene, year in and year out, they must have felt somewhat grieved at the spectacle. It is indeed a discouraging one. There are four hundred young men—**young men** who are to have a marked influence on the religious sentiments of the coming generation; a large number are gazing vacantly around them, some are dozing on the shoulders of their companions, a few are perhaps stealing glances at some book they hold in their hands, while out of four hundred it may be that fifty are giving some attention to the preacher. I am not exaggerating; **fifty** is a large estimate; often it is impossible to count **five** listeners in a whole class, and this too, it should be borne in mind, when perhaps half of the students in the upper classes are church members. It may be that these figures will be questioned, but, however that may be, the lamentable fact remains, that out of an audience whom it is most important to interest,—an audience whose future influence cannot be overestimated—a very large majority are habitually inattentive to religious instruction from the college pulpit. Now why is this? It is not so with other congregations even of the most ignorant and least intellectual character. There must be a cause, and, let us hope, a remedy.

Does the fault lie with the audience? Is it as some would declare that students will not listen to any preacher of whatever merit he be? I should be loath to concur in any such conclusion. It is true that we are exacting, true that we are hard to please, and due weight should be given to these causes in accounting for the general lack of attention, but they are utterly insufficient to account for its extent. Students do not differ so widely from other young men. The audiences of our

preachers prove conclusively that young men can be interested, while the feeling of most of us toward our pastors at home adds strength to this same conclusion. The blame then should not rest with the audience except perhaps in a small degree.

Another solution of the problem has been offered. Some have hinted that the clergyman was at fault; that the students are inattentive because the sermons are dull. I should be far from underrating the powerful effect which the quality of a sermon exercises on the attention of a congregation, but, even were it the dullest of the dull, such almost universal carelessness as we see among ourselves could not be wholly charged to its score. Many of us, especially the large number who are church members, believe in listening to any preacher, if for no other reason, because he is an ordained minister; the office, we think, consecrates the man. There is, however, another more conclusive reason for believing that the blame does not lie entirely with the clergyman. The college pulpit has been filled with a large number of different men, representing almost every shade of talent, and with the exception of Newman Hall, and one or two of especial celebrity, all have met with the same inattention, varying only slightly in degree, while there is not a single exception in the case of those who have filled the position of college pastor for any continued time.

But is there no other possible cause of the present state of affairs than captiousness on the part of the audience, or dullness on the part of the preacher? I conceive that there is, and one powerful enough to account for a large share of the evil. It is the element of compulsion. We are compelled to attend the services of the college chapel twice every Sunday. It is not enough that we are compelled to attend a church, but we are compelled to attend *this* church—driven there, not indeed at the point of the bayonet as were the persecuted covenanters, but driven there by the no less effective force of college law. Almost all of us come from Christian homes, and would doubtless attend church in any case. Many of us, in fact, do attend

church in the evening after two compulsory services during the day, but the matter is not left to our own decision, we are compelled to go.

Nor are we so very young. The average age of the four classes is over twenty; a large number of us are men in the legal sense of the word, and many more in the intellectual sense; almost everyone has begun to think and reason for himself, and yet all are deprived of any choice of their own and compelled to attend a particular church and listen to a particular clergyman.

Compulsion! There is something revolting in the idea. The most longed-for pleasure, once made compulsory, becomes a task. There is something inherent in the human mind which excites antagonism toward anything we are forced to do, even when we see it to be fully reasonable, and far more so when we do not. Is it then so strange that students should look on the Chapel services as they do, and since they are compelled to attend, is it so unnatural for them to think their duty done when they are seated in their pew, no matter where their thoughts may be? Our religious feelings should be spontaneous; if going to Church be a duty, it should at least be a self-imposed duty; but college law ignores this, it says, "You must go to church just as you must go to any other college exercise," and the consequence is that we unconsciously come to regard this going to church in the same light as our week-day tasks. It is no longer church, it is "chapel." It is not the house of God, it is a recitation room. Little acts insufficient in themselves, but of deep meaning when regarded in this connection, will often manifest this feeling. Putting on our hats, as soon as the professors have passed down the aisle, has become so usual that we never give a thought to it, but it is something we would never dream of doing at home, and the same may be said respecting much of our conduct during the services.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is my firm conviction that all should attend religious services, and that however uninteresting be the exercises, this act is in itself

worship. I believe too that we should use every means of argument and of persuasion to induce those to go who may be disinclined, but here we should stop. Argument and persuasion are legitimate weapons of religion; force is not, and the instant we attempt to propagate our faith with the sword of the law, that instant we defeat ourselves. Religion, as I have said, must be spontaneous; it shrinks from the idea of force. We cannot save men by holding their heads under the pump of salvation and washing away their sins whether they will or no. It is true that there may be instances in which people have been converted by compelled attendance on religious service; perhaps there may be such in college, but most conversions are rather in spite of the chapel than owing to it. Good may be done to one or two, but harm is done to many. The feeling of abhorrence at the chapel services naturally reacts on religion itself, even when separated from its college associations.

Such I believe to be the deplorable results of forced attendance on our chapel services. The present evil of inattention and carelessness may be partly due to the audience, and partly due to the preacher, but it is largely due to this compulsion.

Its immediate abolishment may be too much to ask. There are grave reasons,—sufficient ones perhaps,—why it should not be granted now, though we look to see it effected ultimately, but there is a step in the right direction, an act of partial justice which should be, and which can be done at once, and which would go far to remedy the existing evil. The faculty may not be prepared to leave the question of church-going entirely to our decision, but they certainly can leave the choice of the church.

However talented a college pastor may be, it would be unnatural for him to suit all. Just as men are differently constituted, so are their religious needs different; some want doctrinal, others practical sermons; some a popular, others an intellectual style, and in a town like this, all needs and tastes can be approximately gratified.

There is only one possible objection to such a course,

and that is that the students could not be so thoroughly overlooked as they are now, were they scattered through different churches.

Assuming it to be well that young men of twenty should be subject to such constant oversight, nevertheless the action of the college with regard to Episcopalians would vitiate this objection. The privilege has long been given to members of this and of some other sects to choose their place of worship, though attendance on the place chosen has been made compulsory. As this plan remains unchanged, the presumption is that it has worked satisfactorily and we merely ask for the extension of its benefits to all college instead of to only a few. It is one which the students of several other colleges, as well as of the Scientific School, a department of Yale College, have long enjoyed, and however our faculty may cling to what has been aptly called "the police system of education," this much at least we may ask, and we ask it not as a right, though such a plea might well be urged, but simply in the interest of true religion. Our Sabbaths have been desecrated long enough. It is full time for this desecration to cease.

Some may exclaim "what would become of the College Chapel if such a plan were adopted?"

The College Chapel has had protection long enough; it is time for it to stand on its own merits. If the services there should be as attractive as they are elsewhere, the house would be filled; if not, certainly none of us would wish to sacrifice the religious improvement of so many students to a mere sentimentality.

Free trade is a principle which will apply to religion as well as to more material things. If we are compelled to buy somewhere, we should at least be allowed to buy where the wares best meet our needs. Give us Free Trade.

[Since the above was written there has appeared in the last number of this Magazine an article speaking of the same evil, though ascribing its existence to a different cause. Whatever the truth may be, its appearance gives additional emphasis to the fact that there is a great evil and one which from its nature admits of a remedy. This remedy should be applied and applied quickly.]

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Commences with Feb. 15th and closes with the 12th inst., covering perhaps the duller and most monotonous period of the college year. March thus far has been delinquently engaged in making up for the deficiency of winter weather during the previous three months, and is well sustaining its reputation as the worst month of the year. Washington's Birthday, which happened along on the 22d ult., was celebrated by the omission of the afternoon recitation, and the following day is a red-letter date in the Freshman calendar as the occasion of the first appearance of '73 with bangers. The Sophomores, who deserve great credit for the fidelity with which they have kept their agreement to behave like gentlemen this year, refrained from interference, and the banger rush seems likely to be known hereafter only as a tradition. Freshmanic pride on this occasion was, however, somewhat wounded by the simultaneous appearance on the streets of certain colored youth with "'73" painted on their backs and bangers in their hands. Thursday, the 24th ult., was the "day of fasting and prayer for colleges," and all but the early morning recitations were consequently omitted. On the next day Prof. Sanford commenced at the Medical College his course of eighteen lectures to the Seniors on Anatomy and Physiology, delivered four afternoons in the week at 3 o'clock. One of the two Daniel Cady Eatons is also lecturing to the class once a week, every Saturday noon, on Botany. This Professor's catalogue name is Daniel C., and is thus distinguished from that of the Art Professor, which is D. Cady Eaton. Guizot's History of Civilization in Europe is at present recited to Prof. Wheeler, and Hopkins' Law of Love has just been commenced under Prof. Porter. Prof. Loomis has finished his course of lectures to the Juniors, which lectures, by the way, have been graced by the presence of Miss Folsom's boarding school. Several ladies also attend Prof. Wheeler's lectures on History. The Juniors have just finished their Exhibition pieces, and are now at work "speaking" them to Prof. Bailey. On the morning of Tuesday, the 8th inst., the

Composition Prizes

Were announced by the President to the expectant Sophomores. The sensible arrangement introduced a year ago of offering first, second and

third prizes, without any reference to the divisions, was followed this term, and may now be regarded as a permanent thing. Four prizes of each order were awarded as follows: *first prizes*, to R. E. Coe of Bloomfield, N. J., 1; Charles C. Deming of Hartford, 1; John H. Hincks of Bridgeport, 1; and George Richards of Bridgeport, 1; *second prizes*, to Henry C. Deming of Hartford, 2; Benjamin Hoppin of New Haven, 1; John Kendrick of Waterbury, 2; and Henry M. Sanders of New York City, 1; *third prizes*, to James H. Clendenin of Gallipolis, O., 1; H. W. B. Howard of Brooklyn, N. Y., 2; Artemas A. Murch of Carmel, Me., 1; and Charles A. Northrop of Ridgefield, 1. In the above list we have appended to each person's name the number of the division to which he belonged. It will thus be seen that of the twelve prize men, nine belonged to the first division, three to the second, and not a solitary one to the third. At the same time with the composition prizes were announced the Clark Premiums for the solution of mathematical problems in the Senior Class, which were awarded as follows: the *first* to Orlando Cope of Butlerville, Ind., and the *second* to Norman W. Cary of Philadelphia, Penn. These last prizes naturally suggest the

Town Shows,

About which few words need be said. The most interesting of all to students was the Beethoven Concert on Wednesday, the 9th inst., in aid of the Yale Navy. An audience of very fine quality and fair proportions was present, and the balance sheet will probably show quite a sum for the treasury of the Navy. The society chorus of sixty voices was in good practice, and under the leadership of our Wheeler, sang very effectively, while Messrs. Griffith, Ross and Reeve gave some excellent solos, and Mr. Slade acquitted himself well with the flute. Professor Gould of Cambridge on Wednesday, the 2d inst., closed the course of Scientific Lectures, which have been every way a great success. Other noteworthy shows have been the lecture of Horace Greeley on the 10th, a fine concert by home talent at the Third Church on the 11th, and two nights of the "Lottery of Life" on the 7th and 8th, with John Brougham as the star, supported by an excellent company.

OUR BOOK-CASE.

We regret having been obliged to neglect this department of our magazine for the last few issues. Since we last gave any extended notice of the books in our case we have received a number of good ones. Some of these are excellent and some we fail to appreciate. But even these last we fail to appreciate for our own reading only, for they are admirably adapted to the end for which they are issued, viz: to replenish Sabbath School libraries, not with the "Saint and Devil" style, but with good sensible books, which will add an attraction to the Sabbath School. Heretofore a great mistake has been made in the style of books used for this purpose. They have been neither calculated to interest very much or to set any very tangible model of life before the minds of the young. Messrs. Lee & Shepard may well be congratulated on their share in bringing about this desirable result. They are doing a work which no other firm is doing, and in this line stand without a rival.

But we are glad to notice that they do not confine their attention to juvenile books, but from time to time samples come from their press fit to be placed beside any we receive. But more of these presently, and we pause to notice the juvenile books they have sent us.

Lake Shore Series. 5 vols. By Oliver Optic.

Patty Grey's Journey. By Miss Dall. Pp. 201. Tinted Paper.

B. O. W. C. By the author of "The Dodge Club."

Sabbath Songs, for Children's Worship. By Leonard Marshall. Pp. 176.

We heartily commend these to all who are purchasing books for children.
We have also received

The Tone Masters; a Musical Series for the Young. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Tinted Paper. Pp. 193. 1870.

Dialogues from Dickens. By W. Eliot Fette. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Tinted Paper. Pp. 253. 1870.

American Woman in Europe. By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 337. 1869.

We have in this last the record of two years and a half travel through the principal countries of Europe. Everything as seen by a woman is clearly told, and while the book makes no pretensions to beauty of style, it has a certain elegant diction, so that the information gained is not acquired at the expense of effort and fatigue. To do this justice, without somewhat of a more extended criticism than space allows us to give, is impossible, and we can only commend this to our readers as one of the most interesting books of travel we have seen.

Tredo. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 444. 1869.

If an extended criticism is required to do justice to the preceding book, more than this is necessary for the volume before us. It not only requires a full criticism but an amount of study to make that criticism which we are obliged to confess we have not been able to give to it. This much we can say; of all the supernatural books we have met with, we accord to this the highest place. The author has thoughts peculiar to himself. He has drifted along the cloudy heights of the supernatural with a fancy ever active, gathering a harvest of speculative thought. Great study of the Bible is evinced in every page and every paragraph is pregnant with thought. To such an extent is this the case that it is more a book for study than for reading, and the frequent use of our volume made by certain unfortunates who teach and speak in Mission Schools, speaks much for its worth.

We place it on our shelves beside our Paley and Butler, but we are confident that it alone will be used, for it in truth supplements them and fills a place unoccupied by any other volume. As a clear, strong exposition of orthodox principles it should be read by every one.

The Sunset Land. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 314. 1870.

The title of the book and the name of the author are enough of themselves to secure a large sale, and to warrant a perusal. Yet it strikes us that there is a glut of these books descriptive of our great West. Every traveler seems to suppose that he is the only one who has seen and, as a consequence he ought to tell the people of the beauties of our "American Paradise." So many books have resulted from this, or a similar, conceited opinion, that we have lost all desire to read them whenever we see them. We presume, therefore, that we were prejudiced when this book came to hand, and this may have colored our opinion of the book itself, but we cannot say that we laid it down with regret. It seemed superficial and unsatisfactory, though less so than most similar works. Yet to a great extent superficiality was a necessity because this is the record of but a brief journey and *can* give but a "touch-point" idea. One short summer vacation is altogether too short a time to form a well digested view of the West or any considerable portion of it. Consequently, however well written, the book must be unsatisfactory.

Titania's Banquet; Pictures of Woman and other Poems. By George Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 173. 1870.

It is almost idle to commend a volume of poems which, in these days of ephemeral poetry, has passed into a third edition. This the volume before us has done, and it is greater praise than anything else we can say of it in the brief space we can allot to it. In our present age of utility we scarcely expect to see new songsters rise up; and we are *poetically* satisfied with the newspaper trash that is so abundant. But a new poet—a real poet—has come to light (Mr. Hill will pardon us for saying "new," for we, doubtless on account of our ignorance, had not heard of him before), and we enjoy his volume as one of true merit. Perhaps it would be best for us not to attempt

any criticism on rhythm and "that sort of thing," but be content to thank the poet for the treat. Yet we know that this requisite to good poetry is not wanting, and the imagery and poetic sensitiveness, if we may so call it, stamp the volume in our hands as a finished production.

Moral, Intellectual and Physical Culture; or the Philosophy of True Living.

By F. G. Welch, Instructor in Department of Physical Culture in Yale College. Pp. 429. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

So much has been said with reference to this book that any words of ours will hardly obtain for it a more extended introduction. We can, however, but express our surprise at the unbounded flattery heaped upon Prof. Welch's book by our exchanges. It seems to us if much had been left out and something readable and instructive substituted, we should have been better satisfied with the book. As it is, we confess we are disappointed.

Juventus Mundi. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Pp. 554. 1869.

This is the last work of the great Premier. It shows perhaps the thorough accuracy of his scholarship and his wonderful literary acumen, better than the "Homeric Studies" which he put forth in '58, for this new work was written amid the recess of his parliamentary labor, and we see the relaxation of his mind in the lighter and more sociable language and illustrations which he has employed. We in college have often complained of the dead-level style of criticism which is given to us on the great works of Homer. We often hear the remark made—and not always by the poorest scholars—"I fail to see the much-talked-of beauties of Homer," and you take the average Freshman, and with few exceptions, he will look on this daily preparation as so much drudge work, pretty much as one wanders through a desert without seeing a single green oasis, or along the sea shore without finding one pretty marked shell. Now it is this very dry, narrow style of studying which ruins all interest and ultimately all scholarship. To meet this difficulty, to excite interest, to present Homeric times out of their clouds as real and living historical periods, are the objects which this work accomplishes. Here is a sample how the author excites our interest. We have all learned the barren statement that the Greeks had three chief appellatives, without knowing much the importance of the fact. Mr. Gladstone starts from this apparently trivial circumstance as his central point to establish two purposes: to show the different shades of meaning in each of them, viz: that the Danaoi were the people in warfare, the Argaioi the people in tillage and the Achaioi the people in the governing class, to show the different times in which these different appellatives obtained to the full power in Greece. This way of treatment is proper to the historian who—like the geologist in the reptilian age—would fain make fact out of fancy and reduce myth to method. Besides this common sense view of looking at the matter, the book is written with the wonderful clearness for which the present Premier is so justly famous. Had we to go through Freshman year again, we should have this work ever at our elbow, and if in our busy life-work of the future, curiosity

should lead us to open the musty pages of our Odyssey, we shall turn from the pencil notes of the tutor on its margin to seek fuller and more satisfactory information in the leaves of *Juventus Mundi*.

The Bible in the Public Schools. By R. W. Clark, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 127. 1870.

Although we cannot agree with the arguments of this book, we are yet glad to see the side with which we fain would sympathize, presented in this clear and compact form. This pamphlet is calculated to meet a want which will be felt more and more as this discussion goes on. If one can accept the premises of this argument he must inevitably reach the same conclusions. We agree with the writer that our government was founded on the principles of the Bible, but so are all creeds, and if we are not mistaken, both are based on an equal degree on the Bible, and on the same broad principles of virtue and morality. But our government professes to go no further at least than all creeds go in common. It supports no one creed to the prejudice of another. Now if it compels the reading of what some of our citizens consider a mutilated version of the Scriptures, and to which they conscientiously object, it seems to us that it directly commits itself to the support of one creed. This seems to be the point on which the whole argument hinges, and which the book fails to meet. But aside from what we consider the weak point of the argument, there is very much calculated to exert a powerful and salutary influence on the community, in opening its eyes to what this agitation really tends.

Besides these we have received our usual college exchanges, If we omit to give them especial attention here, we have not failed to read them with interest and pleasure.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Denison Collegian, Dartmouth, Griswold Collegian, Nassau Literary Magazine, Notre Dame Ave Maria, Packer Quarterly, Ripon College Days, Santa Clara Owl, Virginia University Magazine.*

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Amherst Student, Columbia Cap and Gown, Chicago College Times, College Courant, College Review, Cornell Era, Crown Point Castilian, Delaware Western Collegian, Harvard Advocate, Indiana Student, Madisonensis, Michigan Chronicle, Notre Dame Scholastic, Peekskill Academician, Pittsburgh College Journal, Racine College Mercury, Washington Southern Collegian, Washington Irving Union, Williams Vidette, Wesleyan College Argus.*

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES:—*Christian World, Manufacturer and Builder, Overland Monthly, Schoolmaster, Technologist, Western Monthly, Wood's Household Magazine.*

OUTSIDE PAPERS:—*American Journal of Philately, American Literary Gazette, Appleton's Journal, Baltimore Southern Metropolis, Hearth and Home, Living Church, Loomis' Musical Journal, Nation, New York Citizen and Round Table, Seaside Oracle, St. Louis Journal of Education, Yonkers Statesman.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

There is a vacant seat by our fire ; come and take it, courteous reader. We are anxious to gather around our genial friend away from the storms without. We have already told you what is in our " Book-Case ;" take, read and be interested. Our exchanges are all busy with reforms. Reform seems to be the battle cry of the age. It is being wildly pushed both in and out of college. Radicals are battling at the social ramparts that have stood for ages, while the curricula that our predecessors elaborated and which trained the great men of the past—stars so bright that, though at a greater distance, they outvie in brilliancy those of our own immediate vicinity,—are being condemned as narrow and cramping. " O, mores ! O, tempora !" We who are wiser than our fathers are fast building on what, to them, were unsounded depths. It would seem as if there were no end to the defects which reformers are pointing out in our social and educational fabric. The marking system which for so long was a constant topic in the mouths of those who are picking flaws with our college curricula, has ceased to be considered save by those whom it most nearly concerns. Of them it still demands serious attention, and is in some places even a matter of experiment. A friend of ours, who casually picked up one of our college exchanges in which it chanced to be discussed, expressed his surprise that it should have failed ; for failure was recorded. No, sir ; there is no cause for surprise. The total abolition of the marking system must, from the nature of the case, result only in confusion and disorder. Such a course has for the corner-stone of its structure, the principle, " Make *men* of students and they will act like men." It is only on this ground that success is expected, and it is just on this ground that failure ensues. Undertake to make men of students by giving full immunities, and lawlessness, or perhaps we should say carelessness and indifference, results. " Give them an inch and they will take a mile," is the maxim that illustrates their course. If a stranger should be put down in our midst and see our eagerness to get out of any exercises, or the neglect we manifest of any optional duty, he would give us credit for being children, not men. He would see that the laws are the result of our student-character and not our character the result of the laws. It may be safely inferred that just such a spirit caused this trial to result in failure at Columbia. As soon as the students were put upon their honor they took every sort of advantage. Why this should be so we are unable to say, unless it be that college honor is not strong. It does not regard many little things, and above all, deception, as absolutely wrong ; at least it does not *practically* regard them so. Whatever may be our theories, we are in reality constantly supporting much that we shall regard as mean in the world, and which constitutes fatal obstructions to " placing students on their honor."

These few words will probably not be regarded as out of place since we are all anxious to know the results of theories that affect us whenever they are put in practice. But there are defects in our own system which more nearly interest us.

The *College Courant* has contained some excellent articles on the "Defects at Yale." Though we do not see the possibility of carrying out the measures of reform laid down in those articles, we are at a loss to see how any one can fail to recognize the truth of many of the statements. Especially were we pleased with the criticism on the "instruction by tutors." A lame reply that appeared, trying to maintain that young men fresh from college were just the ones to teach freshmen, showed, by its own feebleness, the strength of the statement it was trying to overthrow. The defender of *tutor instruction* said that *once* he was of the opinion that it was not the best, but as he had grown older he had seen the wisdom of it. That writer is growing old altogether too fast. But to return to our point. We did not take this up to praise the criticism, but to say that, while our tutor instruction is far too often a failure, it must be, for a long time to come, a necessity, and any criticisms which imply, as many do, that this is not a necessary defect, are unkind and unjust. The pay of our instructors is so small that they must oftentimes obey more tempting offers, while the college funds are so limited that it is impossible to so increase a tutor's salary as to retain him, when seminaries and professorships in small institutions call him away. It is not the *tutor instruction* itself that is an evil, but the *constant change*, on account of which Inexperience is constantly sitting in the chairs of freshman instructors. But it cannot be otherwise until the funds of the college allow sufficient salary to make it an object, pecuniarily, to able men to stay here. An instance occurred but last summer when an excellent instructor was drawn away by a *living* salary. There was no possible way by which the faculty could increase his pay here, and they were obliged to let him go, though they did it with regret. We can but hope that the day will not be far distant when the funds of the college will be such that every successful instructor can be retained. In this connection we cannot forbear to suggest that some measures might be taken at these various alumni dinners to put the many enthusiastic wishes of the graduates into tangible shape. As the *Courant* has said, they accomplish nothing. If those graduates who now assemble, would only come prepared to make a yearly gift to their Alma Mater, were it but a small one, they could help her wonderfully, and perhaps the spirit of generosity would prove contagious. The plan would, at least, be worth trying. It is from her sons that our "fostering mother" is to expect her chief assistance, for *they* know how to give, and will not load their benefactions with restrictions that shall render the assistance worse than useless. Amid all the talk of the alumni and would-be advisers, let us see something more tangible than words; something that shall obviate the necessity of such defects as all so justly regret. Let the motto be "give" rather than "talk."

But reformers without are not busier than those within. Crusades against "existing evils" have already been begun, and sophomore societies can congratulate themselves on the honor of being the first attacked. As yet, however, they do not seem to have lost any of their original vigor,—not if the accounts of "the new hall" are reliable. But not being honored with an invitation to the dedication of the aforesaid temple, we cannot vouch for the reliability of the rumors. Doubtless, however, with these increased facilities the work of self-improvement goes briskly forward. In all probability the debates are more spirited, the essays more interesting, the plays better, and

the social culture developing more gloriously than ever, the qualities so necessary to junior year. It is said even the "half hour for beer and crackers" is grudged. The *harmonious* choruses that so well prepare one for waking at the first stroke of the 7 o'clock bell, or Sunday morning bell, tell us clearly there *is* an increased interest in something.

Thus on every hand our *poor* Alma Mater is criticized and complained of: yet she pursues her own course, heeding little these would-be reformers. Like a true mother, she is contented with her sphere. Her family is her all. Beyond this she has no hopes, no care. In the honors of her various sons she is exalted. Glorious is the crown she wears and gloriously does she wear it.

But turning to ourselves, we cannot let such derogatory compliments go by as have been showered upon us recently. Especially do we Seniors feel the injustice charged upon the compositions which we have read this year. We think it not at all unlikely they were below the standard, but when we are told they would have disgraced us in sophomore or junior year, we cannot see the justice of the criticism. We are sure we never heard any complaint of them at that time. We think, if what is said be true, the faculty must be lax in their duty, for they should have criticized them before.

But these are gone and are in—the flames. We have at last consigned them to the devouring element because we are soon to take up our bed and walk, healed, of course, of all the leprosy of ignorance; and we shall not need them here any more. We look beyond the narrow gulf that separates us from our future, and sing "There'll be no composition there." But compositions are not all that are over. Gone, too, is the halcyon season of rest and ease which, *we are told*, we enjoyed. Those days "when we smoke our pipes and take our ease," have always been in the future—and probably always will be.

Long before having arrived at this point, our readers will have seen that to write an Editor's Table is hard work for us. We confess we are by no means skillful in talking entertainingly about the weather or any similarly monotonous topic. It is decidedly not our *forte*. Not only do we lack the ability but also the inclination. Our fire sends out its genial summons to its side. Yonder easy chair appeals strongly to our lazy nature. Our exchanges can interest us far more than we can interest our readers; and more than all, we are taught by the "Law of Love" to take the *whole loaf* ourselves. It is only that we are under the influence of excellent counter-theological tutelage, that we are induced to sacrifice even thus much of our "good." We are extremely glad to have found some system of philosophy to uphold us in the selfish preference of our own ease. It is so much pleasanter to draw up before the fire, shade the light and launch out into that mysterious sea of visions, journeying to the golden lands of the future; so much more contenting even to settle the mind down to the quiet enjoyment of the panorama of all that is happy in the past; so much pleasanter, we say, is all this, than trying to cook a savory dish for the sensitive palate of the college public, that our inclinations are rapidly getting the better of us. Perhaps if our place was filled by more communicative personages, (we wish it was), they might be inclined to dream aloud, but we are conscientiously opposed to this. The "Castles in Spain" which we are fools enough to build, do not assume forms material enough to be transmitted, in all their fairy splendor, to the ages when the LIT. shall become the "models of style."

But hold! lest we dream aloud and expose our happy thoughts or ambitious hopes, we will lay our pen aside and only—dream.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '70.

EDWARD P. CLARK,

WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,

J. HENRY CUMMINGS,

CHARLES H. STRONG,

THOMAS J. TILNEY.

SMOKE.

THE leading article of the last LIT. treats of a custom prevailing among newspapers and the public generally, of ferreting out some of the small vices to be found here at Yale, magnifying them, and then holding them up for general inspection. This is the exaggerating tendency of our friends outside. They paint the shadows of student life in the very blackest hues. But this magnifying is not confined to a charitable public alone. We ourselves, the slandered, the abused, are guilty of a similar practice. Not of making bad, worse; but of making things, good enough in themselves, altogether too good.

A dramatist of the present day, anxious to write another "Much ado about nothing," would probably find a congenial atmosphere for his play in New Haven, and excellent dramatis personæ in the five hundred or so students who make it their head quarters.

"College is a world in itself" says every body, and, of course, what every body says must be true. It is, however, a world with no fixed dimensions; from without people are inclined to look at its virtues and excellences

through the large end of the glass alone, and see them only in liliputian proportions. We, within, are too apt to reverse the instrument, and thus magnify and distort everything, make mountains out of mole hills, oceans out of very diminutive puddles.

A flea, under a Grunow microscope, is truly a wonderful creation, marvelous in structure, beautiful in fresco. Take away the convex lenses, and there remains on the plate,—a flea, nothing more. Mental as well as physical eyesight ought to comprehend things in their true proportions. The field of view in each should be large enough to take in the great as well as the small, without giving an undue prominence to the latter. Suppose we lay aside the microscope for a little while and look at some things as they really exist here.

It is the bane of this, as I suppose of many other colleges, that it is absolutely glutted with what are called *honors*, and here I include both those given by the college itself and those conferred by classes and societies, but more especially the latter two. The long list begins with the president of a freshman society, and ends, on commencement day, with the valedictory farewell, amid the gushings and damp handkerchiefs of the New Haven fair.

A man who comes to Yale without being warped and bent at a preparatory school, cannot but be astonished at the great importance given to what he has always considered trivial matters. He sees the passage before him, through which he is popularly supposed to pass from a state of intellectual darkness to a state of intellectual light, but is astounded at the lowness of the ceiling. Here is a choice of one of two things. He can stoop and go through that way, bumping his head on the plastering above, or he can climb to the top of the passage and walk over it. A large majority try the former, a small minority the latter method. One advantage the few certainly have; they can always stand erect. The temperature on top is often a little cool, but then the air is pure and wholesome. The friends of the majority at the other end of the passage are waiting for the appearance of respectable giants.

The Goliaths seldom appear. There are Davids enough ; but without the sling, and the sling, in this case, is a keen appreciation of what is right and true. With much that we gain, there is an essence of manhood wanting. Perhaps no word expresses so well the effect of a great part of our system as the adjective belittling. It is only the best tempered steel that takes a fine edge from the scholastic grindstone. The main root of the evil is not in the students themselves ; but in the system of instruction, or rather the mode of instruction to which they are subjected. This is where the cutting down begins. Here we first put on the magnifiers. Men come to Yale college with the romantic idea that it is a place to study for the sake of study. In a month's time they open their eyes to the fact that it is the same old school-boy work over again ; that the struggle is not so much for knowledge as for the appearance of it ; that plenty of surface is the great desideratum ; that to *seem* to be answers about the same end as *to be*. What is the result ? This, I think. The new comer pulls down the ideal that he may have placed before him and puts up in its place a rag effigy, a doll stuffed with saw-dust. To the ambitious this doll is a morbid, feverish desire to rank high on the tutor's books. To the rest it is a longing after social distinction. The majority come to regard education, not as something which has an intrinsic value of its own, and to be worked out *pro se*, but rather as a means to an end ; a highway for a foot race, where each is intent on raising his own share of the dust.

Is it surprising, then, that, having no great central idea leaning towards sound scholarship, students should turn to other things and give their time and thoughts to them ? There must be a pivot round which every man's life turns, and when we can't get iron we must put in a wooden one. Of this class of pivots here, and perhaps the rottenest of them all, is *Popularity*. With some men, it is as easy and as natural to be popular as it is to breathe. It is no fault of theirs ; they can't help it. But the number is small. Most men have certain little outcroppings of character peculiar to themselves. They will occasionally tread on

other people's corns. To repress this agrarian tendency, is the task to which the would-be popular man applies himself. He has grown to believe that the chief end and aim of man is to live in a perpetual atmosphere of back patting and a halo of such laudations as fine fellow! clever fellow! splendid fellow! and so he devotes his attention to trimming down himself to fit these phrases. There is often considerable cutting and pruning to be done. If a tailor should make a suit of clothes too small for a customer, it would certainly be somewhat surprising to see the customer lopping off his legs and arms in order thus to accommodate himself to circumstances, and yet, no particular astonishment is manifested, when men go through the same process, cutting away or else keeping out of sight the only characteristics, perhaps, which give them individuality. This *popularity*, and the means employed to obtain it, is, from beginning to end, a miserable business: its evil effects are apparent not so much in the men who really make their point as in those who would be popular but fail. On the whole it is bad in theory and bad in practice and ought to be wiped off the college calendar.

A tendency to magnify inordinately, to make much out of very little, is seen in the undue importance given by students to literary honors in college. Take, for example, the prizes awarded in sophomore year for excellence in English composition. These honors are all well enough and, doubtless, are the rewards of some ability and considerable labor, but still there is hardly a shadow of propriety in our making a prize man a little god on wheels, and rolling him about as a perfect paragon of brains. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these efforts will be found to smack strongly of the juvenile element and to be redolent with bunkum and bad English. We should look at these things from a more common-sense point of view and without turning such an intense light upon; they won't stand it. The same may be said of the debates, in which a man can do well without being a Demosthenes or even a Webster. This exaggerated praise cannot but have a bad effect upon the lucky candidate, pandering to his self-con-

ceit and causing an unreasonable inflation in his ideas of his own powers. The effect on the less fortunate aspirants for glory must be most depressing, placing, as it were, a great gulf between those who succeed and those who do not. Without doubt there are men in every class, of first-rate ability, who succumb to this feeling of inferiority and give up the race before it is well begun, though, again, there are others, with a little more iron in their constitutions, who won't be crushed by repeated disappointments, and who, sometimes, on the very home stretch, take the lead of all the rest and come in many lengths ahead.

I don't propose, here, to discuss the utility of college prizes. There is as much, probably, to be said in their favor as against them; but only to suggest the propriety of taking a more reasonable view of them, and that while "giving honor to whom honor is due" we do not give too much of it.

This same gushingness in student character manifests itself in regard to matters physical as well as mental. It has been my privilege now, for three seasons, to stand frequently on that massive structure, the piazza of the Yale boat house, and to be informed over and over again, that *that* University crew probably pulled the best six oars ever pulled; that *that* stroke was a perfect Hercules in strength and endurance, and that *that* bow could steer within four inches of any designated spot, without turning round more than once. Having innocently and repeatedly swallowed this pabulum, I have, perhaps, some excuse for a now deep-seated mental dyspepsia, caused by annual developments at Worcester.

A man is not necessarily a hero who never lets a ball go by him at second base, nor are we absolutely called upon to bow down and worship at the shrine of another, who drives it over both fences at Hamilton park. The giant's swing is, I understand, a difficult and hazardous undertaking, and yet there are, probably, several men who go through it very well whose names will *not* go down in history.

The fact is, we need a thorough and radical overhauling

of our *adjectives* here. This hot-house crop of *great men* with which we fill all our corners and niches, is a very fragile and perishable one. Everybody knows that the young *female* mind has, as a general thing, some three or four adjectives which it applies to all objects, such as *magnificent, splendid, glorious*. So that when an occasion for deep feeling comes, there are no words to express it, except those which have become trite or commonplace. *Our* tendency is to run into the same extravagance both in word and belief, and, as a consequence, we use up entirely too much powder on small birds.

If we must look at everything through magnifying spectacles, let us not forget to turn them on things essentially mean and low, on toadyism, on political jugglery, on deceit of all kinds; and then, noting how disgusting they are when seen in enlarged proportions, let us try and shove them off the platform.



THE '64 UNIVERSITY SHELL.

IF it had ever been my fortune to have had for my playmate, in my ripe infancy, a little, laughing, two-year-old girl,—if we had made mud pies and sailed chips down the gutter together,—if we had learned our letters and eaten molasses candy together,—if I had sent her a valentine,—if, before I had left off my jacket for a coat and vest, and she her red stockings for white ones, some unkind providence had carried me away from her side and made me live in some other town,—if, after I had gone, her brown curls should, in time, have been gathered up from her shoulders within the precincts of a net, and her dresses lengthened so as to hide the white stockings,—if her cheek should have come to glow with the warm blood of passion rather than with childish health, and if the laugh of her childish

eye should have deepened into the quick, passionate gleam of a maid,—if, all unknown to me, she should then somehow have pondered long, O! far too long, on the strong and wild and free loves of the twittering birds, of flowers, of the murmuring rivers, of the earth and sky locked silent in their long, hot, love-embrace, so that, in time, she had come to love as deeply, as warmly, as freely as they, —if all this had been, and, somehow, it had been my lot in later years to have seen, in some hospital ward, her poor, gaunt form, or rather, her poor, bleeding soul, stretched on its dying bed ;—it may be, my reader, yes, it may be, I would have turned away and left my whilom playmate to struggle toward the farther shore as best she might ; but I fear I would have seen her, as kindly as I could, out of this world ; I fear I would have commended her, with what earnestness is in me, to our heavenly forgiveness ; I fear I would have kissed the blue lips of the foul outcast, and I fear—and pray—that, rescuing her from the potter's field, I might have seen well to it, that my little two-year-old playmate was put to rest in some better place ; that lilies of the valley should bow in pity over her grave ; that green boughs of some kind should whisper softly above her mound, and that among the grass blades thereof tears might sometimes fall.

But I never knew a dying girl for whom I could have done all this, and I trust I never shall know such an one. But for a certain old boat—now passed out of existence—I *can* perform some such kindly office. She was a comely craft once, trim and stanch. But she was willful. And as this same baneful quality has wrecked many fair and promising maidens, so it wrecked this boat. Because she *would* be headstrong, she brought upon herself irretrievable ruin. I knew her, though, in her halcyon days, in her glory, when she reposed in state on the cross-beams in the boat-house, with the marks of her victory at Worcester still about her—the black-lead still upon her bottom. And I knew her afterward, in her dishonor and her shame ; when, prostrate, rubbish among rubbish, she encumbered the boat-house floor—a shattered thing. *Now*, I know

her only as dead. Prosperous was she, then fell, then perished. She is beyond the range of mortal help, and so there is not much for a friend to do for her. But, at any rate, I can see her decently laid away in her final home. I can, in relating her fall, palliate it perhaps; from her fall I can follow her to her grave as a mourner; and there I can stand respectfully, with my hat off, while she passes forever from mortal sight. True, this is not much; and I cannot hope that my words shall bend over her crumbling remains with the beauty of lilies of the valley over a sunny grave, nor that my thoughts shall ever whisper to any reader half so softly as green boughs whisper in the summer air, nor that a tear-drop will ever fall upon this page which tells of her woe; still, it is something; and it will show that I do not wish to disown her acquaintance, even though she does lie in a grave of shame.

The '64 university shell was sold for twenty-five dollars to the class of '70 in the spring of 1867, as a practice boat for the '70 class crew, then in training for Worcester. That crew she was destined, through her perverse ways, frequently to imperil during the summer, and, finally, to wreck herself and set the worthy six a-swimming among the piles of the Fair Haven bridges.

She was a buxom bark, this '64 shell; short, broad, and thick-hided—to the extent of half an inch, I think. But though wide, she was not round; on the contrary, she was rather scow-shaped, with a broad, flat bottom. To this peculiarity in her structure I attribute all her misdeemeanors; this it was that made her willful on the seas, perverse and headstrong; and as she came to her destruction through her blind willfulness, I hold that the real cause of her ruin was this vile peculiarity in her physical structure; and since her builders were accountable for her shape and not she herself, I lay all the blame of her sad end on them.

It was heart-rending to watch the ways of this perverse craft on the various excursions over the harbor. If the water was still enough down the bay for the doughty crew to venture without the drawbridge, the chances were ten

to one that the witch of a boat swung herself up broad-side against some dignified schooner riding at anchor,—and that too through no fault of the coxswain. Up the river her actions would have moved to tears, had they not excited to curses. Her principle of procedure was simply this;—to yield herself up with perfect passivity to the influence of external circumstances, such as the wind and tide, but to resist, with all her might, any attempt at controlling her from within,—as by the rudder, or by “hard port!” or “hard starboard!”—much as we have seen bad girls willingly following every chance hest of their varying whims and passions, but stamping in anger at the kind admonition of a mother! It is always a point among coxswains to avoid hitting oyster stakes. With this boat the attainment of that point was an impossibility. If she once took it into her head to brush up against an oyster-stake, she would do it, despite the crew, despite the devil. I have known her to sheer clean across from one side of the Quinnipiac to the other, and then, against all the efforts of the crew to the contrary, leap for a stiff oyster stake, hit it, and unship all the oars in the boat. Going about in this way, it might have been expected that the flighty wench would some day come to grief. And so she did.

One evening in June, we launched her as usual from the boat-house “float.” There were, at that time, several cracks in the bottom of the boat; and as we laid her on the tide, she took in through them quite an alarming quantity of water. The bystanders on the float, noticing this, remarked to us, laughing, that “we would never come back in that boat again.” We looked up from our thwarts in piteous contempt of their ignorance. That evening, too, a freshman on our rival Harvard crew happened to have come to town to take notes upon our rowing. He was on the float when we pushed off; and seeing him there watching us, we straightway set about rowing in as poor time and with as much splashing as can well be imagined. Simple souls! I fear we overdid the business. After getting round the first bend in the Quinnipiac, how-

ever, we settled down to regular work, and pulled up against the tide as far as the "red house." The water had been perfectly smooth throughout the course, but the tide was running out with unusual velocity. After we had turned, the boat was more unmanageable than ever. She swung about on the rapid current, as if she were uncertain whether bow or stern ought to be going down the river first. We were now nearing the upper bridge—the railroad bridge—on our homeward course. On the west side of the stream at this point, the ebb tide always runs,—and runs with mighty force, for the channel narrows here—at a 45° angle with the open passages between the piles; but, in the middle of the stream, the current runs straight through one or two of the middle passages of the bridge, and this is the regular channel for all boats. But our flat-bottomed craft, through being flat-bottomed, had refused to go anywhere else than toward the westward bank of the river; and that was our position when we approached the bridge. We expected our fate; still, hope was not altogether dead in our bosoms. "Pull hard, now! harder! harder!" yelled the bow oar. We were under the bridge. "Oars on port!" It was too late. Smash went the port side against the piles; the boat careened to port, filled, cracked loudly from stem to stern, and went down. The action of the crew at this point was diverse. The bow oar climbed an adjacent pile in good style. The port bow followed,—wildly suspending his entire weight from the coxswain's feet. The starboard waist sat in the boat while it settled, and when it had settled too far began to tread water. The port waist and starboard stroke set off in high glee for a long swim down stream. The stroke—all honor to him—went wading about in the water, which was not over waist deep where he stood. It was amusing to observe how large a crowd gathered, and how quickly it gathered, on the Fair Haven bridge, to witness the disaster. Multitudes of fishermen, too, put off from shore in their boats, and hastened to the rescue. The wreck was abandoned. Shivering, four of us were hoisted, dripping, into a scow, and were rowed,

or rather rowed ourselves, down to the boat house. While walking up the float, hallooes were distinctly heard in the still night air (it was about nine o'clock), which appeared to come from that spot where the new Chapel Street bridge now touches the Fair Haven shore. The voices were recognized. They were those of the two hardy swimmers. Clothed in a wet shirt and dripping pantaloons, on that mud shore they stood in the starlight alone, and—one would suppose—forlorn. Soon the shouting ceased. Then, after a few minutes, a "dug-out" was paddled alongside the float, and, cross and grumbling, the two drenched wanderers rolled out upon the dock. On the next day, the crew borrowed a gig, rowed to the scene of the accident, and towed the wreck down to the boat-house. She was dropped carelessly on the boat-house floor, and lay there in her shame for some weeks. But before the crew left for Worcester, she was taken out and dumped into the water as a piece of good-for-nothing lumber. Whither she floated, none can tell. Perhaps she went up the river, and was burned for firewood by oystermen; perhaps she drifted down the harbor—slowly—as slowly as the summer clouds drifted southward above her, and to quite as uncertain a destiny as they.

This is all. Perhaps it is foolish for me to have made so much ado about so worthless an old hulk. But it was a simple act of friendship. I have wandered through a cemetery, and have come across an old friend's grave unmarked; and I merely lay this scroll upon its top, for a kind of headstone.



A PRACTICAL REFORM.

IT seems to be a danger to which we are liable, that whenever we are busied in advocating what we consider great reforms, we are apt to neglect smaller ones, although the latter may be possible and useful, while the former are beyond our power. Thus, in college morality,

a few words on some particular follies and extravagances may do more good than long lectures against evils which are too deep-seated to be shaken except by a great convulsion. So of the college curriculum. Some complain in regard to the studies, either that our scholarship in the classics is not thorough enough, or that the dead languages ought to give way to something more practical; others attack the system of recitations and marks, a part decrying examinations, and a part thinking that marks and compulsory attendance on recitations should be superseded by examinations of the strictest kind; while still others quarrel with the system of instructors. Now none of these radical changes are likely to be soon made here, and some of them would require more money than the college can afford; but, taking the course as it now stands in its main plan, is there not room for improvement in details? In the first place it seems to me that the charge of want of unity and system in the Latin and Greek departments is well founded and serious. It seems to be chiefly left to each instructor to decide how he will use his part of the time, what author shall be read, and what instruction given. However fine a teacher the professor at the head of a department may be, if he confines his efforts to his personal instruction, the rest of the instruction in that department must have a disjointed character, and this, it seems to me, it has largely had so far as my experience has gone.

Again, take the studies of the course. Admitting the plan of the curriculum to be wise, could it not be better carried out even with the present resources of the college? Taking a general view of it, I should say that too little was made of the first half, and too much attempted to be made of the last year. Not that enough work may not be required, at least in Sophomore year, but that several of the studies seem to be put in chiefly to fill up the time and might be given up without any loss. In Senior year no one can deny that too much crowding is done. The sciences, political, metaphysical, and physical, are all so important, and are gone over so hastily, that we

are, as it were, simply tantalized with them, and a dissatisfied feeling must be the result. It is as though these studies were not thought of till near the end of Junior year, and then, their importance being suddenly remembered, were hurried in all at once. It is certainly very desirable that something should be known about them by a graduate, but as they are now studied, many get little instruction and much demoralization from them. Cannot time in some way be economized during the first two years, so that these studies may have more room? It seems to me that it might be done without sacrificing much, by the following plan:—

Let there be four divisions of the class through both Freshman and Sophomore years, as is sometimes the case now. Let Greek, Latin, and Mathematics each have one-fourth of the time during these two years, and let Greek and Latin each have a third of a term in Junior year with higher Mathematics as an optional, and let each have no more. The remaining fourth of the time of the first two years might be divided between French and German as soon as the college can afford to have two instructors in modern languages, and till then what they do not take might be given to one of the natural sciences or to history. This would involve the giving up of Spherics, Latin composition, Conic sections, and Rhetoric, but unless my experience with them is very peculiar, they would not be a serious loss. Rhetoric has a dignified sound and an old standing, but with all due respect to the "Art of Discourse," I must confess that the practical good I derived from it was very slight, while for discipline it is no better than any other study. By leaving this out, too, the professor of Rhetoric would have more time for criticizing our compositions, a thing which is too much neglected now and which would be of more real use than all the "Art of Discourse" can give. The time I spent on Spherics and Conic Sections has always seemed to me about as complete a dead loss as anything in the course; and as for Latin composition, if it is considered important enough in a course which does not profess to teach us to

write or speak Latin, it can have its place in the regular time of the Latin department. This change would also give up one term's instruction each in Greek and Latin, the latter of which is already optional, but under the new division of the classes the advanced divisions can accomplish as much as the class did before, and the professors being less occupied with the upper classes can devote more attention to the lower. The result of this change would be that the modern languages could have more time, or, if this were not desired, that one of the natural sciences might be disposed of earlier in the course, and that Junior and Senior years would be relieved of the German and some of the classics studied in them. The time thus gained could be devoted to the studies of Senior year, either beginning them earlier or taking some of them entirely into Junior year. Little would be lost in the first two years, and much gained in the last two. It would not be a great revolution and would not satisfy those who desire a sweeping change in the curriculum, but it would make the present course more efficient and better able to accomplish its end, and it has the merit of being practicable. Leaving out the details, in which opinions may naturally differ, the plan is greater economy in the use of the first two years, thus giving more room for the work now crowded into Senior year.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDE.

As I pondered alone in my chamber one night,
I had a strange fancy which urged me to write
 By impulse magnetic.
So with paper before me and pen full of ink,
I sat myself down and endeavored to think
Of some rythmical words which, united, would link
 In verses poetic.
But my fancies are barren of metre or rhyme,
And the impulse which gave me my visions sublime
 Its potency loses.

Yet ere I relinquish my hopes in despair,
I look for a guide in this troublous affair,
And as a last chance, I invoke with a prayer

The heavenly Muses.

I listened, and heard a light tap on the door ;
It opened, and then, tripping over the floor,
There came a bright fairy,
So light and so airy

She seemed but a sunbeam afloat on a cloud,

Or a sprite playing truant

From zephyr pursuant,

And bathing in light poured around in a flood.

Gazing transfixed, I could almost believe her

To be that sweet angel the Lady Godiva.

For over each feature

The beautiful creature -

Had little of drapery save her long hair

Gracefully flowing,

Faithfully showing

That the bright being was not all of air.

She soothed my despair, bade me try once again,

Then sat down beside me and guided my pen.

But I soon fell in love with the dear little fay

And earnestly begged her forever to stay

Close by my side.

But this courteous offer her anger aroused ;

She said she was unto the devil espoused,

That soon down in Hades she hoped to be housed

As his dutiful bride.

So, despairing of love, I began then to ask

That she'd cast off her anger and aid in the task

Of writing down verses.

But she answered by calling her wicked liege lord,

Who brought up from Hades a ravenous horde,

Each scowling, and grinning, and waving his sword,

And uttering curses.

Then the arch-devil stood them all up in a row

That each little imp for the future might know

The terrified poet.

He bade them, if ever I spoke to his spouse

And strove her affection or pity to rouse

By offering favors, or money, or vows,

To just let him know it.

" And now," said the devil, " there's one more remark

" To which I wish all with attention to hark,

" And obey my command.

" If ever this mortal gets up any rhyme,

" Or links any words that in harmony chime,

" Then drag him away in his life's early prime,

" To the Stygian land."

Then, smiling so sweetly, he turned to his wife,
 And he said, "Thou dear angel, proud joy of my life,
 "Come to my heart."

Then, an answering smile o'er her countenance spread,
 And on his black bosom she nestled her head,
 When they both from my presence unitedly sped,
 With lightning-like dart.

* * * * *

Now, when from the slumbers of midnight I wake,
 And set my wits working a poem to make
 In metrical measure,
 As I begin my ideas to select,
 And on my most arduous task to reflect,
 And words that will rhyme in a verse to collect,
 She spoils all my pleasure.
 She floats through my chamber and lights on my bed,
 She drives all the poetry out of my head,
 Coming and stealing,
 Or numbing all feeling,
 Doing her utmost my thoughts to disperse,
 She fixes and fuddles,
 And mixes and muddles
 The rhyme and the metre, the stanza and verse.
 Hopping and jumping,
 Stopping and thumping,
 Beating the time with her heels and her toes,
 Prancing and twirling,
 Dancing and whirling,
 Upward and downward ever she goes,
 And out jump the imps from the cracks in the wall,
 While on their master they shriekingly call,
 Begging permission
 To hurl to perdition
 Rhymester and rhyme, in Plutonian thrall.
 Such a position,
 And such a condition
 Sternly forbid me my senses to straighten.
 Such a miscarriage
 Results from the marriage
 Of a daughter of air to the shade-ruling Satan.

T.

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

MY title does not refer to the metaphorical serpent, which stings in the wine cup, but to the reptile, whose glazed eyes and horrid fangs so lately rested in the immortality of a jar of alcohol at the cabinet. Vague rumors on the subject of my narrative have been circulating for some days, but now for the first time the whole truth is given to the world.

Few men have heard of the Georgia Spoonman of '6-. Yet scarcely ten years have passed since his smile brightened the college green and his tenor voice at night detained each passer-by, for he sang as sweetly under the elms as Orpheus piping to Thessalian beeches. Wave after wave, the classes pass through college and disappear. New stars arise and dim the brightness of Orion. Still, we might know more about this son of joy and music, but he became a voluntary exile and turned his rare powers, which could have gained money and fame, to chasing wild horses and leading wild men on the South American pampas. In that mysterious land nothing had been heard of him until the clipper ship, *Bolivia*, brought into port a month ago, a huge snake, preserved in alcohol, and a letter accompanying the consignment, which I have received for publication, but give only the part which concerns my story.

" We killed this snake near the river Rayna. Yale naturalists will be glad to own the monster, and I accordingly consign him to your museum."

Then followed a few details, such as that the creature was not poisonous, but was a species of boa constrictor, and with this the letter closed.

The uncanny stranger arrived safely in his glass case and was placed temporarily in the cabinet, where others, as well as myself, will remember to have seen him. His colors were, of course, somewhat dimmed ; but when the

sunlight shone upon him it revealed a varying hue and gloss, which did really suggest to one the strange splendor of the father of evil when he tempted Eve in the garden. His huge coils filled up so much of the jar that the head was entirely above the alcohol. It was originally covered by the fluid, but an old salt, during the voyage, had managed to open the reservoir and partially drain its contents. There is nothing strange in this; so fond are sailors of their tod that they tapped the keg in which Nelson's body was brought to England from Trafalgar, and left their admiral high and dry. So says anecdote; history does not mention it.

Three weeks ago last Tuesday, a number of Sophomores, tired of billiards, went into the cabinet in the afternoon, where they amused themselves by making fun of the *troglydites* and *saurians*, coveting the uncut amethysts and fencing with the ribs of the mastodon. Fatigued, at length, by their arduous investigations in geology, they turned their attention to a kindred branch of natural history, and surrounded the South American snake. Facetiously naming him "Jim-jims," at the suggestion of one of the crowd, who said he had dreamed of just such a creature the night before, they opened the lid of the jar, patted his wicked head, opened the cruel mouth and in other ways amused themselves with their new plaything. A tutor saw the crowd coming out, and the next day they received fifteen marks and were placed upon the first course of discipline for taking one of the specimens from its jar. Now they had not done this, and told their instructor so. So he finally excused the marks, but said that some one had removed the snake from his place and put him directly in front of the door, so that a party of ladies and gentlemen fell over him that morning as they entered the cabinet, and one young woman fainted away while several went into hysterics. This incident will be no news to the Sophomores, but others may not have heard it.

Austin was told to replace the specimen, but fell into such a paroxysm of fear at the sight of the lifeless but hideous crawler, that this fright for once overcame his

terror of the faculty, and he could not touch it. Pleased at the prospect of a little adventure, and not averse to showing the superiority of the Caucasian over his colored brother in respect to nerve, several of us volunteered to replace the serpent in his rightful house. Truly he was as heavy as a log, and as we carried the nerveless mass across the floor, all of us felt that instinctive shudder of antipathy which sets man against snake. However, he was at length bottled up and we thought that our adventure was finished, especially as no one could find out who had removed him in the first place. But there is another chapter to the story.

Three days afterwards the glass jar was again empty. That night a student, returning late from Rood's, stumbled over a log in the yard. The next night Jackson's dog, which had been hunting for rats around the Laboratory gave one loud yell and vanished from earth, for no one has seen him since. About three o'clock the following morning, when it was still very dark, Jackson himself, coming betimes to fix the rooms under his charge, saw a ghost. All these events although seemingly distinct, have, in reality, some connection.

However, let me now relate Jackson's experience of the supernatural. A student in one of the college buildings was awakened by a white man, a perfect stranger to him, attempting to get into his bed. Hastily kicking him out and knocking him down, he stood guard over the intruder, when a wondrous transformation scene took place. Looking around the room as if to see that no third person was there, the stranger gave a sigh of relief, his complexion changed from dirty white to a mulatto tinge, and lo! the sweep Jackson appeared from the disguise which fear had cast upon him. For some minutes his tongue clave to his mouth; but at last, with a look and tone of apprehension, which would make the fortune of an actor in the ghost scene of Hamlet, he related a most strange adventure.

He said that he was coming, in the gray of early morning, to his college duties. At the corner of the Laboratory he heard somebody say "hiss!" and immediately a

tall, thin man appeared before him, made him one or two graceful bows, which Jackson returned with tremulous politeness, and then the apparition fell to the ground, but immediately wriggled along on his stomach with great velocity toward the sweep. Jackson woke the echoes with one shout of terror, and then, trusting his life to his legs, he darted for the nearest entry, and, breathless but saved, dashed into the first room which came to hand.

The scene now shifts to another night and a different company. A small party of students were playing poker. A single lamp cast a garish flicker around the room, while Orion and the Pleiades were making night glorious outside. The painted pasteboards flew around the table, and hotly raged the battle of the cards. A deal was finally made which excited quite a sensation among the players. Three, however, soon passed out, but the remaining two went the full extent of their chips, and when the bets were finally called, one spread four jacks upon the board, but the other displayed four kings. The loser forgot the cool self-control of a gambler, and exclaimed "The Devil!"

Just then the Devil came. At least, the company thought so at the moment, for the door, which hung ajar, was opened wider, and with an angry hiss appeared the old serpent. It was the glorified image of the snake in the glass. The shape and size resembled that monster, but his muscles were now tense with life, his scales were glittering with purple and gold, and he lay in easy coils at the entrance of the room, while his head swayed hither and thither as if scrutinizing the minutest details of the apartment. The blow which felled him at the South American river was not fatal, but had only stunned his crawling life and now he had revived from his alcoholic slumber. Here was the explanation of the empty jar in the Cabinet. Here was the log the student stumbled over. Here was the living tomb of the missing dog, and this was the spectre that Jackson saw.

The action of the story, at this period, became rapid and dramatic. The boa selected the nearest student as his victim, wound around his legs in tightening coils, and would have enfolded the rest of his body ; but one of the

fellows batted him so fiercely over the head with a banger as to temporarily benumb his powers. At any rate, his folds relaxed and the victim was drawn from a torture worse than the "boot" of the inquisition. Another student stamped upon the serpent's head, and in his agony the writhing snake knocked over the table and thus put out the lamp. There was now darkness in the room, save the faint light from the new moon. The air was sibilant with the hiss of the snake and rang with the shouts of the excited students. Had the creeping thing been in full vigor he might have won the day; but, as it was, he was weak from the blow received at capture and from his subsequent torpor in alcohol, and so, although he more than once caught some one in his folds, yet, as often as he did so, a lucky blow would make him relax the deadly embrace and the man escaped. Finally he grew sulky, retreated to a corner and stood on the defensive. The lamp was then lighted. Its light revealed to him the door and he glided out as mysteriously as he came; but the students darted after him. Just then, a tutor appeared upon the stairs, with note book in hand, ready to take down the names, and said, in a querulous voice—"Gentlemen, this noise is really unendurable. I must give you five marks for disorderly conduct." Here he caught sight of the snake, who was making towards the stairs with a view to escape, screamed, dropped his book, bounded into his room, and all night long there could be heard inside that room the sound of a person's dragging up furniture to barricade the door. The serious part of the affair for our students was now over and they could afford to laugh, which they did most heartily.

Then they followed the reptile down stairs and harassed his flanks as he wound his devious way toward the Cabinet. Urged by some instinct he actually made his way there, but it was his last effort. The fellows shattered the glass doors which protect the geological specimens, and with a shower of mica schist, pudding stone and *trogodytes*, stoned him to death. He died like a soldier, and I am proud to be his historian.

H. B. M.

A WORD ON BUGS, ET CETERA.

WHEN one of the editors of that invaluable family journal, "THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," informed me some days since that a few pages of the April number were at my disposal, I closed with the offer at once, congratulating myself that now, at last, an opportunity had presented itself for the accomplishment of a desire which has been weighing on my mind for more than a year. A desire to ameliorate the condition of my fellow-students by giving them a few words of advice drawn from the depths of my own personal experience.

Towards the close of Sophomore year, I was invited, with a classmate, to a little croquet and supper party in the city, the honors of which were to be done by the two charming young lady daughters of the family. We went, of course. I distinguished myself moderately on the croquet field and considerably more on the fried oysters that followed. So far, so good. All things went merry as a marriage bell. One or two mild jokes, on which I ventured at supper met with a favorable reception, and my humorous chum's last conundrum raised quite an uproar of applause. I chuckled internally, and said to myself—"Really, Dick, my boy, you *have* the elements of a good society man in you, notwithstanding your elder sister's often expressed opinion to the contrary." Vain gratulation! It fell to my lot to escort the elder daughter, Mary Louise, from the dining room. On the way out I got several of A. Ward's best nicely arranged, to explode on a favorable opportunity. The opportunity never came. No sooner were we all seated in the drawing-room than the younger daughter, Priscilla, started off on the subject of Entomology. I had noticed at supper that neither she nor her sister had much to say, but now she opened with a volubility that was perfectly astounding.

Webster says, "Entomology is that part of Zoology which treats of insects." In a word, it is the science of bugs. I was as ignorant as a child unborn on bugs; didn't

know one from another; couldn't even swear to the number of legs on a common house-spider; had a vague idea that a caterpillar turned into a butterfly or a butterfly into a caterpillar, without being certain as to which was which.

Priscilla, as if conscious of my tottering condition, turned her batteries on me at the very start with—"Oh! Mr. Twiggs. I've got the loveliest specimen of the *Chlamys gibbosa* in the world. I want to show it to you." Heaven and earth, what is a *Chlamys gibbosa*? "There it is," said she, taking a small bug out of a case in which about a hundred others were reposing in very uncomfortable positions, "Isn't it lovely? How do you think it compares with the *Clythra dominicana*?" I wiggled a little, mentally, then remarked in a low tone that I thought it compared *very* favorably. She was evidently disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm, but not discouraged. "Would you believe it, Mr. Twiggs, I've always had the greatest curiosity to know why it is that the female *Chlamys* has two eyes and the male only one!" Here was a sticker! I could feel that the lion's skin was being rapidly pulled off and the tips of the donkey's ears beginning to come in view. I attempted to temporize and essayed a very watery joke. "Well, the fact is, Miss Priscilla, the only reason I know of why the female should have two eyes and the male only one eye, is because it's *two to one* she can make better use of them." What a scorching look I got for that piece of facetiousness. It said, as plainly as looks can say, "Rash Sophomore, do you think I'm trifling?" I didn't think she was. By no means.

My friend and classmate came to the rescue. He was up on bugs, the villain, and gave, or pretended to give, a most satisfactory answer. Then the elder sister joined in, and this interesting trio discussed bugs from eight till half past ten o'clock. Nobody said a word to, or took the least notice of me during those two hours and a half. I sat and fumed within. I reviled my utter stupidity. I cursed the whole animal kingdom from the giraffe down to the shew fly. I wished I had never been born, and

finally concluded this pleasant reverie by taking a solemn oath to cram up the name, pedigree and antecedents of every bug ever dreamt of.

When we made our parting bows that evening, neither of the young ladies suggested the propriety of my calling again, though I distinctly heard the younger sister say to Sam Edwards, in the hall, that she sincerely hoped he would come and see them soon, that they had passed a most delightful evening.

On reaching my room that night, I sat up till one o'clock perfecting a plan of operations, and next day set resolutely to work to carry them out. I bought every work on Entomology to be found in town; made arrangements with the professor of that branch for a course of special lessons; and obtained, by permission of the faculty, free access to the Peabody museum. I gave up everything else; went into recitation as a mere matter of form, became as reckless of stand as the campaign president of a freshman society, and sat up cramming bugs every night till one or two o'clock, with a wet towel round my head.

Such labor soon bore fruit. At the end of a fortnight the entomologist informed me that I knew as much on the subject as most students did after six months' study, and a few days after, our respected geological professor surprised me with the offer of a position on his staff of assistants; but I had one object in view and nothing could turn me from it.

Six weeks after the memorable croquet party, I pulled the door bell at No. 5000 C—l street, and made my "party call." It was a warm, sultry evening. I remember it well. The lights burned dimly. All nature seemed thoroughly used up by the weather. There sat those two intellectual damsels, contemplating, I fully believe, retiring early that night. My reception was polite but not overwhelmingly cordial. Nothing daunted, however, I opened with some remarks of a general nature in which the weather figured prominently; but warming up with the subject, I threw in, quite incidentally, a little account of the discovery of a new species of *Orthoptera*. This drew

fire from the enemy's camp in the shape of a withering remark from the younger sister, with a side glance at her elder, "That Mr. Twiggs *must* enjoy reading about such things *exceedingly* as he took so deep an interest in the subject of Entomology."

Then I felt that the hour and moment had come. I began gently, spoke of the growing interest in the science, discussed the new classification, held forth on its probable scope, and wound up by requesting to see their collection. Down came the veritable case, and up I rose fresh and smiling for the work before me. First, I took up No. 1, *Agrotis segetum*, and told them everything I knew about him; genus, species, usual size, color, number of wings, general habits, etc., etc.,—spent fifteen minutes on No. 1, and then, replacing him in the case, assailed No. 2, *Cecidomyia*, and went through the same list with this individual. Never pausing a moment or even stopping to take breath, I branched off on No. 3 and poured out a whole torrent of acquired learning. As I laid down No. 4 the clock struck nine. *I had spent a whole hour and a half on four bugs!*

I looked up for a moment at my audience; it wore a rather melancholy look, but showed no signs of flinching. The melancholy look, however, inspired me. There were ninety-eight bugs still remaining. I burst on No. 5 with a perfect gush of enthusiasm, analyzed his composition and gave a thesis on his sphere of usefulness. When we reached No. 11 and 11 o'clock, Mary Louise began to show signs of surrender. She had settled herself into a comfortable position in the sofa corner, the very same corner, by the way, in which I had undergone my agonies, and showed, without doubt, a very drooping expression about the eyes. Priscilla, the indomitable, apparently never moved an eyelid, but held out with remarkable pluck and energy.

At twelve o'clock twenty-five bugs had passed under inspection and the battle was half over. The elder sister was gently slumbering. This was encouraging. I went on. It seemed as if my only remaining auditor would

never give in. At one o'clock there was not a sign of fatigue on her immovable countenance. I remembered the old adage that "the darkest hour is just before sunrise," and plunged forward. My efforts were rewarded; at half past one she put her head down on the center-table, and, just as the bell chimed two, a gentle, delicate, tremulous little nasal breathing told the story that there were limitations to nature's endurance; that both my enemies were thoroughly vanquished; that I was master of the situation. I gloated. Words cannot describe the exultation that filled my soul; but this was no time for vain glorying. There was a step on the stairs. It was the paternal, coming to the rescue. I slipped out into the hall, seized my hat, and departed.

The next day the following note came to me through the post office:—

Will Mr. Twiggs pardon the rudeness of last evening and favor with an early call his sincere friends,

New Haven, June 20.

M. L. & P.

I have given this incident in full in order to impress upon the minds of my readers a lesson, which, early learned, will contribute more to the pleasure of Junior and Senior year than all the poetry of Homer or plays of Eschylus. It taught me that there is one spot on this mundane sphere where the female mind rises above the trifles and frivolities that weigh it down everywhere else; above chignons and bread making; above long trains and small-heeled shoes; above the galop and small talk; far, far above to a region where science reigns. Yes, gentlemen, and the application of my story is this.—If you are ambitious to shine in New Haven society you must prepare yourselves for a remarkable state of things. The man who proposes to enter this enclosure, relying solely upon his knowledge of womankind, acquired in the society of large cities, or in the flippancies of watering places, will never get past the outer gate. And, even should he once get within, it would be only to prove himself a miserable failure.

Of the 4273 young ladies in the city between the ages of 25 and 40, it may, without exaggeration, be said that 1,000 are thoroughly posted on some particular branch in science, literature or art. Not superficially, mind you, but deep, way down to the very foundations. Let me, as a friend and well wisher, advise you at the very start to lay aside all the "accomplishments" you may have acquired among the base *oi πολλοι* of the world outside. You may, perhaps, have put considerable stress on the fact of being a good waltzer. Disabuse yourself of the idea that it is to be of any advantage to you. We never dance round dances in New Haven, only square ones, and the very squarest of the square; and even these are considered but as means to an end and that end the communication of intellectual ideas. Take for example a conversation I happened to overhear a few evenings since between a head couple of the Lanciers at a social gathering in Mountain College Avenue.—"Yes, Mr. Smith, the Hopkinian theory convinces me that—balance, all—moral obligations ought to—forward four—be regarded as coincident with our ideas of—swing opposite lady—the intimate connection existing between—cross over—the sensibilities and will—balance to corners—that," and so on ad infinitum.

Now this is not a fancy picture, nor a figment of the imagination. Every *society* man is expected, in fact must have some particular branch on which he is thoroughly at home, and by this one is usually distinguished; thus, Mr. Brown is spoken of as Mr. Brown, the geologist; or Mr. White, the ornithologist; or Mr. Black, the mental philosopher. In a word, the whole social system here is founded on brains and naturally it becomes one of the highest schools of culture. This is as it should be in the shade of the college elms.

If you are naturally of a light, jovial temperament, take my advice. Don't attempt to be a society man. To succeed, your motto must be "*Cæsar aut nullus*;" and if you feel within you that you will never make a Cæsar in metaphysics, theology, literature, history, or something

else, give it up and confine yourself to birds of your own feather, for the female bird here wears a different plumage from yours.

Here, for the present, I stop. If you are skeptical regarding the truth of the foregoing remarks, then answer these conundrums. Why do the ablest men of every country linger round this place for two or three years after graduating? What fills our theological, law and medical schools with the most brilliant scholars of this and neighboring metropolis? And, finally, an argument perfectly unanswerable. How does it happen that 83 per cent. of the philosophical and high oration men for the past thirty years, have found wives in New Haven?



WATER VOICES.

From high crested mountains, from nature's fountains,
We rise in boisterous glee ;
With loud ringing laughter, our forces we gather
For a pilgrimage off to the sea.
Supplied from on high by the clouds of the sky,
We start with no faltering pace ;
But from great rocks dashing, on ledges plashing,
We bound in marvelous grace.
Over cataracts leaping, through gorges sweeping
We whirl in exuberant rills ;
And swelling we flow and singing we go
From our home far away in the hills.

In babbling brooks, from sequestered nooks,
Together our waters combine,
Over pebbly sands, over miniature strands,
We glide through forests of pine.
We thrill with delight in the moonlit night,
As we mirror in lustrous dyes
Each trembling star, that twinkles afar
In the depths of the azure skies.
We welcome the Day with light bounding spray,
Dancing in eddying whirls ;
We greet the streams of his golden beams
In showers of diamonds and pearls.

Oh ! the joy we bring to each living thing,
 As we wind through green-skirted vales ;
 The light-winged bird, the wearied herd,
 All nature, a welcome hails.
 With laughter and song, we speed along,
 To unite with the shining river ;
 Then proudly bear on our bosom fair
 Light burdens of freighted treasure.
 With grand-like sweep, we roll through the deep
 Increasing in volume and motion ;
 The great seas invite, we exult in our might
 And revel in expanse of ocean.

We give birth to the clouds, which in great white shrouds,
 By tremulous winds are driven,
 To weave in the air, with colors rare
 A golden awning for heaven.
 When the tempest is rife, we are lashed into strife,
 And chafed into anger, seethe.
 'Mid the thunder's alarm, we give life to the storm
 Evolved from the caverns beneath.
 Then lulled to rest, on our ample breast
 Our billowy wings we keep,
 Save the wavelets alone, which in sad monotone
 Keep chanting the awful deep.

W. S. H.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

HAVE an especial antipathy to that peculiar species
 of the human race that are possessed, as it were, of re-
 living fly-heads, speckled about with watchful eyes,
 ch rivalling the optic of Polyphemus—

“ Quod torva solum sub fronte latebat.”—

at spend their hours in sifting others—counting the
 beads in your worn overcoat—discovering impossible
 aims protruding from your retinas—and at all times
 howling, seeking whom they may devour. They remind
 of a little fox-faced monkey that won my boyish admir-
 on in the palmy days of Barnum's Museum, long before
 elements combined to sever the ties of “ The Happy

Family," and fire and water and the snorting engines broke up the harmony of that cosmopolitan city. He was sitting, when I first caught sight of him, snugly esconced in a corner of the cage, his shriveled nose buried in the hairs of his breast, and his dreamy eye indicating that his thoughts were in apeland. As he dozed away under the influence of the sultry air, the irrepressible flies stole a march upon his feet. They made it a point thoroughly to explore each inviting wrinkle, and hammered away indefatigably at the twitching toes. Boy ape bore the indignity with considerable composure, up to the precise moment when endurance ceases longer to be a virtue, when he quietly arose, balanced himself accurately on the horizontal bar, and cautiously and systematically set himself to work. Moistening the tip of his tail with an application of saliva, he spread it out invitingly as a bait for enemies. Then, as his frame shook with anger, and his bright eye twinkled under his shaggy brows, he watched the bands of his tormentors rally. One after another they stopped to taste; one after another they drank and grew tipsy; one after another whole clusters went down for a bath with more apparent relish than did the old Romans of the Esquiline. Deluded reprobates—they forgot their Clytemnestra. A scarcely perceptible motion stole down the tail, and the sleek hairs trembled as it came gliding homeward. Then, quick as a flash, with a grasp and chuckle he had them tight in his powerful jaws, crunching their bones with exquisite relish. The dodge was one that could bear repetition, as it afforded unbounded satisfaction to himself and the bystanders. So there he sat hour after hour reaping in an abundant harvest of feet and wings, squandering the precious moments of too short a life. But forgive this digression.

Though I scorn the censorious, as I said before, yet for once I desire to be enrolled among them. I think I have found a "wee sma" leak in the great tun of college economy that needs but a little tinkering to stay considerable waste. It is no very fearful error, no inherent evil that requires the painful travail of the college to be delivered

of. It is rather the result of carelessness that can be easily corrected, and a surplus of selfishness that could be considerably diminished. To many it may appear insignificant, but to me it seems that not only does an important part of our college culture depend upon it, but our general satisfaction with our four years' course, and the success we can look back upon as we pass into active life. It runs like this.

In the days of Sophomore composition prizes I was seized with the prevailing epidemic, and quickly borne away by the impetus of the moment. An half-eaten dinner abandoned, 1.30 found me skulking about the yellow cabinet building, eyeing the numerous rivals who passed with an air of nonchalance. Disdaining fixed laws and varying constantly the co-efficients of x and y they nevertheless seemed describing an unwavering ellipse around the foci of the society doors. Friend met friend with an estranged look—a suspicious leer from the eye corners, while inquisitive questions as to subjects chosen were vaguely answered, or deftly turned. Numbers swelled, orbits narrowed, until suddenly the charm was broken by a nervous gentleman, who threw off the mask and dashed for a door-knob. Then followed a concentration of centers which would have done justice to Napoleon. As I happened at the moment to be busy with an enlarged detour around the treasury building, I came up only in time to assist in crushing the secretary, who was opening the door, when a dash for catalogues followed, and a wild scramble over the railing after the successful leaders. Between elbowing, and shoving, and shouting for the “next show” I beheld more desperate selfishness, and menageries of “green-eyed monsters” than I considered compressible into so small a space. Clarence and his “foul fiends” would have been simply nowhere, Those of us who were in the rear were, of course, last to be accommodated, and in consequence thereof spent a bootless hour, vainly searching for imaginary books, whose empty sockets looked on in mockery. Three o'clock struck, and the great army of the disappointed that had constantly enlarged, marched

out with doleful faces and empty hands. One or two had rescued a few superannuated reviews with which they were consoled, but in the breasts of the many there were bitter feelings against the nervous gentleman and his first phalanx.

The great mass, as I said, were unsupplied, not that the forerunners could not find enough, but that they had taken enough and to spare. Time and again had we seen them not only exhaust their own allowance, but employ the names of others to double and triple them, and, when other avenues were closed, frequently pilfer as many more. The confusion made it easy and the smuggling was lucrative. Hence, when the others came, they found the alcoves swept and garnished. Everything had been devoured as by Egyptian locusts. No book, no essay, no pamphlet, that came within hailing distance of a subject, but had been instantly engulphed. "True," you say, "but they were the early birds and entitled to the worms." Doubtless they were, to the finest they could find; but did their priority of choice necessarily entitle them to all they could carry? Could no consideration of fairness, or justice to their competitors have reduced them to moderation?

This is the reason why we ask. We come to college, generally speaking, but poorly informed; the result, in a majority of cases, of absence from the sources of information. Assembling from every quarter and every position in life, we are not always in possession of instructive works. Even when we are, business, the studies of preparation, or an aversion to application and preference for sport, peculiar to our years, are powerful obstacles to prevent our employing them. Hence, we look forward to college years as a time when we shall be sobering into manhood, and our taste and duties will urge us in this direction. True, we do not come to read, nor is our object so much to acquire information as to train and develop the mind. But we see an important instrument employed in this general development, that is a direct inlet to a wide range of reading. As stated in the cata-

ie, one-third of Freshman, the whole of Sophomore
a part of Junior has included in its curriculum a
rse of composition writing. Subjects are chosen which
uire "looking up." Excepting a few abstract ones)
are seldom congenial, information, authority, sugges-
tion must be sought, before justice can be done either
hem or the writers. This they are expected to obtain
libraries are provided.

he majority of the class, as I conceive, are willing and
irous of doing this searching. There will be some, of
rse, who scorn the whole affair, and prefer to save
or by the purchase of a substitute, yet few can be blind
the advantage of the training in facilitating correct
ression of sentiments and ideas, and to the advantage
a ready pen in every sphere of life. To those who
e literary lives "*in prospectu*" it is of course a neces-
—the culture and practice of inestimable advantage.
nce, the numbers that flock to the libraries when sub-
s are announced, and hence the value of equalizing
is attempted by the rules) as much as possible the
ply of books. But, as all cannot be first, this is de-
ed, as we have seen, by the selfish exorbitance of those
o are. That it is natural no one doubts, and that many
o complain would do the same thing is probable; but
ever are the doers, the wrong is done, and the few
surfeited through the poverty of the many. I grant
t no measure can be taken to prevent it; that as it lies
he character, the character must be corrected. But,
n the majority of cases it is the result of thoughtless-
s, perhaps calling the attention to it may tend to miti-
e it. One thing, however, can be done which will
erially assist. Books, which, through forgetfulness or
lect, so often are allowed to accumulate, forgotten or
sed, a greater degree of strictness should compel to
returned. Those who employ what they draw, would
suffer from the rigor, for they could readily "renew,"
le the remainder of the students would gain immeas-
bly by having works not in use at the service of the
uiring. When at length they are returned, after time,

and, through the culpable good nature of the librarians, little or no notice is taken of it, it breeds impunity in carelessness that is a source of injury.

One instance as to how far it can extend, will close the article. It is of a classmate, who, I remember, had at one time on his shelf the moderate number of *twenty-seven* books—(library.) He had not, as I supposed, made use of an express wagon, for they were mostly the triumphant results of many hair inspiring thefts. The method of accumulation rendered a hasty return unnecessary, while a fear of detection rather tempted him to retain them. Composed in general of the most valuable books in the libraries, it was provoking to see these obsolete reminders of forgotten compositions employed in the capacity of blackening stools, sputtered on by candles, devoured by mice. If promptness, strictness and vigilance would remedy these evils, better things might be hoped for our future composers.



“FATHER JOHN.”

TWENTY years ago, the little watering place called Mount Desert was not the fashionable resort it now is, with its large hotel, long drives and far extending line of bathing-houses. Beautiful girls in twos and threes could not then be seen, early in the morning, rambling along the pebbly beach. Richly mounted equipages did not then roll over the white sand, nor did lovers, with their love making in every state of progress, walk the wide and shady piazzas. But the sea rolled in then just as now. Each wave crested with its flakes of creamy foam, which, rolling back, it left upon the pebbles to glisten there a moment, and then to disappear, and the moon, swelling out from crescent to full orb, would make a golden mirror of the quiet harbor and be reflected from the low, smooth surface of the little island at its entrance, which Nora Ellis called “The Sentinel,” and the less romantic fishermen, “Father John.”

This ledge of rocks had a bad reputation. All vessels coasting thereabouts took good care to give it a wide berth. When the tide rose high, and the water was still, all that could be seen of the "Father" was the smooth, round surface of a single rock, so white and curved, like the crown of a well fed prelate's head, that the skippers gave it a priestly title. But, though they called it "Father," they knew full well that there was little of the good Samaritan in the reef of rocks that looked so cool and tempting on hot summer days. The people of the village could tell of many a good ship's pounding all night on the sharp points of that hidden ledge, till wood and iron gave up the contest and the cries of women and children drowning, were lost in the mad waters.

Very few ever came on shore alive to tell the story of those struggles; but the sea, next day, repenting of its cruelty, would often bring the bodies of its victims to the beach, and then roll back in shame and leave them there. Unknown and unmourned they were laid in the little grave-yard behind the parish church, where the low, green mounds, so thickly sown, spoke to every passer-by, of "death by shipwreck."

One April night in the year '38, a great vessel met her doom on the hidden reef. No boat could venture out to her assistance with the possibility of living for a moment on the wildly tossing waves. Brave men stood on the shore, men not afraid to risk their lives for others; but they knew that on such a wild night as this, the billows, mountain high, were demons; that it was certain death to venture on them, and so the stranded ship was left to groan out her own requiem. Early in the morning she parted and went down. Soon after, a broken mast came floating in, and on it, lashed tightly, were a living child and its dead mother.

John Ellis took this little ocean waif in his arms and bore her to his cottage, and there, he and his good wife Mary, determined, if no one came to claim the child, to adopt her as their own and make her, in love and care, coheir with their own boy, Harry. No one ever came,

and the little girl, whom they called Nora, grew up among these rude but kindly fisher families, as violets often do in secluded places, a little bud perfuming all around. Her sad story opened the hearts of all in sympathy; the men loved her for her gentle grace and winning ways; the women, for her modesty and devotion to her adopted parents. She was the pride and the queen of the village, but ruled it with a gentle, loving sceptre.

A score of years has rolled by. Years full of labor to John Ellis and his wife, among whose locks were scattered those gray signals with which time always marks his hold upon us. On the shoulders of their only son, the cares and responsibilities of the family had mainly fallen. Henry Ellis we can best describe, by saying that he was *one* of those men upon whose face nature had written *nobleman*; tall, strong of limb, brave to rashness, but tender-hearted almost to weakness, he was a type of the old Anglo-Saxon, in whom good mental endowments and noble physical had been developed and tempered by the hard life of the New England fisherman. He was a man whom men could look up to as a leader, and in whom women might find their ideal of strength and nobility. It is not strange, then, that Nora made him her hero. They had played together in childhood; had read and studied from the same book; had suffered in common all the little afflictions of children's school days, and had been bound together by a thousand ties felt only by those who have lived in close fellowship for many years. He was her counselor and guide. She brought all her troubles to him and always found a kind friend and sympathizer. Nor is it strange that there should have been a return for this devotion and homage, that Harry, when he was old enough to understand the orphan's sad history, should make her the object of his especial care. Thus, then, they grew up. Sharing all things in common and becoming year by year more closely knit together in the bond of common purposes.

So the years drifted away and brought both out of the days of childhood. To each, in these later years, had come the knowledge that the tie which bound them was

thing stronger than a brother's or a sister's love, with this knowledge the old familiar footing seemed slip away. The same kind feeling existed, the interest in one another's affairs; but a barrier of ice had grown up in the place of the former frankness. Harry, when he discovered how much his was bound up in that of Nora, had asked himself, whether her love was more than that of a sister, and, if it how much had gratitude to do with it. Most men stop to question the grounds on which a woman loves them, but young Ellis, with an oversensitiveness sometimes found in noble natures, joined to a keen sense of honor, could not endure the thought that, perhaps, gratitude was at the bottom of all Nora's regard for him. He made no attempt to probe very deeply into the question, but conceived it to be his duty to cut, one by one, the ties which had bound them together, that Nora, at least, might be free. It was a bitter discipline to both, especially to Nora, who neither knew nor could guess at his use.

When the old maxim says that "the course of true love runs smooth," it probably speaks the truth; but it is to add, that, if this love is the genuine article, it will surely, in the end, find a channel, broad enough and deep enough to pour along smoothly and musically. By Ellis, while he never doubted the strength of his attachment, was waiting for something to test Nora's love for him. He had not long to wait. It came in a storm that left not an inch of ground for doubts or cavil to stand upon.

It was the month of April; a month which seems to be in the essence of all the winter's tempests; when the ice and waves wage their last struggle with the advancing quiet of summer and, after some great death throes, retire, and give up the contest for half a year. It was towards the end of this month, in the year 1858, that by Ellis and his father sailed, one morning, down the river in their small single-master, the "*Ticket*." The object of the trip was to deliver some instructions to a fisherman, passing on its way to the fishing banks.

The "*Ticket*" made a quick passage through the harbor, ran by "Father John," and then stood out to sea, to watch in the path of the expected schooner. The best part of the day was spent in beating and tacking about, while all the time they were getting further and further away from the shore. At last, at about two in the afternoon, the looked for vessel hove in sight, making directly for them with a fair wind. In the meantime there was quite a change in the weather; a strong breeze had sprung up and the sky showed indications of an approaching storm. By three o'clock the schooner had come up, and, running alongside of her, they delivered the instructions. Before parting, the captain of the vessel told the father and son, that his barometer had been falling rapidly for the past hour, and advised them to come on board, promising to land them at Bedford, about thirty miles down the coast. But declining the kind offer, they made full sail on the "*Ticket*," and, with a good wind abeam, hoped to make the inside of the reef before the storm broke.

For nearly an hour, everything seemed to favor this hope; but at the end of that time, the wind had increased so much that the main-sail had to be half-reefed, and soon after it became necessary to take it in entirely. Even under the jib alone, the "*Ticket*" scudded at a furious rate through the now rapidly rising sea. The boat had been built for pleasure parties, and with a regard to speed more than safety, so that it was ill-fitted to live in such a storm, a fact which both well knew. By four o'clock they were rapidly approaching the reef; the father steering and Henry hard at work bailing out the water, which, every now and then some monster wave would pour over the low, unprotected sides. Neither spoke; both felt that the situation was a most critical one—that if a rope should break, or a single plank start under the great strain, their fate was settled. It was not the first time their lives had hung upon a thread, and hope was still high in the ascendant. Already they were half way through the most difficult part of the passage and could see the comparatively quiet water of the harbor within; but just at the

most dangerous point, abreast, and a few rods from the hidden rock, the jib-sheet snapped off, close by the block, and the sail, thus released, dashed madly from side to side, whipping itself in a few moments into shreds; then the boat, losing all steerage way, fell off, presenting a full broadside to the waves, which drove it with a crash upon the ledge. The water rushed in through the gaps in the bottom, and the little vessel, trembling for a moment, sank from under the feet of her pilots and left them struggling in the sea.

This tragedy had not been without spectators. The women in the Ellis cottage had noted the coming storm, and many times was the sea glass directed to different points, to discover some signs of the returning mariners. Great was the joy of Mary and Nora Ellis when they made out the "*Ticket*," several miles off, but running under jib alone, and rising like a cork on the top of the high waves. A sight which changed their feeling of joy to one of great anxiety. Nor was it long before the whole village had turned out to watch what all knew might become the life and death struggle of their good neighbors.

Five years before, the good people of Mt. Desert had set up, upon the crown of "Father John," a monster bell; that, when the tide rose high on stormy nights and all but concealed the rock, the waves might toss the bell over and over, and its deep tones, rolling far out into the dark sea, gave friendly warning to all vessels, of danger near at hand.

Every preparation had been made by those on shore, in the event of accident. The life boat was made ready for service, and the crew quickly formed; but still, when the "*Ticket*" struck and went down, when the time for action had come, these brave men hesitated. It looked like suicide to venture out in such a tempest and, while not afraid to risk their lives for the safety of their good friends, they could not be indifferent to their wives and children, who were clinging to them and entreating them not to go. Then it was that the heroine in Nora Ellis came out. She saw the men hesitating, halting between two opinions,

and in a moment was in their midst. She thrust back the weeping women, and called upon the men in the name of humanity to make the venture. She appealed to their manhood, to their love for her, to their respect for John Ellis and his son, and all but commanded them to take their places in the boat and attempt the rescue. The appeal had its effect; one by one, they silently went to their positions, while Nora, taking her place in the stern and firmly grasping the tiller ropes, gave the word to "shove off." The long oars flashed for a moment in their backward sweep, and then, like a dart, the life boat sprung from the shore.

Meanwhile the tide and wind had risen to their full height, and the great bell, revolving, was ringing, as it were, the death knell of the two lives in so great jeopardy. John Ellis and his son, when the boat sank, saw that their only chance of escape was in reaching the crown of the ledge, and there to cling to the iron bars on which the bell hung. They struck out boldly for this, and, being powerful swimmers, managed, by the aid of a friendly wave, to reach the crown and lay hold of the iron supports. Still it was but a temporary place of rescue. Exhausted as they were, it was with the greatest difficulty that they could maintain their hold against the great waves that came dashing over them. But they saw the boat approaching and that gave strength to their benumbed limbs.

Every man bent to his oar and pulled as if a human life depended on every stroke, while Nora, sitting like a statue, her face as marble, her wealth of golden hair streaming out behind, steered with the precision and steadiness of an experienced helmsman. It was not her eyes that guided, nor her hands at the tiller-ropes; but rather her whole heart, which made everything else of secondary importance. When within about three hundred yards of the bell, the crew stopped rowing, and a large buoy, attached to a light but strong rope, was cast off from the bow. At the first cast it was driven by the wind far out of the direction of the bell. The position of the boat was

changed, and another cast made with no better success. At the third attempt, however, the buoy drifted to within an hundred feet of the drowning men; then Harry, calling out to his father to hold on for life, loosened his grasp and struck out boldly for it. Under ordinary circumstances, to swim such a distance would have been child's play to Henry Ellis, but now it was only after the most violent exertion that he reached the buoy. The crew, seeing him safely upon it, swiftly hauled in the line, and soon he was alongside. To the men who reached eagerly out to take him in, Harry gave the command, "Cast off again. My father is on the rock." There was no gainsaying that look or tone, and in a moment the buoy was again on its errand of mercy; and errand, now, likely to have a more successful issue, since, opposed to the fickleness of the wind was the strong line, the strong will, and the strong muscles of a son determined to rescue a dying father. Harry went to his duty with a deep joy in his heart: he had seen the motionless figure in the stern, knew what had brought her there, and read in her face the secret he had been trying to solve.

It was an Herculean task to guide the heavy float to the bell, but it was accomplished at last, and then seizing the old man, thoroughly benumbed with the cold, and insensible, with both his hands locked in a death grasp to the iron support, Harry gave the signal to draw in. A few moments more and they were alongside. Rough, but kindly hands raised them, both now unconscious, and laid them in the bottom of the boat, and then, heading for the shore the crew pulled lustily towards it.

A month after, when the apple blossoms on the great tree near the window were filling the soft spring air with their fragrance, and the vines, twining through the lattice, were radiant with morning glories, Harry Ellis opened his eyes to recognize, for the first time, a face which had never been absent from his mind during all the ravings of delirium. Nora was sitting by the bedside, reading; waiting for this moment; a moment which her fears whispered to her would never come. He lay silent, looking at her

for several minutes, until, as if conscious of his gaze, she turned and looked up. _____

There is a long black line after the word *up*. My friends, boil down all the tender passages of every novel you have ever read, and the essence left will be the story of that black line. Ye who have been there, know its meaning. Shall I spoil, by anticipating, the pleasure of those who expect to be?

Last week, as the magnificent new steamship, "*City of Brussels*," swung out from the Inman dock, Captain Ellis, the youngest commander in the service, stood near the pilot house, waving farewell to his beautiful wife and his two little daughters standing by her side. When far out towards the narrows, he looked back through his glass and saw them still standing there, waiting for the last view of the vessel that was bearing a loved husband and father away, and he thanked God in his heart for the bounty with which his heart was running over, and, thinking of the jewels he had left behind, was thankful even to "Father John" for the treasure it had first brought and afterwards secured to him.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Commences with March 12th and closes with the 6th inst., during which period college life has moved on much in its usual fashion. The Seniors have finished the farce of composition reading, and the Sophomores have had the subjects announced for their next prize efforts. With the advent of April some signs of spring begin to appear, prominent among which is the reappearance of the hands on the college clock after a long winter vacation. The ball players are also preparing for the summer's campaign, and have had several practice games. The Freshmen have received a challenge from Harvard '73 to play a match game at Providence next July, but the faculty have not yet decided whether they will allow them to accept it. As warm weather approaches Prof. Dana re-

sumes his geological excursions with the Seniors the first one this season being to Savin Rock on the 30th ult. The State election passed off very quietly in a rain storm on the 4th inst., and resulted in a victory for the Democrats. Its only noteworthy feature is the fact that students were this year for the first time, allowed to vote, some forty or fifty availing themselves of the privilege. As we write all college is engrossed with the examinations, which close with the term on Tuesday, the 12th. As a necessary prelude to this the

Junior Exhibition

Came off on Wednesday, the 6th inst., filling up the time between two and half-past five o'clock. Owing to the increased price demanded for the use of College Street church, the usual place of holding the Exhibition, the exercises came off in the College Chapel, according to the following programme:—Latin Oration, "De eximia elegiarum, quas scripsit Catullus, pulchritudine," W. W. Perry of Collinsville; Oration, "The Theology of Cicero," J. W. Starr of Guilford; Oration, "The Vice of our Literature," C. D. Hine of Lebanon; Oration, "The Roman Satirists," N. H. Whittlesey of New Preston; Oration, "Addison in the Spectator," R. E. Williams of Auburndale, Mass.; Oration, "William Pitt as a Statesman," C. E. Cuddeback of Port Jervis, N. Y.; Oration, "Physical Culture in College," R. W. Archbald of Scranton, Pa.; Dissertation, "King Lear," J. A. Burr of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Oration, "Ædipus and Richard III," E. T. Owen of Hartford; Oration, "The Criminality of the South in the late War," F. Johnson of Pine Bluff, Ark.; "The Delphic Oracle," T. Thacher of New Haven; Oration, "John Hampden," H. Mansfield of New Haven; Philosophical Oration, "True Ambition in Study," H. E. Kinney of Griswold; Philosophical Oration, "Pulpit Eloquence," A. E. Todd of Ludlow, Mass. The speaking was interspersed with first class music by Grafulla's 7th Regiment Band of New York City, which also furnished the music for the Promenade Concert in the evening at Music Hall. This latter performance came off with the usual eclat, although of course not for a moment to be compared with the

Initiation Supper

Of the XXXVth Editorial Board in the management of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, which came off at the New Haven House on the evening of Friday, the 25th ult. The five chosen magnates of '71, having been duly initiated into the august mysteries of Chi Delta Theta, sat

down with the Board of '70 and an invited guest to a sumptuous repast, followed by the usual flow of wit and eloquence. A full report of the entertainment, although it would doubtless prove of absorbing interest to our readers, we are reluctantly compelled to forego. We must, however, remind them that our promise of a year ago to invite to the supper one or two of our most faithful contributors was redeemed, and inform the literary men of '71, and of '72 and '73 for that matter, that the next Board have made a similar determination. At a meeting of the newly initiated Board on the following day, the order in which the nine numbers of the year will be edited was determined by lot, as follows:—Sweet, Mason, Hine, Sperry, Strong, Sweet, Mason, Hine, Strong. Mr. Strong was chosen Treasurer, and Mr. Sperry, the Chairman of the Board, was selected to conduct the *Memorabilia* through the year. This last choice reminds us that our task is almost over, and that we speak of the

Town Shows

For the last time. Although few, the entertainments of the month have been mainly of good quality. In the musical way, aside from a couple of minstrel shows, we have had two first class Russian concerts, and two concerts of fair merit under the management of the great Levy. The irrepressible George Francis Train stopped with us for a night on his way to the Presidency in 1872, and delivered his original lecture to a well filled house. But by far the best entertainments of the month and the winter were the three nights of Lester Wallack on the 14th, 15th and 29th ult. In praise of the "star" we of course need say nothing, but we cannot refrain from praising the excellent support which he received and the fine style in which the plays were presented. The last performance in particular was of as even and sustained merit as any which it has ever been our fortune to witness in New Haven.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Exchanges.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES AND PAPERS :—Hamilton *Literary Magazine*, Williams *Quarterly*, Dartmouth, *Virginia University Magazine*, Union *Literary Magazine*, *College Days*, Indiana *Student*, Targum, *Harvard Advocate*, Cornell *Era*, *College Standard*, Amherst *Student*, *College Courant*, Eureka *College Vidette*, *Cap and Gown*, *College Mercury*, *College Courier*, *Vidette*, Southern *Collegian*, Miami *Student*, *Chronicle*, *College Times*, *Madisonensis*.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES AND PAPERS :—*Overland Monthly*, *Ave Maria*, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, *Western Monthly*, *Children's Home*, *Christian World*, *Statesman*, *Seaside Oracle*, Southern *Metropolis*, *Nation*, *Citizen and Round Table*, *Hearth and Home*, N. E. *Postal Record*, *Punchenello*, *Commercial Bulletin*, *American Lit. Gazette*, *Appletons' Journal*, *Journal of Education*.

The Madisonensis puts the woman question in a pleasant light when it says that if they formed part of a college class, "there would be no class unity—at least not till after graduation. I shouldn't like to call a beautiful, dark-eyed creature, a 'bummeress,' even though she were a little 'wild.' Think of one of these handsome ones coming up to a fellow with—'I say, Jack, are you going to "cut chapel" and "cram," or go in and "cheek it through." Should I dare ask her—'Fan, lend me your crib?' no; I'd rather not."

We notice a marked improvement in the *Cornell Era*, in the general character of its "make up," though we think the tinted paper business is being carried a little too far at Ithaca.

The *Cap and Gown* of Columbia College, New York, says: "The YALE LIT. is the oldest college periodical in the country, dating back to 1836. The last number received by us contains sixty-two pages of reading matter. Its contributions are entirely from the undergraduates, any of whom may consider it an honor to appear in its columns." We touch our spring beaver to the *Cap and Gown*, and put it down for an early puff.

We deny emphatically the story in the *Amherst Student*, that one of our professors introduced a late lecture with, "The oleagenous and lumeneferous effects of oxygenated muriatic acid are so fugacious and segregated, that we are totally unable to recognize the contents by any practical or theoretical view of their synquinous coruscation and sinuosities which they so often exhibit."

We notice a remarkable unanimity among our exchanges in their request to their subscribers to *pay up*. The application of this insertion here is too apparent to need further comment.

We learn that there are 400 female students at *Vassar*, and that every State in the Union is represented, except the married state. The powers that be at Poughkeepsie, like ours, say to us both, "Ye shall not commit matrimony."

Here is something touching from the *Union Literary Magazine*, of Canton, Missouri. It is enough to draw tears from an oak knot. "Earth's greatest lesson is change. And should misfortune's clouds lower, let us hope some good angel may nerve us to ward them off bravely. Dear friend, with a heart full of love and charity for all, we ask, will we ever meet again? 'Faith,

Hope and Love,—best boons to mortals given, wave their bright wings, and whisper, yes, in heaven."

The Targum, for all we know to the contrary, is responsible for the following:—

"I saw Esau kissing Kate
And, the fact is, we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau."

The Chronicle, from Michigan University, asks the "venerable YALE LIT." to answer the question, why it and other magazines print those "barren, irksome lists of college exchanges?" In reply, we would say that, in acknowledging the receipt of our exchanges, we perform nothing more than an act of common politeness. It costs but little and, like some other barren and irksome things, is, at least, on the side of good breeding. This same spirit of courtesy prompts us to extend our thanks to the *Chronicle* for its good opinion of the venerable institution aforesaid, when it says, in the same issue, that it regards the LIT. as the ablest and best of college magazines."

Another aspirant to public favor has stepped into the field. It is called *Punchenello*, a comic weekly, printed at 83 Nassau street, New York. The first number is replete with capital jokes. The drawings, however, are not first-class, and are much inferior to those of the defunct "Vanity Fair." The publishers, we think, show very bad taste in allowing advertisements to appear on the title page.

We have eaten our LIT. supper, and on the whole, think it was an excellent supper. The canvass-back ducks were, perhaps, a trifle underdone and the pastry somewhat leaden; but on the whole, as before remarked, it was an excellent supper. The speeches were admirable, especially those of the retiring board. The 'incoming' showed signs of nervousness, but they did well. The initiatory rites of X. Δ. Θ. had evidently unsettled them. Our single invited guest, long may he wave, spoke eminently to the point. He said that he had fallen from a ladder, four stories high, on his stomach. Said, that in a railway accident, this same member had suffered by being projected against the protruding corner of a detached seat, but, gentlemen, said he, warming up, I feel that the evil effects of every external shock to my digestive apparatus have been more than counter-balanced by the internal shock received this night. The sage of Utica is a judge, and his verdict justifies us in repeating that it was an *excellent supper*.

The last *Editor's Table* of a board can hardly touch on any subject, but that the idea and the word *farewell* comes running into every line. We made the attempt to talk of something else; to banish the thought that the good old man, with his "dum manet," etc., and ourselves are standing where two roads separate, try to forget that we are parting with him for the last time, that—

"There 's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

All in vain ! *Vale, Vale*, is in our thoughts, is in our hearts. 'Tis the word written on the closing doors of many a pleasant friendship. 'Tis the word echoing through the happy months of a year gone forever. Shall we regret that it and its predecessors have passed away? Shall we wish them back again? All can look back on the last four years and see in them much undone, much that might have been better done. But let the dead past bury the past. Let us not be wholly dissatisfied, if, from the ashes of regret for much time misspent, there are springing the fresh, green blades of earnest purposes for an active and useful future.

To the five whose privilege it has just been to sit round the LIT.'s old editorial table, the year has brought much of pleasure and more of profit. We opened with the May No. in '69 with a deep sense of the responsibilities assumed. We close with this, the April No. in '70, feeling that we have not betrayed our trust, so far as the conscientious discharge of duty is concerned. Our success in the conduct of the LIT., whether or no we have made it a readable magazine, must be left, of course, to the decision of our readers. Our connection with the LIT. has been a source of profit, inasmuch as we have been enabled to cultivate a style of writing totally different from the ponderous, official efforts of sophomore year. It has been a source of pleasure in the agreeable associations incident in the discharge of our duties. The records of many other boards come down to us full of petty wrangling and quarreling. The board of '70 has no such inheritance to leave to its successors. A spirit of good fellowship and kindly feeling has presided over all its meetings, and in separating we carry away the remembrance of no hard words or thoughts.

With this volume the LIT. completes half the allotted three-score years and ten. Through a prosperous youth, it has come to a vigorous manhood, and, standing to-day on the middle line, we look into the future, and see it growing in strength and influence. May it speak to coming generations of students words of earnestness and truth ; may it be in the future as in the past, the exponent of Yale's best thought ; may it probe into what is vicious and support all that is good, and may it ever stand up nobly for the grand old college whose child it is. But our patron saint stands ready, ready in his close buttoned tunic, amply flowing vestment, silk stockings and shoe buckles, to pronounce his benediction.

Join hands, my friends, around this good old man. The time has come when we must part. Bow down and take his blessing :—

'Go forth my youngest sons,' he says,
'To join that noble band,
Who, laboring first for me,
Now labor for themselves and fellow-men.
Each in his place be true
To what is good and pure,
That, coming back in after years,
My blessing and my smile may still be yours.'

With Tiny Tim we say, "God bless every one."

T. J. T.

VALEDICTORY.



Partings are hard, and parting words should be short.
We will not prolong the agony.

To our subscribers we say, "*Bless you.*"

To our contributors we say, *Virtue hath its own reward.*

To our successors we say, *Macte, etc.*

There is one word that snaps the link. One word that
bears our best wishes to you all. It is the word, *Fare-
well.*

EDWARD P. CLARK,
J. HENRY CUMMINGS,
WILLIAM C. GULLIVER,
CHARLES H. STRONG,
THOMAS J. TILNEY.

THE
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

THINK AGAIN.

THE farther along we proceed in our college course, and the nearer we draw to the "embarkation point," the more frequently do we hear the query, "What do you propose to do after you graduate?" And far too often comes the reply, "I think I shall try the law." The extreme frequency of this reply has led me to examine with considerable curiosity various class-statistics on the subject, and I find that probably not far from half of the graduates of our American colleges enter the legal profession. Now this is a larger proportion of the highly educated class in our country than can reasonably be spared to any one profession or pursuit. And, as every one who has had any experience in college knows, it is a far larger proportion of college men than are *adapted* to any one pursuit. Count up on your fingers those in your own class who seem well adapted to the law, then double the number so as to include all those about whom you are in the least doubtful; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, your computation will not even then include a quarter of your whole class. If this estimate is anywhere near the

truth, if nearly half of our college-bred men who enter the law do not belong there, if about a quarter of the whole number of graduates get into the wrong place in life, it is certainly a very serious evil and well merits our consideration.

The question at once arises, "Is this state of affairs due to the influence exerted by the college course?" Could I believe that such was the case, that it was the direct and natural result of college training to give the young man erroneous ideas of life and of himself, I should regard it as a very strong objection to college education. But I cannot believe that such is the case. One of the greatest benefits of a college course is to be found in the practical experience it gives, and in its opportunities for meeting and trying our strength with those of our own age. In this way it gives us a truer estimate of ourselves, and brings down into practical shape the wild fancies of early youth. Now the better we know ourselves and the more practical our ideas of life, the less likely are we to err in selecting our life-work. Hence I believe that our colleges are not accountable for this evil, and that a larger proportion of the same persons would enter the law if there were no colleges, and a profession was to be chosen at the time a choice of college is now made.

If, then, the influence of the college course does not increase the number of those who enter the law without personal fitness for it, we are forced to the conclusion that about half of *all* those who enter the law do not belong there. The actual facts in the case fully justify this conclusion. Most people will agree that the poorer half of our lawyers might be spared with very little loss either to the profession or to the country.

Among those who enter the law without possessing mental qualities adapted to its requirements are a few who have no idea of doing any serious work in life, but intend to play up "gentleman" under the name of lawyer. Also a few who are tempted into the law by its unlimited opportunities for eminence, or adopt it merely as a stepping-stone to politics. But the great body of this class are

either mistaken in their estimate of themselves, or thoughtlessly drift into the law without fully appreciating its requirements.

That the law is a noble profession, and that it is sufficiently commodious to accommodate a large number, I readily admit. I go further. There are various departments in it, so that it can accommodate a considerable variety of talents. But excellence in any one of these departments requires talents of a high order, and the number which can be received is by no means unlimited. In our own country the number of those who are thronging this profession is altogether too great, and the order of talents brought into it is altogether too low. A lawyer's capacity for his business, in the shape of learning, judgment, or eloquence, is his stock in trade. He who furnishes an inferior article is guilty of a fraud upon the community.

Everyone acknowledges the injury done to the public by the overcrowded state of the legal profession in its lower ranks. It degrades the profession, and, through its expounders, the law itself. It stimulates quarrels and contentions, for lawyers must live, and if people will not quarrel of their own accord the legal ingenuity is taxed to its utmost to make them quarrel. It furnishes a never-failing supply to the ranks of party tricksters, and draws a large number from respectable pursuits. Think of the many excellent teachers, preachers, doctors, bankers and merchants who are lost to the world—completely spoiled in the attempt to manufacture lawyers out of material which stubbornly refuses to be manufactured.

But it is to the individual himself that the chief injury is done. Even the best lawyers do not find the profession any too remunerative in a pecuniary point of view, and we need only to glance at the rank and file to see that it is not a money-making profession. This is a mercenary consideration, I know; but it is one which few of us can afford to ignore in selecting a profession. If nature did not intend you for a lawyer it is not good policy for you to spend your life in rebellion against her decree. True, energy and a good education will go far toward giving a man

success in any profession, but how much more efficient are they when so directed as to take advantage of nature's gifts, and to work in conjunction with them. The importance to a young man of the profession he adopts is often undervalued. This is certainly one of the two most important choices a young man is called upon to make. The other is the choice of a wife. Success and happiness often hang upon the wisdom and discretion used in these two particulars. When a decision has once been made in either case it is usually made for life. Most people who have made a bad choice prefer to endure rather than to change. There is certainly great need of circumspection before taking the plunge either into matrimony or a profession.

In the selection of a profession the tendency is to look too high rather than too low, since people are more likely to over-estimate their own abilities than to under-estimate them. It is well to be moderate and cautious in choosing your profession, but when it is once chosen place no limits upon your aspirations for excellence in it. It is far better to be at the head of an humble profession than at the foot of a more pretentious one.

For the law, as we have seen, the talents required are peculiar and of a high order. No one should enter it without thoroughly estimating these requirements, and his own ability to meet them. His decision should be a matter of conscience as well as of judgment.

The question is not whether you would make a respectable lawyer, but whether you are better fitted for that than for anything else. Your mind may be of a very high order and yet you may not have the peculiar qualities necessary for a good lawyer. I ask you, then, my friend, with all due deference to your ability, whatever may be your college rank, whether you have a philosophical oration or a "disappointment" stand, whether you take first prizes in composition, declamation and debate, or none at all, before you finally decide to be a lawyer, *think again*.

E. F. S.

DE CŒNIS.

"Noctes Cœnæque Deorum."—HORACE.

I EXPECT to write about suppers, and in fact I had originally entitled this article "Concerning Suppers." I have, however, yielded to the expressed desire of the editor of this number of the LIT., and have therefore used as a caption the above. I confess that it has rather a natty look, and an appearance of mingled wit and wisdom, of which I am somewhat proud. It is short and impressive, and suggests "cubilia," and all that sort of thing, you know. Away with ye, Suppers! Hail, Cœnæ! My well-worn dictionary informs me that the cœna of the Romans usually began at 3 P. M., and was the principal meal of the day. With the former clause *our* cœnæ have nothing to do. No! give me no festive board, with intrusive daylight peering in, and the loud hum of vulgar business drowning its jollity and mirth. Better by far is the solemn midnight, the brilliant gas-light, the closed doors. Then is the time of enjoyment. Then with "wine and wassail" the hours fly by. Then louder and freer is the revelry within for the silence without. Then the heart opens, the brain works, and with sparkling wine and curling smoke come bright and witty thoughts. Give me the midnight,—

"This dead of midnight is the noon of thought."

Excellently well does the second clause fulfill my ideas. It is with me an axiom. In my practice I exemplify it. My comrades look with wonder as dainty after dainty falls before my devouring march. You may call it gluttony, but, pshaw! my dear fellow, you mistake. I am only doing justice to the meal. The things are destined to be eaten, and I am aiding them to fulfill their destiny. You, cloyed and satiated, finish long before I do. Why is it? Why, you have eaten and drunk during the day,—that is, you have not given to the cœna its full due. Aye, that is the secret.

Make it your principal, nay, your only meal for the day. Eat nothing at all until the eventful hour comes, and then sit down like a MAN, resolved to eat your fill. Away with this envy, for it is nothing else. If I eat more than you do, it shows that in this respect I am your superior. Admit it, man. Don't carp or sneer,

"Sapping a *merry* creed with solemn sneer,"

but strive after the same lofty ideal. There is nothing degrading in the admission of a liking for good living. It is a bond of union between many who are in all else unlike. I remember that I first came to read Thackeray, because in that great master's "Early and Late Papers," I happened upon that delicious little essay, "Memorials of Gormandizing." If any one of the thousands of readers of the LIT. has never read that sketch, he has before him a pleasure for which I envy him. I know nothing better calculated to inspire calm content than the perusal of that delightful essay, just before a man is going to one of those delicious *petits soupers* that associations at Yale are in the habit of giving.

Since such are my feelings on this subject, you may imagine the alarm with which I behold the destructive advance of what is wickedly misnamed Reform. It should rather be called Ruin. Not satisfied with trying to abolish the Jubilee, the promenade concerts, the Spoon, and the societies, this fiendish movement threatens the existence of my beloved cœnæ. It seems almost incredible, but yet the fact remains that there are men in Yale who are so far lost to a sense of the "eternal fitness of things," that, were they able, they would destroy even these, now almost the only gleams of sunshine in our monotonous life. I suppose that they must have some object of attack, but there are the chapel regulations. Certainly, there is a wide enough field and a real abuse. Why concentrate yourselves on this luckless custom? It cannot be in the interests of morality, for there is nothing immoral in these. I am no friend of vulgar debauchery. That has no place at an enjoyable feast. To gratify body and mind, that is the true aim, and not to gratify the body

alone. No! spare, I entreat you, spare our suppers.

I care but little for society "spreads," and the like. You meet a quantity of distasteful people, and you have a union of the disadvantages of the pic-nic and the regular supper, without the advantages of either. There are so many who have the same benefits as yourself that the benefits seem of little worth. For full enjoyment you need seclusion with a very few comrades, and this you cannot get at a society feast. These, then, are of little worth to me. I would not discourage them for the great mass have nowhere else to go. But those who wear upon their breasts the insignia of class honors, care not for this indiscriminate jollity. No, in our minds are treasured up thoughts of cosy little suppers, where all were friends and where all met for the nonce on equal terms,

"To eat and to drink and to be merry."

What rich stores of sense and nonsense have been poured out before us. How we have revelled in these thoughts. In what glorious hopes for the future have we not indulged? And would you dispel these hopes? Because you, perhaps, cannot gain admittance to these cœnæ, would you declare that they are of little worth? Avaunt, man, it is not anxiety for the right which is prompting you, but envy and malice.

It is not probable that this good old custom will ever entirely disappear. It is too deeply rooted in our student life. Each year the lucky nine will pass through the terrible ordeal of initiation, and then will gather round the heaped-up table, to eat their way to the longed-for honors of the Spoon. Each year Chi Delta Theta will fitly terminate her mystic rites and solemn vows by a merry night of jollity. This is as it should be. A well-fed mind in a well-fed body is as true a bit of philosophy as e'er was handed down. And, too, each year—but no, *not* each year, for where last year's campaign committee supper should have been, there is a hiatus. Let us trust that the infection will not spread. Well I remember almost two years ago, when the committees of three classes met to make night merry. As I reflect upon the delights of that

time, I cannot think that hereafter the men who are chosen by Sigma Eps. and Delta Kap. for these positions,—the men who in this way take their first step towards the honors of Junior year, those honors which involve the most delightful of all cœnæ,—that these men, I say, will care naught for this dear old practice, and lose an opportunity which may never come again. Yes, this is what I have been driving at. Courteous reader, this is what I mean. It is for this supper that I plead. If this goes, it weakens, in some degree, the others. Stand fast to it then. Defend it. Think of the pleasure it will give and attack it if you can.

This appeal will doubtless rescue it from impending ruin. For this, the thanks of all sensible collegians are due me, for the advantages of cœnæ are many, and extend beyond the immediate consumers to their chums and their friends. Many a time have I seen some one just returned from one, built out on the sides and before and behind with dainties and delicacies. As he is unloaded with the aid of officious friends, how many a one shares in the distribution. Many a palate is gladdened, many a stomach is warmed with the gentle glow that satisfaction gives. I know of but one disadvantage connected with my cherished cœnæ. The college supper demands a speech. That dread necessity always appals me. But yet this necessity enables me, during my voluntary abstinence for the day, to fill up the time by thinking out one. This done, be happy. Await the hoped-for hour, attack what is before you boldly, for

“With eating comes appetite, says Angeston,”

and, my word for it, you will arise from the table a wiser, a better, and a fuller man. Do not neglect this matter. Do not regard it as unworthy your consideration. As Thackeray says about your dinner, which comes every day, so I say about your cœna, which comes, say two or three times a year:—Sir, RESPECT YOUR CŒNA, idolize it, enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do.”

A. B. M.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

"Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat."

Hudibras, Part 1, Canto 1.

SOLOMON ADAMS, Sophomore, was snugly ensconced on the lounge in Rood's cosy bar-room, helping the Freshmen moisten those *togas viriles*, a beaver, cane and yellow Spring overcoat. It was one of those few precious times, or perhaps rather, precious few times, in which college etiquette allows class feeling to be temporarily laid aside, and all classes to mingle at the expense of one. The afternoon was almost gone, and nearly everyone in the room was in that state which prompts the anxious inquiry, "How came you so?" Thus Bacchus conspired with the time to cause Mr. Green of the Freshman class to lean unsteadily over to a classmate of our hero's and confidently say: "Mr. Flint, just got 'nother letter from my quail." "Don't say so," responded that individual: "let's see it." Mr. Flint being a "big man" was of course not to be opposed, and so the tender epistle was drawn forth with alacrity and spread before the trio. And a very pretty little note it was, written on dainty perumed French billet paper with purple ink, and a perfect menagerie of pretty phrases and pet names. It would be idle to say that Mr. Adams and his friend were much interested and amused, and that both threw out many remarks, as they read, more approving than Platonic. But before our hero had finished its perusal, curiosity as to its author got the better of him, and he broke out with—

"What's this about 'our first meeting?' Come, tell us about it, my young Don Juan."

After some opposition from Flint, who had heard the story and wanted to finish the letter, Mr. Green began—

"Well, as I was once in the Albany depot waiting for the down train, who should I see but an old fellow toting round a regular snab, his daughter, as I found out afterwards. She looked at me out of the corner of her eye as she passed by, with, I may say, fatal effect. Pretty soon

the old 'un went away for tickets, and consequently this beauteous female became unprotected. All my better instincts told me this was wrong, and so I immediately signified in hieroglyphic that I was ready to become her protector. Well, she consented, in a very coy way—in fact she overdid it—and before five minutes we had exchanged addresses. Just then the cruel parent came in sight, so I modestly subsided, having, however, agreed to meet at the depot again, on my way home after the examination."

"Lucky boy!" said Sol., and turned to the neglected letter. It ended—"Now see here, sir, you quote from my last letter as though you had it *before you*, and so were *keeping* it. Now if you don't *burn up* all these letters, just as you *promised*, you shall *never* hear more from

Your 'DARLING RED ROSE.'"

"P. S. Do you know any 'Sophies,' and have you got your pledge yet?"

"Devil!" involuntarily exclaimed Green, "I forgot that was there."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Flint, who was inclined to be merry, "the cat has extricated herself sure enough; but never mind, let's forget in the flowing bowl." A less broad hint would have sufficed, and soon all three were at the counter. But our hero was not to be so easily pacified, as Flint, who had turned to him with a wink, and Green, who had peeked at him with terror, had both discovered. He muttered unmentionable things under his breath as he read and re-read the note with a deepening scowl. Finally, however, he mastered himself sufficiently to say, almost politely, "Got any more?"

"O yes, sir, two or three regular red-hot ones," replied the terrified Green.

"Humph," answered his interrogator; "so hot that you thought it unnecessary to put them into the fire, I suppose."

Cho. "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Come," he continued, with more suavity, "I'll give you five dollars for the lot; they'd make bully memorabil."

Green demurred considerably, and Flint denounced the offer as pitifully small, and suggested an auction, a proposition which met with great favor among the little crowd which had collected, but Adams' eye looked wicked, and so the politic Green, rising to the full dignity of the crisis, exclaimed, in measured tones, "To oblige you, sir, I will present them to you,—here they are."

"Thank you," and before they could stop him he was down the stairs and in Union street. "How hot and red my cheeks are," he muttered, and instinctively turned up Court street, as preferable to Chapel. Up the former to the college he strode swiftly and steadily, for he was perfectly sober now, and once there, passed rapidly to his room, locked the door, sunk on the lounge and lapsed into what was apparently a very disagreeable reverie. In a few moments, however, he jumped up with "What a little fool the girl must be!" brushed down his hair, tossed a lozenge into his mouth and ran down stairs.

"Come in!" said the weak voice of the tutor, in answer to his loud double knock. "Ah, Mr. Adams: good afternoon."

"I came, sir," that individual responded with a bow, "to ask if I might be excused from passing my term examination, and be allowed to return home immediately. I—my health is—a—quite poor, and I don't think I could do—myself justice."

"Well, you know it's a rule"—

"And moreover," continued our hero, hastily interrupting him, for he had watched his division officer as a cat does a dog, and perceived that his first excuse would be insufficient, "moreover, as it never rains but it pours, my mother is quite sick ('has been for five years with consumption, so that 's no lie,' he thought,) and wishes to see me (that's true enough) as well as my uncle who is on from—a—California for a short visit, which will end just before the vacation begins, and so I myself and the family would be excessively gratified if you, sir, would have the kindness to allow me the privilege of postponing my examinations till the beginning of next term."

"Ah, sir, yes. Well, sir, that being the case," responded the mollified instructor, "I see no very serious objections to my granting your request *in this instance*," and away went our hero, musing on the power of eloquence.

Early the next morning he was patting the parental house-dog and dinging the parental door-bell.

"Why, Solomon, my son," exclaimed the parental voice, "why are you home so soon?—I hope you have n't been suspended." And the old gentleman sadly shook his gray hair as he thought of that last letter home.

"No, indeed, father," replied Sol. "The fact is, I got sick of New Haven, and not feeling *very* well, thought I'd make my vacation a week longer by having my examinations postponed till next term."

"I don't like it, Solomon," replied the old gentleman, "no, sir, not a bit; a faithful student"—

"Yes, father, after dinner." And in they went.

A small but select family greeted the runaway in the most cordial manner, especially the "flower of the family," who, let me inform my readers, was an old style orthodox heroine. Her tresses were (predominately) raven, her eyes shot the true Promethian fire, her mouth was kissable to the last degree, her cheeks like "floating island"—but words evidently fail us, and we pass on.

After dinner our hero retired to his room and began to arrange the different knickknacks he had brought with him, and took out from among them the bundle of letters. Putting them hastily into a pocket he ran down stairs, and meeting his sister beckoned her into the back parlor. "Rose," he exclaimed, as he flung the package to where she had seated herself, "Rose, don't do that any more."

"What, pray?" she answered, as she opened the package. "Why, of all nonsense!"—

Solomon looked at her in blank wonder; she was actually laughing. This was too much for our hero's philosophy. "D—n it, what are you laughing at? you seem to take it pretty cool. If you knew your lover as well as I do"—he stopped there and looked at his sister. A wave of crimson had swept to the very roots of her hair, and the hot blood in passing to her brow seemed to set her

eyes on fire, and out of them flashed such a look of anger, of almost hate, that it completely cowered him.

"And you really thought that I wrote that miserable, sinful trash," she exclaimed, as she threw the rumpled paper at his feet. "For shame, brother!"

"Well, but," rejoined Solomon, greatly disconcerted, "just look at the coincidences; the place of meeting, the handwriting,—yours a little disguised,—that name, which we have called you by a thousand times."

"I care not for your coincidences, sir; I never, never wrote a word of those letters, and you have grossly insulted me." And growing paler as her anger got the better of her shame, she turned from him and swept up stairs like an offended queen.

"Here's a pretty go," cogitated Mr. Adams. "Nothing short of a silk dress can heal that breach."

There is no telling what Solomon would have thought or done if he had been left to himself for the next fifteen minutes,—possibly drowned himself, as they do in the plays,—but just then the footman came in with a letter from New Haven. Solomon tore it open and read as follows:—

DEAR SOL.: That darned Green has perpetrated the worst sell on me, and you, too, the worst that ever was perpetrated on any respectable Sophs. It seems that all these ardent letters of his were figments of his fertile brain, got up to create him a reputation amongst his fellows of being a gay Lothario, a Don Juan, &c., and that he had no idea of selling us, but being, as you know, a little "set up" and a good deal more scared, he let you have the letters, as he himself said, to *oblige* you. The way I found it out is a long story and I can't tell it to you now, as I go in to Mathematics in an hour, but I thought I would write you thus much so that you need n't be making a *fool* of yourself by showing them to any one as authentic.

Yours truly,

BEN. FLINT.

Solomon mechanically folded up his friend's epistle and taking the arm-chair opposite into his confidence, declared—"Well, I am the *worst* sold man in Yale College! But as to that cursed Freshie, if I don't blackball"—but here you see we are getting on forbidden grounds, and must allow our hero's further meditations to be unrecorded. We can add, however, what the Pot-Pourri of the year tells us, i. e., that Mr. Green "*got sat on*."

H. R. E.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

[A FRAGMENTARY REVERY.]

Softly the sad winds are sighing,
Soothing the storm-clouds to sleep ;
Darkly the daylight is dying,
Drawing more duskily deep.
Silvery stars that are shining,
Sylph-like with sunny smiles seem,
By their bright-burning, beguiling
Beauty to bask in their beam.
Fast are the fair flowers fading,
Fading they fall to and fro ;
Lightly the leaflets are lying,
Lovingly lingering low.

And the many tinted leaflets,
Scattered around by the breeze,
Are the gentle fairy spirits,
Who are dancing 'neath the trees.
And the stars so brightly shining,
With their silver rays of light,
Are the eyes of watching angels,
Watching the dance by night.
And the winds so softly sighing,
Lulling the woods in a trance,
Are the notes of fairy music,
Tunefully leading the dance.

W. K. T.

MENTAL MUSEUMS.

AN excellent school-mistress, whom I once knew, was wont to inform her scholars that their brains consisted of boxes, shelves and drawers where all their ideas were stowed away for future use. If this be true, surely there must be in every mind some obscure, dusty apartments containing rare collections.

Brain-furnishing is, of course, a life-long process and, like house furnishing, a complex one. We have the reg-

our mental furniture, our nicely arranged principles, which are, or should be, in constant use. There is also a mental tool-chest, or armory, if you prefer a less prosaic room, consisting of what is called "practical information" — the knowledge of what directly concerns our business. The character, variety and edge of these mental tools determine our position on the scale of labor. They are very plain and simple for the day-laborer, but for the great brain-workers they must be many and complex. Now, besides these two essential classes of ideas, there is always a stock, great or small as the case may be, of that which has no practical use in guiding either moral action or money-making effort. These ideas often group themselves about what may, with no impropriety, be called mental museums. Sometimes they are like medical or scientific cabinets, where specimens illustrating particular branches of surgery or science are systematically arranged and labelled. Such mental collections are at once symmetrical and useful. Consisting of valuable facts illustrating the department of labor to which their possessor is devoted, they may not directly aid in the work of life, but they harmonize with purely practical knowledge just as much as the surgeon's museum harmonizes with the display of instruments on the table beside it. But your surgeon may have, in the further corner of his office, a little study cabinet filled with all sorts of queer specimens. On the top shelf some Chinese gods, chopsticks and puzzles. A piece of cloth from the Fejee Islands, and fishbone arrows; some water from the Dead Sea and a couple of scorpions steeped in alcohol," as Pickwick and his friends are, according to a temperance sermon by Rev. Adirondack Murray. In short, an odd, entertaining, useless collection, very pleasant to examine himself, or to show to his friends when at a loss how to entertain them.

Now there are very few human brains that have not a corner, at least, set apart for just such a whimsical, entertaining collection. The collecting process is simple enough. Your conversation, your reading, your observation, afford abundant opportunity, and of the vast mass

thus presented to your notice, all you have to do is, to treasure up what best suits your fancy. There are some interesting mental museums in a college community. The facilities for stocking them are unusually good here and the examination of a few will well repay the trouble.

It is easily done. Spend an hour in the room of some quiet fellow, or, if you prefer, take a long walk with him. Then draw him out; show him by a kind word or an expression of sympathy that you are interested in him, and perhaps he will show you treasures which you had no more idea of finding there than a stranger would have of finding cosy, elegant rooms within the weather-beaten walls of South College. These treasures which, it may be, that he has allowed to lie very obscure and very thickly covered with dust are, perhaps, extremely simple—scraps of out-of-the-way information, odd stories, pictures of humanity in queer phases—at all events something he enjoys showing and hearing you admire. You can exchange duplicate specimens with him if you like, show him your curiosities and get his in return.

But some mental museums are constantly on exhibition. Their owners are incessantly thrusting upon your notice their collections of facts, jokes and stories, garnered from dictionaries, cyclopedias and newspapers. Sometimes the assortment consists, like that of "Mr. Hardcastle," of a very few very poor specimens; and where this is the case the happy possessor is morally certain to display his goods on every possible occasion.

But there is another phase under which this subject may be viewed. Mental curiosity-hunting is generally a secondary matter, subordinated to more practical work, yet sometimes it becomes the ruling interest in a man's life.

Then it produces one of two results. In general it makes one a mere literary idler, with a brain stored with ill-arranged, useless rubbish—a collection known only to his immediate friends and perhaps of little value or interest even to them. On the other hand there have been a few men whose lives have been, in great measure, spent in doing work of this kind "*pro bono publico.*" Their

minds being filled to overflowing with strange and interesting facts, these facts have been exhibited to the public eye in the shape of books, which, in their turn, form true museums of intellectual curiosities.

To sketch hastily one collection of this sort will illustrate our subject most satisfactorily, for the exhibition here made in print is only a broader and completer form of the private exhibitions, so to speak, which we so frequently discover by conversation.

The collection which I shall take as a specimen, is the one made by D'Israeli and called "Curiosities of Literature." When I was a little child I wandered through this museum of literary treasures so patiently gleaned by years of labor. I found much to interest me, yet many shelves were too high and to some alcoves I could not even obtain the key. Now, "a little older grown," I have revisited the old place, and while there is still much which I cannot appreciate, enough is accessible to make the examination a delightful task. The arrangement of this veritable "Old Curiosity Shop" is peculiarly good, systematic enough to be easily examined, yet with sufficient variety to reward the explorer with constant surprises. Let us glance at a few departments. Here is one devoted to facts concerning the recreations of celebrated writers. One is amused to learn that Spinoza was wont to indulge in the pastime of catching spiders and teaching them to fight, Cato in an occasional "bender," and Dr. Samuel Clarke, the logician, in the harmless amusement of leaping over tables and chairs, while Paley and hosts of other writers, delighted in good old Isaac Walton's favorite sport of angling, aptly called "Idle time not idly spent."

One or two little collections marked "Literary Follies" and "Literary Blunders" deserve a passing notice. From the first we learn that some would-be wits have wasted untold labor on works whose chief or only merit consists in the persistent ostracism of certain letters of the alphabet, and that other painstaking fools have even lavished their "fruitless industry" on such works as "Pugna Porcorum"

and "Canum cum Cattis Certamen" in the first of which *every word* began with P and in the second with C!

Among the "Blunders" it is hard to say which is the droller—that of Budæus, who proposed, in all seriousness, that missionaries be sent to convert the inhabitants of Utopia, or that of the French writer who classified among works on natural history Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls." Passing on we find one apartment of our museum hung with black. It contains a strange record of death-bed scenes. We observe that more than one poet has breathed his last while in the very act of composing most beautiful verses; that Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, seemed to find a strange fascination in feeling his own pulse as it grew fainter and fainter, and that one poor French grammarian called to his friends as he expired, "*Je vas ou—je vais mourir; l'un ou l'autre se dit*"! Truly, "The ruling passion strong in death."

No one can fail to be interested in the facts garnered up in regard to the titles and illustrations of books. Every age has had its fashions in such matters, and as the appearance of our books may be an object of ridicule in a century or two, we can, reversing the college method, revenge ourselves on our successors by laughing at our predecessors. And surely, such titles as the following, for religious works, deserve to excite a smile; viz., "The Gun of Penitence," "The Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit," "Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation"! This last, I believe, was *not* written by "Rev. Smite-them-hip-and-thigh Higgins."

But it is needless to particularize further. Every reader of the LIT. can examine this collection at his leisure. I have merely chosen a few specimens which appeared to illustrate its general character.

R. E. W.

THE UMBRELLA.

IT has always seemed a curious thing to me that funny people should be so prone to jest about the umbrella. The child *Punchinello* made his bow to a long-suffering people with one pocket stuffed full of this sort of gossip, ending with a "to be continued." I suppose he did this in order to establish his claim to be considered one of the funny fellows. Now I have often puzzled myself in trying to find out the reason of this. I have asked myself if it were occasioned by the peculiar shape of the umbrella—by its diminutiveness in fair weather and its bulk in stormy weather—by the character of its materials—by the uses to which it was put—by its migratory tendencies;—but in every instance I have failed to solve the riddle. So far as I could see, there was nothing funny in the umbrella itself nor in its relations. Indeed, as I have become better acquainted with the article in question, I have found very many things about it calculated to produce soberness if not sadness. And especially has this been the case since I have been in college.

If you ever observed the advent of an incoming class, you have probably noticed that each member comes provided with a new umbrella. The carefulness of a mother is as sure to provide this protection for her boy, physically, as the Bible in his trunk for his protection, morally. In this way the supply of college umbrellas is kept up. Of course, a professional wit would extract much matter for laughter out of this. But it does not strike me in that fashion. Consider, in the first place, the amount of misplaced confidence on the part of parents, which is utterly destroyed in this process. To be sure, some one may say that misplaced confidence is a drug in the world, and the quantity destroyed in this case is of no particular account any way; but when we remember how often the average student is obliged to draw on the home stock of this commodity, anything which tends to diminish the article in question becomes at once a matter of great importance.

But the effect produced upon the student himself is, after all, the main thing to be considered. And certainly no one at all conversant with college life can deny that this effect is a serious and a sad one. A young man comes here with his new umbrella. It is, to him, an indication that he has at last assumed the *toga virilis*. Whatever else he may lack, he certainly is the uncontrollable owner of an umbrella. It is, as it were, a patent of manhood, granted to him by the authorities at home. But this young man is the victim of a singular delusion. He has, in addition to his other vagaries, a notion that he is the peer of every man in college, each one, like himself, the owner of an umbrella. Accordingly, he treats them as such. With primeval simplicity, he regards this as the elysium of umbrellas. Perhaps it rains, on the morning of his first appearance at college. With umbrella spread, in proud conspicuousness, the youth starts for chapel. With unhesitating confidence he leaves it at the door—not even stopping to wonder why he has no example for this original proceeding. There it stands, in solitary grandeur—a striking and overwhelming proof of the original innocence of man! It is, indeed, a sight which thrills the heart of every lover of his kind! Meanwhile, the new-made peer goes through his devotions in proper form. Not a thought of his umbrella disturbs the sweet serenity of his spirit. The services over, the young man, after conscientiously bowing to the Prex, departs. Now just consider his situation. His natural amiability, increased by the refining influences of a preparatory school, and at the present moment subdued by the chastening atmosphere of the chapel, leads him to put the most implicit faith in all mankind, and particularly in that part of mankind now included within the pale of Yale. His heart swells as he thinks that he, too, is part and parcel of the noble human family. Under the influence of these emotions, he looks for that new umbrella. Of course it is not to be found! It has gone to swell the general stock of college umbrellas. But the Freshman! Who can estimate the harm it has done him? His faith in human nature—the sense of his own

dignity—the religious calm of his spirit—all obliterated in an instant! And yet some men are found, heartless enough to joke about such things!

This, however, is by no means the end of the matter. Iniquity is a wonderful breeder of iniquity;—whence it follows that he who has had an umbrella borrowed, generally becomes, in the end, a borrower of umbrellas. Of course this result is necessary to the maintenance of the system pursued here; because if every man who needed an umbrella were foolish enough to buy one, there would soon be a surplus, and when this was noised abroad it is not too much to presume that members of incoming classes would soon become so recreant to the duties of their station in life as to come to college unprovided with these highly ornamental articles of outfit. But this borrowing may be carried too far. Observe the practical effects. A friend of mine was the owner of an umbrella, purchased with lawful coin. Under its kindly protection he had weathered two years of college life. When storms were the most violent, it was his best friend. For all its sorry appearance, he was attached to it. One evening he left it at his door. It was an infantile act. He has never seen it since. But my friend was a philosopher. He privately assured me that he had really wanted a new umbrella,—one with all the modern improvements,—for a long time, but habits of economy would not permit him to buy a new one until he was rid of the old one. I think he felt under obligations to the man who took it. Not long after this, my friend appeared with a new umbrella. I can't remember a tithe of its peculiar excellencies—for each one of which he paid a good round sum, as the manner is; but, taken all in all, it was a very remarkable piece of property. Owing to his inadvertence, however, it ran the same risk as its predecessor, and, it is almost needless to add, incurred a similar fate. My friend's philosophy has not been heard of since. He said little, but it was to the point; and in the time that has elapsed since then, he has become the possessor of seven umbrellas. Now a witty man might consider this a capital joke—but I can-

not. It is demoralization demoralized. For the system does not provide for such unlimited borrowing ;—it is not expected that any man will have more than one borrowed umbrella on hand at a time. But here is a man who has seven! One of two conclusions is inevitable: that either six borrowers have been robbed of umbrellas borrowed by them, or those who would naturally provide these six borrowers with umbrellas are unable to supply their wants, on account of the rapacity of my friend. This is a serious matter, one in which every college man is interested, and one which least of all is capable of exciting mirth ;—though there are persons who will try to make you laugh about it. For such persons I am profoundly sorry.

There are other phases of the umbrella question which might be examined ; but I think it would be very saddening work. One recurs to me now. It is the possible danger that some member of one of the lower classes, after having had his own umbrella borrowed, may go into the same business on his own account. This, of course, would be destructive to the system—since at least the newest-comers are supposed to procure their umbrellas only from regular dealers. How sad it would be, if they, in a moment of thoughtlessness, should thus go contrary to the plainest maxim of the system! But the shocking disregard of all college principles of right and wrong which such a procedure would indicate, is the worst feature about this possible change. For the credit of Yale, it is to be hoped it will never take place. Leastwise, let's have no joking about it!

W. R. S.

STUDENTS' VOTING.

THE language of our state constitution is as follows:—
“Every white male citizen of the United States, who shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, who shall have resided in the state for a term of one year next preceding, and in the town in which he may offer himself to be ad-

mitted to the privileges of an elector, at least six months next preceding the time he may so offer himself, and shall sustain a good moral character, shall on his taking such oath as may be prescribed by law, be an elector." A subsequent amendment enjoins, "that every person shall be able to read any article of the constitution or any section of the statutes of this state before being admitted an elector." The clause relating to moral character has become a dead letter on account of the general prevalence of morality in this land of steady habits. It will be seen at once that the question turns upon one word in the above article. If students "reside" in New Haven, they are qualified and should be admitted; if not, they are properly rejected. The question is then one of fact, and not of right, justice, or law. The board of selectmen are the proper officers to hear and determine this question, and from their decision there is no appeal.

In examining this question of residence a great variety of circumstances must be taken into consideration. No clear and definite rule, which is free from all difficulty in its application, can be presented. If the precise state of the facts were definitely ascertained in every particular case, there would be no trouble in deciding with reference to each, taken singly; but a sweeping decision which will apply to and include every possible view, is impracticable. Two general classes, however, will comprise the majority of students; and what is established in relation to these two, will apply, with various limitations, to all.

First: There are those who have homes, and parents or guardians thereat, to whom they look for support; they also expect to return to these homes or still be dependent, when they shall have finished their education here; in a word, they have not finally left their homes when they connect themselves with college. It is evident that the residence of such is at their homes, at the time of entering upon their studies here. Do they lose this residence by being transplanted to this intellectual soil? A residence, once acquired, remains until a new one is gained.

- Temporary absence from a place for a temporary purpose,

either of business, pleasure, or study, when the person so absenting himself intends to return, and does in fact return when his object is accomplished, does not interrupt continuous residence. Absence for a day, a week, a month, or several months, does not destroy this continuous relation. This city is the temporary and transient abode of a student, as distinguished from a residence. The advantages which college present have called him here for a temporary and special purpose. When this purpose shall have been accomplished, his course finished, he lingers no longer. None would be willing to confess that the ten by twelve rooms of these brick buildings are other than sojourning places, from which there will be an immediate escape when the last annual is passed and a sheepskin secured. It is true that we find here associations which call forth our liveliest affections, and which will remain fresh and green in our memories, to the latest day of our lives. But it is the college and its surroundings as a college, not New Haven as a city, which awaken these emotions. There is a broad distinction between a casual presence here, and that voluntary, continuous abiding which constitutes residence. Lapse of time, whether longer or shorter, does not change its character. It contains no elements which time will mature.

In addition to this general and implied acknowledgment of a temporary and special absence, the declared intention of students is weighty evidence against the acquisition of residence here. Generally, it may be affirmed that when a man changes his actual abode to go upon a journey, to visit, or be absent for any purpose, his own declarations are evidence expressive of its character or object. In absence of intention to acquire a new residence, the first is retained. Students leave their homes not with the express or implied intention of gaining a new or losing their old residence, but always openly and avowedly purposing to return to their homes when laden with the knowledge and experience gained by four years' study; or, it may be, they expect to employ these valuable acquisitions in a field separate and distant from home and its influences; or,

again, they may be simply building a foundation for future and larger learning. In any and every case the intention as to residence here is the same. What is still more conclusive, the *animus revertendi* is not shortlived and fleeting; it is a live, present, and abiding motive. Vacations spent at home are evidence of its existence. There is no pretense of a desire or claim to reside here, except when a state election is approaching. The intention is more exactly shown by acts than by declarations. In fact, the intention of departure is carried into effect. When the revolving years have brought the end of the course, the places which now know them, know them no more, except as they come to get the class cup, to meet old acquaintances, or rejoice in the prosperity of their Alma Mater. The fact, then, that the stay of this class of students is but temporary, proof of which is found in their declared intentions, and actual departure in accordance with their intentions, is a conclusive argument against the loss of their old or the acquisition of a new residence.

Consider the injustice done the people of this state, if under any interpretation of the word, students were considered residents. An army of ten thousand men might be quartered in and about our forts, remain the prescribed time, and then vote at any and all of our elections. They would be able to cancel the will of the people, and carry this evenly balanced state in favor of either political party, as interest or whim should decide. Without entering upon all the injurious results of such an infliction of pseudo-citizens, it is plain that any construction of law or words which could give so dangerous a license, was never intended and is not to be expected. Yet any rule of interpretation which would admit the class of students we have been considering, would admit soldiers.

Again, take an instance which frequently occurs. A large number of Irishmen are imported into this state from New York, to labor upon railroads or public works. They leave their families there, they intend to return when their work is finished and their pay obtained. They have no intention of settling here, though their occupation may detain them within the limits of the state for two or three

years. Are they residents within the meaning of the state constitution? Their claim is certainly stronger than that of students, for they are supporting themselves by their own labor. They are not considered as inhabitants of the state, and their admission to the registry list is carefully guarded against. The fact that students are intelligent, and cannot be influenced by the motives which are potent with wayward foreigners, can have no weight, for any rule must be universally applicable. These laborers, who are scattered among the various towns and villages of this state for a temporary and transient purpose, have no right to vote; the principle which rejects them must exclude students.

Another general class will comprise those who have homes, and parents or guardians outside of this city; but they in some way support themselves, and do not intend, when their education here is completed, to return to their homes or again be dependent. In some particulars their position is similar to those previously mentioned. Their stay is for a temporary and special purpose. They do not intend to remain after their course is completed. In one essential, indeed vital point, their condition is different. Their absence is intended to be permanent; their connection with home is finally severed. Since no exact period can be definitely fixed which will amount to an interruption of residence, it is concluded that there must be a change for an indefinite period with no intention of return. Those who are embraced in this class have entered upon this indefinite period; their present purpose is evident from their declared intention: they have, as it were, set out to seek their fortune. The moment they start upon the quest, that moment their residence changes and accompanies them in all their wanderings. They no longer consider home as their residence, and so far as their own act can accomplish it, the relinquishment is complete. The fact of residence here is coupled with independent support and emancipation from home authority. The separation cannot be called temporary, because it is, by itself, of such a nature and accompanied by such declarations as render it permanent. But

no man can expatriate himself, and become a stranger and a foreigner in the land of his birth. Of his own choice he has finally departed from his old and previously acknowledged residence and it is preposterous to assert that an unmarried man cannot acquire a new one so long as his parents are alive. The conclusion is forced upon us that home and residence are no longer synonymous terms; he is a resident of this city, a citizen of this state as fully and completely as he can ever be of any state.

It has been held that a student under these circumstances may retain home as his residence, if he chooses. It seems to have been allowed that a man could have two residences, either of which he might choose for purposes of voting: as in case a person has a summer residence in Connecticut and lives during the winter in New York. But it has been established that an expressed choice of this nature during life time, will not establish the place where property shall be settled after death; more exact preference must have been shown. And it is by no means certain that the proper officers would be justified in allowing such a migratory individual to vote in either place until he should have actually recognized one to be his permanent residence, for all purposes whatsoever. It may be well to give collegians the benefit of the doubt in this case, and recognize them as double-headed citizens, since they are little likely to abuse the admission. But it is well-nigh certain that students of the class we are considering have but one residence, and that is in New Haven.

Numerous other cases might arise, but the question of residence and the right to vote must be settled by the principles which have been laid down. It is unfortunate that a definite and equitable decision has not been reached in this matter and a rule of action adopted by the proper officers. But the identification of political parties with opposite views has prevented so desirable a result. We shall probably wait until politicians become wise and political parties clean and pure.

C. D. H.

A WARNING.

Kittie's no heroine, no not she,
I think she would tremble at sight of a gun,
Not much of battle she knows, seems to me,
And her red lips would whiten at mention of one.
 But there are rumors that go floating by,
 Mischievous twinkles are seen in her eye.
 Can she have heard them or does she know why?

What does her lovely face call to your mind?
Pink apple blossoms afloat on the breeze,
Meadows with daisies and buttercups lined,
Long evening rambles down under the trees,
 Everything peaceful? Beware of the foe!
 Truth will your pretty illusions lay low.
 Wait till I tell you some things that I know!

Kittie's a warrior, sly in her arts,
Keen are her arrows and sure in their flight:
Would I could show you the ruins of hearts
That have surrendered themselves in the fight!
 Would you could hear the wild cries of despair,
 From the poor victims she holds in her snare,
 Lured by her smiles and her beautiful hair.

Skilled you may be in the tricks of your trade,
Fresh from the tactics of camp and of field:
Vain are your plans! this insidious maid,
With her brown eyes will compel you to yield.
 Safely entrenched your position may seem,
 Wait till she laughs! there's an end to each scheme,
 Hostile intentions will fade like a dream.

Kittie's no heroine, no not she,
I think she would tremble at sight of a gun,
Not much of battle she knows, seems to me,
And her red lips would whiten at mention of one.
 Still she is engaged in a cruel campaign,
 Life you may save, but peace never can gain.
 Ever unhealed the deep wounds will remain.

H.

BASE BALL AT YALE.

Videre est discere.

BY the Banner we see that Base Ball existed at Yale as far back as 1859, but as far as our records show, it first seems to have been patronized in earnest in the fall of 1865. From that time to the present day it has about equally with boating claimed the attention of our devotees of athletic sports. Indeed, when we compare Base Ball with boating we can easily see how naturally many who do not excel in strength (the prime requisite in boating) should turn to a game which requires not so much muscle as skill, and offers its honors equally to all, provided they can bring to it the requisite amount of headwork and agility.

In the fall of 1865 three matches were played by the University Nine, *i. e.*, a Nine really and truly chosen from the whole college, and in all these Yale was victorious. Two of these were with the Waterbury B. B. C., the other with the Agallian of Middletown, and all were characterized by those large scores which were so abundant in the days of Base Ball infancy. Encouraged by her success, Yale challenged the redoubtable Charter Oaks of Hartford, the then champions of the State, and probably the second best club in New England, but the latter were obliged to decline the challenge until the succeeding season when the game took place in May, resulting in the defeat of Yale by a score of 18 to 15, the game standing even at the end of the eighth inning, and being far better played than the return match which came off at the old grounds on Congress Avenue, and likewise resulted in favor of the Hartford club, score 22 to 10.

Soon after, we were beaten by the Waterburys, and discouraged by defeat, our Nine seems to have remained inactive the rest of the season, and wisely refrained from meeting Harvard. We had giants on our Nine in those days, as the names of Brown, Sheffield, Coffin, Van Volkenburgh and Sheldon attest. The latter was probably

the longest thrower ever in college, and many a home run has been nipped in the bud by his long right-field throws. The names of Sheffield, Fowler and Reeve, also show that our Nine was not confined to the Academical department. The Summer term of '66 ended with the defeat of Harvard '69 by Yale '69, the first of our inter-collegiate games.

The advent of the class of '70 in the Fall of '66, added an unusual array of Base Ball talent to our college. The Mutual B. B. C. of New Haven offered the University Nine, as well as the class organizations a means of obtaining practice which was utilized. The New Haven Club (a junior organization by the way) defeated the class of '70 once, the class of '69 twice and the University once. Three of its members, viz: Cleveland, the late lamented French and Deming found their way in due course of time to the Yale Nine. Three University matches were played in the Fall of '66, two with the Waterbury, one with the Bridgeport B. B. C. We were defeated in one of the former, winning the others by large scores.

The season of '67 opened with a match between the University and Riversides of Norwich, in which the latter were badly beaten. After this spasmodic effort, the University Nine seems to have subsided for the rest of the Summer term. Yet this term was characterized by the activity of the Class Nines. The class of '70 especially distinguished itself by defeating the renowned Charter Oaks, the Bridgeports, Libertys of Norwalk and Harvard '70 badly, at the end of the term. Yale '69 was twice defeated by Princeton '69, but amply atoned by defeating Harvard '69 at Worcester by a score of 23 to 22 after a very exciting game.

The first thorough organization of a University Nine dates back to the Fall of 1867. At this time all class organizations were practically merged into a single Nine, which being composed entirely of members from the three lower classes, bid fair to hold together for at least two years. Six members from the class of '70 were selected, two from '69 and one from '71. The term opened

spectacularly with the defeat of the Waterbury Club by a score of 13 to 8, after a highly exciting and well played game, the score standing 8 to 7 at the end of the eighth inning. This was followed by a Waterloo defeat of the Columbia College Nine, and the season closed so far as the University was concerned by the defeat of the Waterburyys upon their own ground, score 26 to 10. The class of '70 defeated the Libertys of Norwalk, and was beaten only by the Bridgeports. The fact that these two were the only class matches played, shows the increasing interest taken in our University Nine. Thus closed a season of complete victory.

The campaign of '68 opened quite late: The first game was played with the Unions of Morrisania then champions of the country, and to the surprise of all resulted in a very close game. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood 8 to 4 in favor of Yale, at the end of the regular nine innings the game was a tie, which was decided at the tenth by a victory for the Unions, score 16 to 14. If for a false decision of the Umpire there would have been a tie on this inning also. This game was followed by another of ten innings with the Lowells of Boston, champions of New England, which also resulted in a victory for our opponents, score 16 to 13. Soon after these two games, we were victorious over the Libertys of Norwalk, the Princetons, and the Stars of Brooklyn, a fine amateur organization. The term closed with our disastrous New York tour when, although showing some fair play, our Nine was unsuccessful against professional skill and nerve, and through fatigue entirely incapacitated itself for doing its best at Worcester against Harvard. This grand match, to which the whole college had been looking forward, took place the day after the regatta, and resulted in a victory for Harvard, score 25 to 17, our Nine playing poorly. The class of '71 defeated during the term the Libertys of Norwalk, and were themselves badly defeated at Worcester by Harvard '71 the day before the regatta.

In the Fall of '68 our Nine was reorganized and in

part redeemed its tarnished reputation by scoring four victories. These were obtained over the Norwalk Club, the Bridgeports and Eckfords of Brooklyn, a club of professionals which has always ranked among the first. This club we twice defeated in well played and intensely exciting games by scores of 15 to 12 and 19 to 17. Two games to which our college can always point with pride.

With the season of '69 we are all doubtless familiar. Our splendid games with the champion Mutuals of New York, which seemed to assure victory over Harvard, and following these our poorly played game with Williams College, while last and worst came our inglorious defeat by Harvard, July 5th, a game whose only merit consisted in Harvard's heavy batting, which alone won them victory. A fitting comment on the vicissitudes of Base Ball was seen in the defeat of Harvard the next day by the Eckfords, whom we had ourselves twice before defeated. The class of '72 alone sustained Yale's reputation by defeating Harvard '72 at Providence, July 6th. The same club during the year also defeated the Stamfords, Bridgeports and Brown '72. And the season of 1869 terminated with the defeat of our picked Nine by the Eckfords at Hamilton Park. Such is the record of Base Ball at Yale, thus compressed in order to allow of a few remarks upon its leading features and faults.

Any one conversant with our Nine has doubtless noticed how much better it plays upon its own ground than elsewhere. As we are obliged to meet Harvard on neutral ground (and to beat Harvard is the grand mission of our University Nine), we all know how disastrously this habit has resulted. Hamilton Park being our regular practicing ground, and our having the sympathy of the spectators will readily account for our proficiency there. But if our Nine wishes to gain a reputation outside of New Haven, and not disgrace Yale annually in the Harvard match, she must play more outside, and obtain that coolness, nerve and steadiness which she has always lacked, and which is necessary to continued success.

Just look at the records a moment. Yale has played at

New Haven nineteen matches of which she has won fourteen, lost five. Of thirteen matches played abroad she has lost nine, won only four. Figures speak louder than words. Secondly, our Nine needs more moral and pecuniary support. By moral support we mean not sympathy and applause in matches, which is always assured, but a more general and continued interest. If our Nine can afford to trudge out to Ashmun street or the Park, four or five times a week, its supporters might at least go out to encourage and criticise them two or three times a term. Look at the enthusiasm and vim which pervades the backers of Harvard boatists and ballists. Meditate upon this daily, and when the subscriptions go round let them not find you lacking in substantial aid. Remember that our Nine would play more matches, and more out of town, were they not deterred by the individual expense. Above all, *pay* your subscriptions.

Thirdly, it is incumbent on our Nine to correct its weak batting. We have always fielded well enough, but failed at the bat. Good batting requires not strength but judgment and a good eye. The latter can be as easily cultivated as the boating man cultivates particular muscles of the body. Harvard's batting bears the marks of as much cultivation as ours of neglect. And so long as we fail in this important department so long will we be defeated by our redoubtable adversary. To these three suggestions on matters of prime importance, we can add a few on minor points.

Our Nine during the coming season should play as many games as possible. Matches frequently recurring serve to keep up the outside interest in the game and to make every player do his best, thus warding off that tendency to fall into careless practice games,—a habit than which none can be more pernicious. Careless practice is nearly as bad as no practice at all, as the after matches generally show. The plan of a class tournament is an excellent one, provided it can be carried out fairly, completely and above all quickly, as our Nine should be selected early to give its members time for practicing

together. This practice will, we hope, in some degree be furnished them this year by state clubs.

In Base Ball as in boating at Yale, we labor under disadvantages which outsiders can never appreciate. Among these are the distance of our grounds, the multitude of external matters calling off our attention, societies, electioneering, class politics, and last, but not least, the opposition of the Faculty; difficulties which our Harvard friends are free from. But remembering that success, under such disadvantages, is all the more glorious, let us all in the coming season do our duty in the contest of Yale versus Harvard and Circumstances. And may fortune give us joyful victory and to our Nine and college enduring success and prosperity.

C. D.



THE GRADUATE'S STORY.

I SPENT last vacation in New Haven. Sitting alone at the corner, one evening, immediately after supper, waiting for the gathering of the little knot of good fellows, who always met there to talk over the events of the day, I was suddenly accosted by a stranger. He was an elderly man, with a pleasant, honest countenance, that at once preposessed me in his favor. He remarked that he presumed I was a student, and, on my assenting, entered into conversation. I learned that he was a graduate of Yale, of the class of '43, and, having business that took him through New Haven, had stopped over a train to see how the old place looked. He asked me if I objected to playing the part of guide, as he had almost forgotten how to find the place he wished most of all to visit. Pleased with my new acquaintance, I willingly agreed, whereupon he requested me to take him to York Square. It was almost dark when we stood in that quiet spot. My companion, whose previous loquacity had gradually changed to reserve, now became wholly silent. In the dim twilight

I could see that he was gazing with a sad expression upon an old house, that stood some distance back from the street. Of course, I was curious to know the explanation of his interest. He said nothing, however, until, after several moments, he turned and began to retrace his steps. Suddenly he spoke. "No doubt you are surprised at my late behaviour. But old and sorrowful remembrances came over me, and I could not talk. Now, however, I will explain to you their cause. It is a short story—yes, a short and a sad story,—that of

THE RIVAL CHUMS."

He paused a moment, and then continued:—"In my class were two men, the most unlike, yet the warmest friends. Henry Randolph came from Virginia, and in his veins flowed the hot, passionate blood of one of her oldest and proudest families. Quick as lightning to resent the least approach to insult, generous to a fault, talented, and versatile, he was a noble representative of the "Sunny South."

"From the rocky soil of New Hampshire came Frank Allen, as true a representative of New England's nobility. Cool and calculating, without being mean, slow to take offence, slow, perhaps, to forget it, less talented, it may be, than the other, he still more than counter-balanced this inferiority, by an ambition and a perseverance that never tired. You would not have expected any close friendship to arise between them, yet Damon and Pythias could have been no more inseparable. I know not how their intimacy began, but no more loving room-mates could have been found in the class.

"In course of time, they began to make acquaintances in New Haven society. Here their fondness for one another was at once remarked. On the lips of each was always a word of praise for his chum, and no surer passport was there to the favor of one, than a compliment for the other. They had precisely the same acquaintances, for neither thought of knowing a lady long before craving permission to introduce his chum, 'the very best fellow in the class.'

Nor did any presume to invite one of them to a company, without inviting both. It would almost have been esteemed an affront.

"Randolph charmed every one by his frank affability, and amused them by his constant flow of high spirits, although never forgetting to be the high-bred gentleman: while no one could gaze upon the handsome, intellectual face of Allen, from whose eyes looked a soul that proclaimed him one of nature's own noblemen, or listen to his entertaining, manly conversation, without feeling for him both respect and admiration. Thus they passed on in their college course, liked and respected by their classmates, the lions of the society in which they moved, and the idols of each other.

"It was in the middle of their Junior year, that they met, at the house of a lady friend, in York Square, her cousin, who had come to make a long visit. Seldom is seen a more attractive girl than was Jessie Graham. She was but just nineteen, and upon her nature seemed to have lavished her choicest gifts. In form and feature she was perfect. Her complexion was absolutely faultless, and her masses of raven hair would have distracted with envy a modern belle. But the charms of her person were but the setting for the more rare and precious attractions of her mind. Carefully educated had she been, the natural bent of her disposition ably seconding the wishes and efforts of a loving father. No wonder, then, that she fascinated, as she had fascinated scores before, the impulsive southerner, Henry Randolph. He could not, indeed, he cared not to disguise his admiration. His calls—it was the extent of politeness to style them calls—became more and more frequent. He even became jealous of his second self—his chum. For love is jealous of every one. No words can express the grief and pain with which Frank Allen recognized this fact, yet his generosity did not fail him. He, too, had admired the beautiful visitor, but from this time he seemed to have taken some offence, so seldom, so brief and so cool were his calls.

"Randolph's quick perception comprehended the cause

of the change he could not but notice, and he earnestly entreated forgiveness. At the same time, his chum well understood that the jealousy would soon master the repentance, and unselfishly persisted in his apparent estrangement.

"It was the last week in May, and the last, too, of Jessie Graham's visit. Henry Randolph's ingenuity in devising methods of remaining in her society was indefatigable. Now it was a little picnic, in which he contrived, of course, to be her escort, and monopolized her conversation. Now it was a walk, now a row, and now a call. At last the day came, on the afternoon of which she was to depart, and the morning found them enjoying a ride. It was his last opportunity, and he improved it, to ask the question his heart and his dreams had been asking from the first. The answer came—it was all he desired, coupled, however, with one capricious condition, to which he readily agreed. It was a promise that he would conceal from *everyone* the fact of their engagement.

"And now Jessie Graham was gone, and her lover was left alone. Faithfully did he keep his promise, his grief at her absence so toning down the exultation natural to an accepted suitor, that no one guessed his secret. Strange to say, even Allen did not suspect it. Of course he was aware how constant and pointed had been his chum's attentions to Miss Graham, but then he was aware, likewise, that his chum was always paying constant and pointed attentions to some fair object. It was his nature, and this particular phase of his nature was perfectly well known to all who knew anything at all about him. To be sure, the attentions were more marked this time, if possible, than usual, but their recipient was unusually attractive. Thus the secret remained safe. Alas! that it did so!

"Just at the end of the year, when Henry was anticipating a long vacation spent with his betrothed, a telegram, announcing the expected death of his father, summoned him home. For weeks and weeks the balance wavered between life and death, weeks that seemed doubly long to one watcher at that bedside. What would have been his feelings could he have known all!

"At a quiet watering place Frank Allen again met Jessie Graham. Restrained now by no feelings of generosity for his chum, for he was ignorant of the betrothal, he enjoyed to the full the companionship of that bewitching girl. They walked, they boated, they rode, and they talked together. Frank Allen had at length found the heart and the mind he could love. But what were the feelings of Jessie Graham? She had *imagined* that she loved Henry Randolph. She had told him so, and had promised to be his bride. *Now* she confessed to herself her mistake. She *knew* that she loved Frank Allen.

"Before either had spoken of love, Henry Randolph arrived. His father was convalescent and he had hurried north. It was impossible for his chum to meet him without evident constraint. He noticed it, but did not divine the cause until, on meeting his affianced, to his overwhelming astonishment and agony, she frankly confessed to him that she had mistaken her feelings towards him, and must entreat him to forgive and forget her. His hasty and passionate inquiries elicited the maddening fact that she loved another.

"In a tempest of jealousy and rage he repaired to Allen's room, forgetting, in his blind fury, that the latter could not have been supposed to know of the relations subsisting between Miss Graham and himself, and not stopping to inquire even whether he had made any effort to win away her love, he loaded him with reproach and insult, upbraided him for his treachery, and, on his attempt to begin an explanation, struck him in the face, and demanded if his cowardice would permit the satisfaction of a gentleman. This was too much for even Allen's cool blood.

"A couple of officers, staying at the hotel, were accepted as seconds, weapons were procured, and two hours from the time of Randolph's arrival found them in a secluded spot, ready to appeal to arms to settle a difficulty for which there was not the slightest cause. On the way out, Allen had thought over the matter, and resolved to make one more effort at explanation. He did so, but Randolph

fiercely interrupted him, and bade him, if he had a spark of his old manliness left, not to try to *sneak* out of the punishment he deserved. That word was enough. Silently they took their places, the one stern, the other calm. But Allen's last thought was a generous one. He whispered to his second—'I shall throw away my fire. Tell him I did so, if I am killed, and tell him I forgive him. He will understand all when he is cool.'

"The word was given, the pistols cracked,——and Allen fell dead, shot through the heart."

We had been walking slowly down towards the depot, and were now almost through the green. My companion remained silent; and I, although most anxious to hear the rest, did not like to speak after one glance at that sorrowful face. But when we reached the depot, while waiting for the train on which he intended to leave, I ventured to ask him to finish his story.

"There is not much more to tell," said he. "The news was carried to the hotel. The shock to Jessie Graham, who had had no suspicion of the purpose with which Randolph left her was terrible. She died within a month, of a broken heart.

"Randolph learned all the circumstances of the case, in one brief interview with his betrothed, and left immediately for the south. His remorse was so great that he determined to travel for excitement, as quiet and thought were to him agonizing torture. Death, mercifully, soon came to his relief. He had scarcely reached New Orleans when he died, a victim to the yellow fever, the scourge of the south."

The train came thundering along. The stranger shook my hand and stepped on board. "It is a sad, sad story," said he, turning, "but it is true."

He was gone.

S.

BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. I.

MY dear Aristodemus, I want to take a walk with you. I know that you are in a hurry—very busy at doing nothing, this morning, if you will permit me to say so; that you are going to meet a friend—have letters to write—some lessons to make up; in short, I know about all your standard excuses—so please don't desecrate this beautiful spring morning by repeating any of them;—but spare me a few minutes of your valuable time for a little talk.—That's right, submit like a man, and—here, take a cigar, it will neutralize that vile smell of perfumery you have about you.—But what's this you are saying—that you don't know me? My dear boy, I am aware of that fact—but that is really neither here nor there. I know it makes a great difference with you—but why should it? Say that I were going up-town with the Honorable Lemon-Juice or the Reverend Sanctimonious Bell-Wether, and, as we met you, taking your “constitutional” or going down after some soda-water, my respectable companion should take you by the arm, and say: My dear Aristodemus, here is an old friend of mine, whom I want you to be acquainted with;—would you like me the better for that? Are Lemon-Juice and Bell-Wether such acute judges of human nature, my dear boy, as to warrant you in accepting their coin without once ringing it on the counter? Or say that Jacob Seedy were in my company when I met you, and he should go through the formula of introduction in my behalf, would you think me a counterfeit because I came to you from the hand of one whose outward appearance indicated that he seldom touched current money? You pride yourself too much on your own shrewdness, I am certain, to do that; and (I may add) not without reason. It was only the other evening that I saw a specimen of your discrimination. You were downtown you remember, and a shop-keeper offered you a whole, fair-looking piece of scrip in change. At a glance you doubted its worth, for all its holiday appearance.

Another bit of paper was handed to you. It was ragged and had evidently been running a muck with a knife, several keys and other such ware for a long time. And yet your eye detected its value at once. And singularly enough, too, you didn't judge in either case by the mere outside. Now why, my dear Aristodemus, why will you not estimate men just as you do money? I don't suppose that *you* would take a counterfeit bill even from the Honorable Lemon-Juice or the Reverend Bell-Wether; and yet I am a little fearful that either one could make you think, for a while, at least, that a very inferior individual was a capital fellow. At any rate, never mind the formalities of introduction for this once, but let what I have already said serve to make us acquainted;—if you will pardon me, we have talked enough to certainly be speaking acquaintances. —And now, Aristodemus, that we are safely over the narrow bridge which leads two persons to the knowledge of one another (and from which it would not have been strange if one of us had been hurled into the murky stream of forgetfulness beneath) and are on the high road to a better acquaintanceship, I want to speak to you about one or two little faults I have noticed in you. I say *little* faults, I know; and your inference is correct—that I mean to assert that you are in the main a pretty good fellow. You are plucky at the bat and stubborn at the oar (I only wish you would show equal spirit in training); you are honest and generous and brave, as the rule; you study, if you have a mind to, at least up to the measure of the instruction given you; you show talent in whatever things lie in the line of your individual tastes; you do not have any particular reverence for what is just because it is; you give a generous recognition to merit of every kind, wherever and by whomsoever displayed. And yet, my dear Aristodemus, you have your little faults. Now you know, as well as I, that the strength of everything is the strength of its weakest part. An engine may be made up of the best materials; it may be put together in the most excellent manner; its action may be as nearly perfect as possible. As a machine it seems to exist solely for the good of man. Some day, however, without a word of warning, it

goes to pieces, and in an instant, gets a Sampson-like revenge for its previous submission. And nobody understands it. But there was an undiscovered flaw about it somewhere—there was some weak spot; and the strength of that weak spot was precisely the strength of the engine. So with men, my dear Aristodemus. A man of unstained reputation, occupying a high position, and apparently with every inducement to live virtuously, goes to the bad in a day; and men talk idly about it on the street-corners and in drawing-rooms and wonder how it happened. The strength of that man's character was simply the strength of the weakest part, and when the tug of right and wrong came, he went down. It is worth our while, my dear boy, to look out for these little faults.—But what are you saying? That you don't purpose to have me preaching to you? That you don't believe I am fit for a preacher? Why, my dear Aristodemus, I don't believe I am either;—and if I remember rightly, *I* have not said anything about preaching. Now if I had thought of preaching to you at all, I should have told you so, at once. But, between you and me, I don't have much faith in preaching, such as is current now-a-days. The fact is, you and I and the rest are preached at so much that we take it all as a matter of course, just as we do the sunshine;—which is an excellent thing, you know, only we think very little about it. To be sure, now and then the preacher waxes warm;—but we straightway raise our soporific sunshade, (with which each one of us is careful to provide himself, along with his other Sunday paraphernalia,) and there we are, cool and comfortable, for all the parson's fiery bursts. No, my dear Aristodemus, I don't want to preach to you. I simply want to take you by the button-hole—though you may be sure I shall let you go the instant you stop listening to me—and converse with you as friend converseth with friend. But there is one thing—suggested by what you just now said—that I don't want you to do. Whenever I become hortatory, I don't want you to avoid the point of what I am saying, by telling me, to use the adage, that I *had better practice what I preach*. For, really, it makes

no difference—only in so far as personal influence is concerned. Why should you, my dear Aristodemus, admire goodness as displayed in a good man's life more than you abhor badness as displayed in a bad man's life? Certainly Jack Wild-Oats in the gutter ought to be as forcible a sermon for you against wrong-doing, as the highly respectable Deacon Bullion himself, in his most holy estate. And if, beside, Jack be able to tell you how he got there, and out of his desolation and misery is willing to shout back a word of caution as to the way you are walking in, surely *his* opinion ought to be the weightier of the two. And so, my dear Aristodemus, don't miss the point of what I may say, by trying to find out how often I hit myself;—our friendship will continue as well without such unselfishness on your part.—But here we are, at the fence. By-the-way, Aristodemus, I cannot let you go without telling you how much I was gratified at the little incident* that happened here on Monday evening, May 9th. You remember it was almost midnight, and the town for the most part was fast asleep. Even the peripatetic collegian was getting ready for bed. But as I came up-town, I noticed you and a few others on the fence; and at the same time was struck with the unusual gentleness of the crowd. I understood it when I looked across the street. The charming lady, who had been captivating all hearts at Music Hall in the earlier part of the evening, notwithstanding the intrinsic silliness and badness of the character in which she appeared, was playing the listener now. The yellow locks of the frivolous *Frou-Frou* had been discarded for the jet-black braids of the gentle *Rosalind*; and from her presence came a quiet but persuasive influence, like that exerted by the maiden of Will Shakespeare's creation, which made you all *gentle-men* for the time. You felt that there was a true woman over the way, and the feeling developed true manliness in every one of you. It indicated to me, my dear Aristodemus, that you and your comrades are gentlemen at heart, for all your occasional roughnesses. You *must* go? I know it. But you'll let me see you again, some other day?

* See Memorabilia.

NOTABILIA.

——The Memorabilia Yalensia, has become one of the most important parts of the LIT. It originated in 1852, under the fostering care of Prof. Gilman of the Sheffield Scientific School,—then an “academic” and a LIT. editor. Its name was suggested by Prof. Kingsley, the whilom antiquarian of the college and father of the present Treasurer. During its eighteen years of existence it has, of course, undergone many changes; so many, in fact, that its original idea has been entirely lost sight of, and supplanted by another. Prof. Gilman intended it to be a receptacle for all that was odd or antique about Yale,

“The very odds and ends of Time.”

It has now become a record of passing events alone. The want of some department which should in some degree take the place of the old Memorabilia, and should afford an opportunity for brief discussions of small subjects, has been often felt. The Board of '69 supplied this want by making “Minor Topics” a feature of their magazine. This department was begun in the November number, and appeared afterwards in the numbers for December and April. During '70's administration it appeared only once, in the magazine for June, 1869. Its success has thus been more than doubtful, but its languishing life and its death were probably due more to the remissness of the editors than to any other cause. Under these circumstances the present Board unanimously resolved to establish and maintain a department which should be called “Notabilia,” and which should serve as a record of the old, and also as a place for the discussion of the new, at Yale. It is not intended that it should be written up only by the editors. All are solicited to contribute to its pages. In a mad paraphrase of Thackeray, we may say:—“Here, dear undergraduate, our Notabilia editor strives to provide thee with fact as well as fancy; and though it does not become us to boast of our fare, at least we invite thee to a table where thou shalt sit in good company.”

——It is certainly creditable to the "powers that be" at Yale that freedom of speech is permitted here. We hear complaints from other colleges that there the faculties exercise a censorship of the press. Fortunately there is nothing of the sort here. A student magazine is worthless unless it consists of the opinions of students. The fact that it expresses these is its *raison d'être*, and when it cannot do this freely, its best course is to die.

——Some embryonic artist has endeavored to give expression to one of Linonia's famous statues, by what he perhaps considered a little judicious shading. Opinions may differ as to the success of his effort. To us, however, such acts seem suited only to the pupils of primary schools where an honest, old-fashioned mode of chastisement is still in vogue. "Men," it is said, "are but children of a larger growth," but we have a right to expect that the growth of college students be sufficiently large to lift them above the temptation to "scribble," which proved too much for them in younger days. On almost every eligible space, from the walls of the different buildings to the leaves of library books, we find something scribbled. Here is a choice (?) critique of some fine passage, here a valiant (?) defiance, and here a would-be historic name. It is something noticeable that the aforesaid name is never subscribed either to critique or defiance! Doubtless both the libraries and the college would rather supply aspiring genius with common foolscap, on which to write down these "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," than have them written on either walls or books. While we are agitating the subject of great reforms, let us institute a reform in this less important matter, and abandon this contemptible little practice.

——We were rather amused by an expression of opinion from Princeton college the other day. This small college, as a few of our readers may know, is in the interior of New Jersey. Probably not one-half of the undergraduates of Yale know where it is, and probably not one-half of these ever said or thought anything about it. The college world will therefore be surprised to hear that there is an

"hereditary feud" between Princeton and Yale. We own that this is news to us. We had never heard of it before, but the writer of a letter to the editorial corps speaks of the "well-known hereditary feud," &c., &c. We bow down in contrition. We will not receive this inheritance of hate. We disclaim any intention of keeping up the feud. No, Princeton, wait until you are twice as large and then try to rival Yale. You are far too small to do so now.

——We see by our exchanges that some one who styles himself "Professor Welch of Yale," has been writing to various college papers, enclosing a favorable criticism of some book which he has written, and offering to send a copy of his valuable production to whatever papers published the aforesaid favorable criticism. The *Harvard Advocate* very properly published both criticism and letter, and its example has since been followed by a few other papers. It seems to us that Yale has been disgraced long enough by the presence of this self-styled "Professor." It is bad enough to have the gymnasium plastered with advertisements of summer resorts where "Prof." F. G. Welch of Yale is to teach gymnastics, without having the country flooded with circulars in which he assumes a title which even in his wildest flights of fancy he knows does not belong to him. For the information of the outside world, we would like to state that this Follansbee G. Welch is a medical student here, whose only connection with the faculty rests in the fact that he is nominally "instructor" in the gymnasium. We have no wish to see Yale disgraced by being held responsible for the vagaries of a man who has been foolish enough to write "Physical, Intellectual and Moral Culture," and who has the ineffable cheek to circulate favorable notices of such a work, and to claim to be one of the faculty of Yale. We would like to suggest to the faculty that this Welch is getting altogether too large for his present sphere of action, and that they would do a very commendable thing if they should afford him an opportunity of leaving us forever.

——One of the last Board asked in one of his Editor's Tables, "why can't our prize debate men find something

new to talk about? We echo the question. Why can't they? Just think, for a moment, of the subjects we discuss. As a class we are what Bristed would call "shallow philosopherlings," yet we boldly tackle themes either worn threadbare by able men or else those far above our thorough comprehension. We thought of this with bitterness when we heard the Junior debate in Linonia this year:—"Are laws regulating rates of interest desirable?" Not even the talent which X. Δ. Θ. sent in, could make the discussion interesting. The Juniors in Brothers in Unity had a better question, to be sure, but very little, if anything, that was new, was elicited. And, ye gods, what did possess Linonia's Freshmen? "Have the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers been over-estimated?" Do we care whether they have been or not? Did any of the speakers care? There is need of a reform, and a reform there shall be. At the Senior debates next January, there shall be discussed a question which shall be both interesting to, and capable of discussion by, the undergraduate mind. Copy our example, underclassmen, and be wise.

—It is a noticeable fact that the great majority of the prize men of college are good scholars. This fact was demonstrated last term by the way in which the prizes for debate and for English composition were awarded in the present Sophomore class, and it has just been yet more firmly established by the issue of the Junior debates, a few days ago. Of the nine men among whom the six prizes were divided, eight are in the first division of the class, and the ninth is in the second. This speaks well for the symmetrical development which Yale affords.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record,

Which begins April 7 and closes May 14, covers a period not remarkably fertile in unusual or startling topics. Succeeding Junior Exhibition and its accompanying festivities, with an account of which our record for last month closed, came the usual term examinations. As a happy illustration of the old saying, that it is always darkest just before day,

Vacation

Followed at no appreciable distance. Most of the homeward-bound collegians went their various ways in peace; but some, going New Yorkward, were disturbed by the valiant militia-man and the brawny "peeler," who, under the command of men of renown, bravely endured the danger of a trip—free—to Charles Island, for the purpose of delivering the aforementioned island from the presence of a large delegation of New York city officials, gathered in that sequestered spot in order to indulge in the enlivening recreation of prize fighting; while a few, less fortunate, who had these same official gentlemen for traveling companions, were obliged to hold their hats on their heads with one hand and their wallets in their pockets with the other, in order to preserve either from their honorable but attractive friends. Once in the bosoms of their families, however, and all these little perplexities were forgotten amid the hearty welcomes and unlimited goodies of home. About fifty of the fellows staid in New Haven. This number included those whose homes were in the ends of the earth—or so near those remote regions as not to be visited in a two-weeks' vacation, some boating men and a large crowd of scribblers. These last were busy writing for Townsends, Clark classicals, prize debates, and various other things—when they were not sitting on the fence. Those who had nothing to do, worked very hard at it, most of the time—relieving the dull monotony of their labor now and then by "balling" the college clock and other innocent amusements. When everything else failed, Providence kindly provided the warriors of New Haven and the circuses and menageries from abroad. The former were on a "train" almost every day. Horse and foot, in coats of many colors and the most fantastic shapes, perambulated the streets with reckless bravery. The Governor's Horse Guards were especially fearless, and in their mad career performed many deeds of valor. The grandeur of their appearance was only

equalled by the wonderful forty-horse team and the long trains of wild beasts—the bands meanwhile belaboring the sonorous brass—which heralded the coming of the circus-men. Of these last there were three companies in town during vacation. In addition to all these means of entertainment, the fifteenth of April was set apart by special proclamation as a Fast Day, whereat the lingering collegian rejoiced and feasted himself accordingly. But all things pleasant have an end, and vacation proved no exception to the rule.

The Spring Term

Began April 27, according to the calendar, though we were not permitted to attend chapel until the following morning. About this time the voice of singing was heard in the land, proving that regular college work had begun again. Every body shook hands with every body, asseverating, meanwhile, that he had had a “capital time.” Hoadley was made distractedly happy by the rush for ponies and things, while the college book store supplied the impecunious with mental pabulum in quantities to suit purchasers. As usual, Judd & White created a panic in prices, whereat the men of money rejoiced. The Freshmen were all present at the first chapel exercises, with commendable punctuality; of the other classes, '70 had the least number present. But unfortunately third term includes something beside getting ready for work, and accordingly the announcement to the several classes of the

Studies of the Term

Interrupted the general and delightful bustle of preparation. The Seniors are of course having the easiest time, with only eight recitations and eight lectures per week. Their division officers are Profs. Wheeler and Porter, the first of whom is giving them their final polish by instructing them in Guizot's History of Civilization, while the second is endeavoring to heal the breaches made by four years of college politics with the help of Hopkins' “Law of Love and Love as a Law.” They also recite International Law to the President, and Geology to Prof. Dana, who relieves the tedium of the term by geological walks, in addition to his recitations. They are lectured to by the President on the three great treaties of Westphalia, Utrecht and Paris; by Prof. Hadley on Roman Law; by Prof. Eaton on Botany; and by Prof. S. E. Baldwin on the Constitution. Of the Juniors, eleven infatuated individuals are studying Thucydides under Prof. Packard, while the remaining ninety-five are rapidly mastering Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, under Prof. Thacher.

Almost all of the German oaths have been already learned. Under Tutor Perry the class is obtaining a conception of Bowen's Logic, and Prof. Loomis is laboring, with but indifferent success, to teach the Junioric mind to calculate right ascensions, azimuths, parallaxes, and the like. The respect shown to the terrestrial and celestial globes in the class-room, and the unwillingness to interfere with their position for fear of injuring them, is really touching. All the classes except the Seniors are divided into divisions according to rank. The division officers of the Juniors are in order:—Prof. Thacher, Loomis, and Tutor Perry. The Sophomores have Tutor Peck in Juvenal, Prof. Northrop in ye well-known Day's Art of Discourse, Tutor Tinker in Plato's Epilogia, and Tutor Miller in Stanley's Spherics. The division officers are in the order named. Prof. Northrop gives them instruction in writing, in connection with the Art of Discourse, and each Saturday morning one-half of one division declaims in the Chapel to an admiring audience, consisting of the remainder of the class and Prof. Bailey and Northrop. As for the Freshmen, some inventive faculty mind has originated and carried into effect the idea of dividing them by rank for recitations and alphabetically for division officers. The advantages, if any, of the plan are not known. These officers are Tutor Wright, in Herodotus; Tutor Day, in Horace; Tutor Richards, in Conic Sections, at present, and, in the future, in Algebra; and Prof. Coe, in French. They have an advanced French division of about thirty men, and compositions are read every three weeks. The only important change in the studies of the term is in the introduction of German as an optional study for the Juniors, who are thus enabled to study that language continuously for a year. For this privilege eight dollars is to be charged, and, as before noticed, nearly one hundred have availed themselves of it. This change, although startling, is not as much so as the changes in

The College Buildings,

Which are either taking place or are about to take place. In the latter category we may place the remodeling of the Athenæum, which is to be metamorphosed into a two-story building, the erection of the long-promised and longer-delayed Peabody Museum, and the destruction of Divinity College. This has to go to make way for Durfee Hall, the foundations of which have been already begun, and which is destined to be the pride of Yale in the way of dormitories. It is to have "all the modern improvements," and to be built of stone like that used in the Art Building. It will eclipse Farnham Hall, which is nearly finished,

and which is now the largest and best dormitory on the square. There is, however, probably no faith to be placed in the rumors that Mr. Farnham intends to encase his building in pure white marble, and that the faculty will open in the attic a billiard saloon and lunch room. Alumni Hall has been "swept and garnished," the new Theological building is so nearly completed that there are hopes that no more kinds of stone are to be used in it, and the North Coal Yard, destroyed by fire the night of May 7, is being slowly restored, as is also the Chapel, which, on that same night, was entered and somewhat damaged by a few inebriated collegians. Three of the participants have been caught, (how, no one knows) and expelled. Several of the city papers, with commendable generosity, published the names and classes of the punished, and the item will probably "go the rounds." As matters of general interest, we may state that $\Psi. \Upsilon.$ Hall is about finished, and that Scroll and Key is rapidly pushing forward its future domicile, although the same rains delayed this work which partially interfered with the success of

The Prize Debates.

These delightful entertainments were opened by the Junior debate in Linonia and the Freshman debate in Brothers Friday evening, May 6. The Juniors spoke on the question, "Are laws regulating rates of interest desirable," to Messrs. Waller, Ives, and Rogers, as Judges, in the following order:—Perry, Hoffecker, Bliss, Mills, Sweet, Jewell, Mason, Johnson, Strong. The prizes fell to Mason and Sweet, Perry and Strong, and Hoffecker, respectively. The first-named of the judges is Secretary of State, and after the debate declared that his opinion as to the validity of usury laws had been changed by the overpowering eloquence he had listened to, and that he should hereafter vote against them. The Freshmen, on the question, "Would a third political party, on the basis of labor reform, be advantageous to the country," with Profs. Northrop, Wheeler and Coe, as Judges, entered Miller, Bowen, Van Buren, Bent, Prentice, Bristow. The prizes were awarded to Bent, Miller, and Bowen. The following night the Junior Brothers and Linonian Freshmen kept up the sport. In Brothers the question was, "Does an elective or a prescribed course of study best fulfill the ends of a college education." The committee of award consisted of Profs. Wheeler, Baldwin, and Hon. Mr. Lounsbury. The speakers were Potter, Riggs, Mansfield, Moulton, Board, Cuddeback, Elliott, Hamlin, and the prizes were taken by Mansfield, Cuddeback and Riggs, and Moulton, respectively. The Freshmen, with rare

brilliancy, debated the question, "Are the virtues of the Puritans of New England generally overestimated." The Judges were Messrs. Dexter, Peck and Elliott. Of the five men who entered the following took prizes,—Elder, Boardman and Buckingham, Dutton and Shepard. The programme was disfigured by a glaring "'73" wherever there was room for one, and by the addition of the names of the "committee of arrangements," who were thus handed down to posterity and glory. Most of the prize men in these contests have attended the various games of

Base Ball

Which have been played this term. The manly sport has received a fresh impetus of late. Mr. Lewis of '70, President of the University B. B. Club, has offered a champion flag, to be contended for by the class nines. The first game of the season was played at Hamilton Park, Saturday, April 30, between '70 and '72. It resulted in 17 to 16 runs in favor of '72, much to the chagrin of the vanquished Seniors. Wednesday, May 4, '71 and '73 played the second game, which was won by '71 by the decisive score of 49 to 18. '71 and '72 played the final game for the championship Saturday, May 14, the day our record closes. '72 was the victor, and is therefore now champion of class nines, but open to challenge. The score was 26 to 16. The jubilant Sophomores were boisterously happy over the result. A number of games are on the tapis with professionals, although the University nine has not yet been definitely decided on; and in this respect

Boating

Has the advantage, inasmuch as the University crew was chosen some time ago. It consists of Bone, '70, Coonley, '71, Cushing, '72, Hemingway, '73, Parsons, '72, and Swayne, '72. Mr. Cleveland is cockswain for the barge race. They have begun training and are settling down to their work. Good luck to them! The other crews are as follows:—'70, Lee (stroke), Selden, Huntress, Gould, E. Phelps, and Reeve (bow). '71, Owen (stroke), Howe, Curtis, Slocum, Archbald, and Ryerson (bow). '72, Jenkins (stroke), E. Hubbard, Willcox, Bradley, Boomer and Curtis, (bow), with Williams as coxswain. '73, Flagg (stroke), McCook, Davenport, Day, Brown and Adee (bow). The cockswains of '70, '71 and '73, for the barge races, have not been selected yet. There are to be two spring races,—one for barges about the first of June, and one for shells about the twenty-eighth. To train

the oarsmen and to benefit pecuniarily the Navy, there is to be a foot-race at Hamilton Park within a few days. The Navy finances are however flourishing, as far as we can judge by the serene countenance of the treasurer, and the agony on the faces of his victims as he inflicts upon them a far more disagreeable "button-hole talk" than the Lrr. approves of, and also by the appearance of things at the boat-house. This has been lately repaired and improved,—thanks to the energy of Commodore Bone,—and has just received two new shells for the Freshmen and the Scientific School, and four new barges,—the University, Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen. All but the last were built by Darling. The Freshmen tried Ferron, of Yonkers, and in order to give everybody a fair chance, the University shell is being constructed by Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I. Great interest is felt in the issue of the scull race which is to take place at Wooden Spoon time, and the victor or victors in which are to obtain the Southworth cup. This splendid piece of workmanship is valued at \$300, and was presented by the Southworth Brothers, Yale '63 and '68. The cup is to be the property of the victor—a new cup being furnished by the above-mentioned gentlemen each year. Double sculls are to be allowed to enter, in case a proper handicap can be arranged by the Commodore. But the interest taken in boating is hardly equalled by the excitement produced in College by the meeting of

The Legislature,

In which are the following Yale men:—Thomas Cowles, '29, William C. Case, '57, Tilton E. Doolittle, '46, Luzon B. Morris, '54, Edward K. Landon, '33, George W. Beach, '64, John Avery, '43, Robert F. Chapman, '62, Lyman D. Brewster, '55, Daniel L. Adams, '35, John M. Hall, '66, Edward W. Seymour, '53, John P. Norton, '46, Edward Norton, '44, Joseph N. Cowles, '28, Thomas J. Bradstreet, '34, John C. Smith, '30, Henry Smith, '50, John Wright, '33, William B. Woods, '45, and Giles Potter, '55. These are all members of the House. The Senate, so far as we know, contains no Yalensian;—but really this is a matter of secondary importance as compared with the

Town Shows

Of the last month. These have been as diversified as the weather, which has been of all kinds, and as variable as a woman. First in order of time, (April 9,) came the Blondes, who disported themselves with their usual freedom and vivacity. Following these, (April 12,) was the triumphant entrance of such of the prize fighters as were captured at

Charles Island, under the escort of the police and the military. These latter were as much elated over the success of their expedition as the former were dejected. The Sheriff led the procession. Among the captured were a large number of New Haven sports and several reportorial gentlemen. Prominent among the victims was the ever-memorable Mr. P. Shepard, whose incarceration brought grief to many a student's heart. He, however, together with a large number of his *confrères* were almost immediately released from confinement on bail. The lovers of the bare foot, tangled-hair drama were gratified on two successive evenings, (April 18 and 19,) by the appearance of Maggie Mitchell, who was as usual successful in pleasing large audiences. Annie Dickinson followed soon after (April 21), drew a large house, and spoke her piece with all her accustomed sprightliness. The next evening, (April 22), the graduating exercises of the High School were held at Music Hall. As it was a free show, the hall didn't begin to hold all who came, and the police were employed to keep the people out. The youngsters, who filled the body of the hall, were noisy and musical by turns; the graduating misses and masters, arrayed in the conventional white and black, were as beautiful and manly as could have been expected; while the big-wigs uttered many original sentiments in their usual forcible manner. President Woolsey and Profs. Thacher and Northrop were among the speakers. The talent of the present, however, gave way to the past, on the following evening (April 23), when Mrs. Scott-Siddons delighted a large and brilliant audience by a charming impersonation of Rosalind, as portrayed in Shakespeare's *As you Like it*. Soon after (April 29 and 30) the Adelphi Troupe exhibited their charms to an admiring crowd. But all these amusements but preluded the grand entertainment of the month, Election Day, which happened on May 4. The shad-eaters "clustered" the day before, full of dignity and of much pantaloons. They served as a back-ground of respectability for the gorgeous pageant which celebrated the burial of Gov. Jewell and the resurrection of Gov. English. However dull New Haven may ordinarily be, it is beyond question that on Election Day business was brisk. People of all sorts were out in plenty; notable among whom were the affectionate and demonstrative Corydons and Amaryllises from the country. Nor were ample provisions wanting for the entertainment of the multitude. The reticent seal and the discordant bagpipe, with a huge picture of "Capt. Thompson capturing the mammoth," drew large crowds; while the pathetic appeal—"examine these traces!"—proved a very attractive advertisement for a superior article of Rubber cement. Meantime, the bells were ringing and the soldiers marching, much to the gratification of the youngsters. All

these several elements of glory finally culminated in the inauguration parade, which, truly, was a sight calculated to fire the American heart. After the parade, several companies were reviewed in front of the New Haven hotel by Gov. English and staff, making very pretty work of it, too. A prominent feature of this last performance was the excellent music of the Providence Brass Band. In order to counterbalance the moral influence exerted in the community by the presence of the legislators, the South Church people got up a concert of sacred music on the evening of May 5. The Streets of New York were here May 7. Mrs. Scott-Siddons returned soon after (May 9), and appeared in the character of Frou-Frou. The part of the infuriated husband was murdered by a "stick of a man," one Grisdale. After the performance Mrs. S. listened, from the neighborhood of Hoadley's, to the singing of a group of '70 men, with which she was so well pleased that she made Père Scott, after the fellows had sung "good-night, Lady," in their best style, take them down to Charley Bradley's for a lunch—which shows that she knows the way to a man's heart. Miss Ives's benefit came off on the evening of May 11, at which a number of College men assisted. The next evening (May 12) a very respectable fire occurred on Park street. The students were on hand, as usual. On Friday and Saturday evenings (May 13 and 14) the admirers of burnt cork were entertained by minstrelsy and its usual accompaniments, as served up by Duprez & Benedict's company. But the most serious history is made up in part of

Trifles,

And to these we give a moment's attention.—In the Reading Room there have been a few changes. Appleton is received in magazine form, the Harvard Advocate taking its place. The Graphic has also been added, together with the Overland Monthly, Old and New, Catholic Review, Catholic Monthly, Theological Review, Once a Week, Sharp's London Magazine, the Homilist, Nature, Belgravia and the Union Review.—Several folio volumes were handed in on the thirtieth of April by three industrious Juniors, to compete for the Clark Classical Prizes.—Prex preached in the Chapel on the afternoon of May 1, to a wide awake audience.—Chapel services are now held at half-past seven in the morning.—Several blind ditches have been constructed on the College grounds. They are not expected to be in running order until it rains.—Hoadley has contracted his quarters, but his prices remain the same as ever.—The Berkeley Scholarship examination came off May 6. Messrs. Learned and Chandler of '70 entered; but for some reason Mr.

Chandler withdrew. Mr. Learned consequently takes the scholarship.—The Gymnasium was fixed up some during vacation.—*The Yale Courant* has been reduced in size. The less, the better.—The “Theologues” croqueted vigorously during vacation. It was a masculine game, as pursued by them.—Messrs. Heaton and Hooker of ’69 are reading Thucydides with the Greek division of the Junior Class.—’70 and the State House were taken the other day. The shad-eaters had to be put off the steps.—The rooms in Farnham Hall are to be rented at prices ranging from \$60 to \$100, according to location. The rooms in all the buildings are hereafter to be rented on this principle.—J. Banks, ’71, has completed his steam engine. It works to a charm.—In order that the item may not be gray with antiquity, we mention that Messrs. Gulliver, Chase, Tilney, Shepard, Strong, Andrews, Stearns, Tyler and Lord, of ’70, received honorable mention from the Faculty, on Monday morning, May 16, for compositions written during Senior year. Mr. Lord was included among the number by special vote, having written but two compositions during the year—the others writing four. Messrs. Gulliver, Tilney and Strong were members of the last Lit. board.

S. S. S. Memorabilia.

..... The Scientific School anticipates an important addition to its corps of Professors. Wm. P. Trowbridge, West Point, ’48, has accepted the professorship of Mechanical Engineering; the College Corporation has yet to confirm his appointment, which will be done at the meeting in July. Capt. Trowbridge, after serving with distinction in the corps of Sappers and Miners, resigned. Subsequently he was Prof. of Mathematics in the University of Michigan, then Scientific Secretary to Prof. Bache, on the U. S. Coast Survey. During the war he was in charge of the Engineer Agency in New York, supplying materials for fortifications, &c.; and also superintended the construction of some Government works about New York Harbor. With him he will bring a large collection of working drawings, representing all the important machines, ship engines, presses, cranes, &c., &c., made by the Novelty Iron Works, of which for the past five years he has been Vice President.

..... Prof. Whitney has returned from Harvard, where, in the “University Course,” he delivered 11 lectures on the History and Relations of the German Language, and as many more on the “Comparative Philology of German.”

..... Prof. Verrill is absent at the University of Wisconsin. He

will remain about three weeks, delivering his regular course of lectures in Zoology.

..... There has been a change in respect to the annual examinations. Instead of crowding them all into two weeks, one is held every second Saturday, beginning about the middle of May and continuing throughout the term. The arrangement is liked by some, while others fail to appreciate its peculiar advantages.

..... Mr. E. S. Bristol, S. S. S. '68, for two years assistant in the Chemical Laboratory, has left for "Bingham's Cañon," near Salt Lake City, where he is engaged in the services of a mining company.

..... Prof. Bœck, of Christiana, Norway, was in the city recently. The School elicited his admiration. He accompanied Prof. Eaton on a botanical excursion to Pine Rock, and went into raptures over the flowers. Having collected large quantities of *Viola pedata* and *Actæa rubrum*, he left in a state of supreme felicity.

..... Boating matters are promising. As soon as the champion flag fell into our hands, it was not hard to procure subscriptions for the new shell now in the boat house. It was built by Elliot, of New York; is 50 feet long, including the rudder, 20 inches wide, and weighs about 150 pounds. Members of the crew have been training all winter, and now go out for daily practice in the barge. Bennett will pull stroke, Davenport, starboard stroke, Colgate, port waist, and Whittlesey, bow, two places being yet undetermined.

..... Although nominally there is a Base Ball club, a list of whose officers appears regularly in the Banner, there is really little interest taken in the formation and practice of a nine. Our devotion is manifested solely by our "assisting" (in French sense) at the matches at Hamilton Park.

..... Several boxes of apparatus purchased by Prof. Lyman, with the Collier memorial fund, have just arrived from Zurich.

..... The Sigma Delta Chi Society has just appeared in their new pin. Entirely of gold, the design is an open book. In relief, upon its pages, is the symbolic serpent, within whose circle are the letters.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Kind reader of the LIT., if your patience is not quite exhausted, take a seat there on the other side of the venerable old table; put your feet up on the table—we will break over our rule for this once—get your cigar lighted, and prepare for a little chat. There don't be uneasy, I promise not to detain you long.

We may as well commence at the beginning, and, if you please, we will make a brief inspection of the new books sent us by the publishers.

The Private Life of Galileo, compiled principally from his correspondence and that of his eldest daughter, sister Maria Celeste. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. Pp. 300. 1870. New Haven: Judd & White.

This book is all that it purports to be. In fact, we may say it is more than it purports to be. It admits us behind the curtain, and gives us a near view of the inner life of the great astronomer; and in so doing, gives us a glimpse of his angelic and devoted daughter. This volume possesses a real interest and will be read with the greatest pleasure.

Hammer and Anvil. A Novel, by Friedrich Spielhagen. From the German, by Wm. Handl Browne. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 691. 1870. New Haven: Judd & White.

If you are in want of any light reading, you can not do better than to get this book. The weakening effects often ascribed to novels, can not apply to novels of this class. Like Hawthorne, he studies into the inmost souls of his characters. His is no weak, love-sick story. It is lively and pointed, and there is an earnestness and vigor about it which makes us feel that it is the work of a master.

Onward. A Lay of the West. By A. W. Patterson. A. Roman & Co.: New York and San Francisco. Pp. 28. 1869.

This is a little poem designed to be an exact contrast to the "Deserted Village." It is in the same metre, and presents in glowing terms the rising village of the West. It makes quite a pretty and readable little book, but Goldsmith's reputation is not likely to suffer much from comparison with it.

Mauprat. A Novel, by George Sand. Translated from the French, by Virginia Vaughn. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1870.

Scandal has been busy with the private life of Madame Sand, and people often judge of her books by her supposed actions. In the work above mentioned, no immorality appears. Compared with some stories which have been circulated of late, professedly for the vindication of character and the elucidation of truth, it is purity itself. The character and society portrayed are different from ours, but doubtless true to that time and nation. There is shown genuine desire for justice as well for the poor as the rich, and evident sympathy with free institutions. The book is well worth reading. It is clearly translated, and published in neat and attractive style.

Let us now glance at the exchanges which have been received since the installation of the new board.

COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Beloit College Monthly, Brunonian, Christian Union Literary Magazine, Dartmouth, Denison Collegian, Griswold Collegian, Nassau Lit., The Owl, Virginia University Magazine, Wabash Magazine.*

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Albion College Standard, Amherst Student, Antiochian, Columbia, Cap and Gown, Cornell Era, Crown Point Castalian, Delaware Western Collegian, Harvard Advocate, Iowa University Reporter, Irving Union, Lawrence Collegian, McKendree Repository, Miami Student, Michigan University Chronicle, Notre Dame, Scholastic, Pardee Literary Messenger, Rutgers Targum, Shurtleff Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, Washington Southern Collegian, Wesleyan College Argus, Western Collegian, Williams Vidette, Yale Courant.*

We can not conceal the delight we have taken in poring over the pages of these exchanges. To them we are indebted for many a pleasant hour during the loneliness of vacation.

Taken all in all, college publications are of a much higher order than one would expect. There are several exceptions, but for the most part, they are neatly "got up" and ably edited.

This month we receive a copy of the *Wabash Magazine*, from Crawfordsville, Indiana, with a "Please X" on the first page, which we will certainly do with pleasure. This is a ninety page magazine, published the last week of each term, and judging from the number before us, it deserves a very respectable rank in college literature. The article against the prohibition of secret societies is remarkably sensible, and the rhyme in imitation of Poe's "Raven," is remarkably poor.

In nearly all of our exchanges, we notice that the so-called poetry is relatively far below the prose in point of merit. Some of this poetry is excruciating, and the fashion which seems to require a piece or two of it in every publication, has much to answer for. But one of our exchanges seems to publish poetry for its own sake. *The Owl*, "Edited by the boys of Santa Clara College," California, publishes in its last number, twenty-three pages of this poetry. The magazine contains forty-four pages in all. However, we must not judge *The Owl* too severely. It is only three numbers old, and can hardly be expected to have its eyes fairly open. Its prose articles are light and racy, and it bids fair to take a good rank.

The *Dartmouth* is well edited and very readable.

The *Beloit College Monthly* is principally noticeable for its double-column pages and wretched typography. Both of these magazines, as well as the *Nassau Lit.*, deface their pages by articles from professors and out-siders. Now this is purely a matter of taste; but if such articles are admitted into these magazines, they ought not to pretend to be exponents of the undergraduate mind, and when robbed of this character they lose half of their attraction. They voluntarily yield up their vantage ground, and challenge comparison with such periodicals as the *Atlantic* and *Overland Monthly*, a comparison in which they can scarcely be said to be the gainers.

The *Brunonian* stands high among college publications, but seems given overmuch to flattery. In its last number we notice something about the "liveliness and Saxon elegance" which characterize the articles of the *LIT.* For a moment we felt like taking off our hat to the noble representative of Brown, but quickly subsided when we perceived that many other college publications came in for similarly profuse praise.

Several of our exchanges have *ladies* on their board of editors. Of all the arguments we have seen in favor of mixed colleges, this is the only one which has in the least moved us. From some strange coincidence, most boards of this class consist of four editors,—two of each sex,—a very *sensible* coincidence; is it not?

The *Pardee Literary Messenger* devotes more than a third of its reading matter to a reply to the article on "The Ministry," which appeared in the March number of the *LIT.* The writer subscribes himself, "A candidate for the Gospel Ministry," and, judging from his volubility in quoting Scripture, must be well advanced in his studies. He complains that the writer in the *LIT.* "discusses the subject wholly from a worldly point of view." Whereupon he proceeds to discuss it wholly from a *heavenly* point of view. His position is summed up in two sentences. "The truth is, that it is not the part of the preacher to convert anybody. It is his duty to be, like John the Baptist, a *voice*—the voice of God—nothing more." Argument with a person of such impractical views, is worse than wasted. Unless he gets a fitter appreciation of his future calling, we fear greatly for his own usefulness in life.

The *Echoes*, edited by the young ladies of the Lee Female Academy, (Memphis, Tenn.) has reached its sixth number, and is doing well. We have been considerably struck by the pretty signatures attached to its articles,—such as "Lizzie," "Mollie," "Ettie," "Ella," "Carrie," etc. In this ladies'

society we could not help feeling a strong inclination to put the old sanctum in a little better order, and to improve our personal appearance by brushing our hair and putting on our coat. As a specimen of female ability we need only say, this is a paper of which the ladies of our country have no reason to be ashamed.

The *Trinity Tablet* has a very interesting article on "Petty Annoyances of College Life." We recognize several old acquaintances among the old beggars and Jew peddlers which it describes.

Of outside publications but little need be said. The *Atlantic Monthly*, *Nation*, *Appletons' Journal*, *The Citizen and Round Table*, *Galaxy*, and *Overland Monthly*, are too generally read, and their merits too generally recognized to justify comment on our part. We always receive them with pleasure.

We receive the *New York Standard*, the new daily, edited by John Russell Young, and we find it lively and entertaining; it displays also genuine literary ability. What is better still, it is manly and honorable in tone, and while hitting the editor of the *Sun* some hard blows, is never low or scurrilous. In the present disgraceful war of newspapers, this is quite noticeable. We hope it may have, as it deserves, large success.

We are indebted to the *Cap and Gown*, of Columbia College, for a copy of the *Columbia*, published by the Junior Class, and corresponding to our *Pet-Pourri*—and to the *Mercury* for a catalogue of Racine College. We have also received catalogues of Lafayette and Tufts College, and a copy of a speech delivered by Mr. J. E. Stevenson, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives.

Now, if you please, we will turn to matters a little nearer home, and of a little more personal interest. And first, let me give you a bit of news of a somewhat private character, but which under the circumstances I am sure you will excuse. The article in this number, entitled "Base Ball at Yale," is written by Mr. Clarence Deming, formerly of '71. He is now at his home in Litchfield, slowly recovering from the injury received while playing at Waterbury last summer. He is a martyr to the game. From a table which has been handed in, containing the average of a dozen of the principal ball players at Yale during the past four years, we find that his average of "runs" is greater and of "outs" less than that of any other individual. If any one has a right to speak with authority upon this subject, surely it is he. Mr. Deming now expects to enter the Class of '72, next fall. His numerous friends here in all classes will gladly welcome him back into the college world.

And now a few words about ourselves before we close. You have doubtless noticed two new dishes among the viands set before you this month,—the "Button Hole Talks," and the "Notabilia";—or rather one new one, and one old one under a new name. These are each under the charge of a single member of the board, and are designed to afford opportunity for impersonal remarks, and the discussion of college subjects of minor importance. They will probably both be continued through the year. It has been decided that all articles except these and the "Memorabilia," shall be signed with the initials of the writer, unless there is something in the nature of the article itself which would render it objectionable. In no case can the initials be omitted except by the unanimous vote of the board.

We shall regularly devote a portion of the "Memorabilia" to the interests of the Scientific School. This department of our college is getting to be too important to be passed over in silence. In order to obtain an authentic record of all matters of importance there, we have secured the services of a capable member of that department. Let Scientifics take note of this fact and show their appreciation of our effort by subscribing for the *LIT.* We also intend to give several prizes in the course of the year, for the best fictitious stories,—but more of this anon.

It is very plain that the editorial mantle does not sit easily on us yet; but we have made a start, and are determined that, if our own industry and zeal can avail anything, and our friends in the various classes will stand by us, the '71 board shall not disgrace the *OLD LIT.*

E. F. S.

THE
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

CHAPEL CHRISTIANITY.

IT is strange to see how closely religion and persecution have always been connected. In by-gone ages the Deity always seems to have been appeased by the sacrifice of human life. The history of every religion is partly written in blood. The slaughter of the Grecian Iphigenia in honor of Diana finds its counterpart in the sacrifice of human victims to Thor and Odin in Germany and Britannia, while the persecution of the early Christians by Rome is repeated in the persecution of the Protestants by the Roman church. There is no country on the face of the earth in which there has not been at some time persecution for religion's sake. Wherever public opinion has grown too strong for this, it has partially yielded but has yet left its impress upon national policy. Only in a few spots does it still flourish with unabated vigor. One of its strongholds is Yale. Anciently, the state-church said "worship God in my way, or suffer the extreme penalty of the law." To-day, Yale's faculty, representing the college-church, say "worship God in our way, or suffer the extreme penalty which we can inflict," i. e. expulsion.

A very few of us are, indeed, given the petty privilege of attending other churches than the chapel, but the principle is the same. The faculty idea of worshipping God is going to church, and go to church we must. The different Christian sects derive their names from their peculiarities. Thus the Baptists are so called because baptism is with them the visible sign of Christianity, and as our religion consists mainly in going to chapel, I have thought that it might well be dubbed "Chapel Christianity." That its standard is low, is clear; why this is the case, I propose to show.

In the first place religion is made gloomy and uninviting. The great majority, if not all, of the students who attend the chapel are accustomed to worship in churches which, if neither grand nor elegant, are at least comfortable. This is almost a pre-requisite of real worship. That the soul may soar up to its Maker and bow down in adoration before Him, the body must not be in a continual state of discomfort or suffering. The faculty find it necessary to have cushioned seats for themselves, but yet seem to imagine that bodily discomfort is for us a sure passport to spiritual comfort.* Gentlemen, you were once students yourselves. Were you drawn nearer to the Creator because you were cramped and aching and cold, or cramped and aching and hot? I am writing in no irreverent mood. As a Christian myself, I look with sorrow and regret on the state of Christianity here. It shocked me once. I have grown used to it now. I have become accustomed to hearing men, one Sunday morning after another, swear at the chapel and everything and everybody connected with it, because they had to go there. Does it do them good? After they have been penned in that dark, cheerless, uncomfortable room for an hour and a half, whispering, eating, sleeping, studying, or reading novels, is their spiritual condition improved? Does it benefit them

* If report speaks true, President Woolsey offered, a year or two ago, to cushion the chapel at his own expense, but the faculty declined the offer from fear that the students if at all comfortable would go to sleep! The decision is a bitter commentary on their estimate of student character and college preaching.

to hear, or rather pretend to hear, doctrinal sermons preached by a gentleman with whom, however good and wise he may be, they have not the slightest sympathy? It may be that Yale is not rich enough to build a new chapel but certainly she can afford to cushion and regulate the temperature of the one she has now. Then, again, why should our spiritual food be doled out to us by a clergyman who is incapable of enforcing sound ideas by a good delivery. The LIT. has before commented on the fact that it is not a pastor but a preacher that is wanted here. The idea is well founded. The usual pastoral work of an ordinary church is not possible here. Students can be brought face to face with Christianity only in prayer meetings and in the chapel. What they hear in the latter ought to send them to the former. It is then all-important that here a good impression should be made. I concur in some degree in the remark which I have heard that "fellows would like the Doctor's sermons, if they would only listen to them," but they will not listen. College prejudice has been aroused and college prejudice lasts. What we need is a comfortable chapel and a minister who is young enough to sympathize with the average collegian, smart enough to write good sermons, and (what is, perhaps, most important of all) able to present his views in a manner which will command the attention of his audience. In other words we need to have religion made cheerful and inviting. I have heard it urged that Christianity demanded some sacrifices and that we ought not to grumble about these. So say I. But does Christianity demand *these* sacrifices? That is, does our discomfort please our Creator? Verily, this would be a relic of that fanaticism which made self-torture a means of grace. Again, judge the system by its results. If ever experience has shown anything, it has shown that religion here, to attract the multitude, must be cheerful and inviting.

This is needed. But if all this were given there would still remain an objection which would vitiate the whole. Religion must not be obligatory. This after all is the great point. If men went voluntarily into uncomfortable

seats they might endure them without complaint. Men driven into the same seats will never stop complaining. Almost everywhere else in the world it is acknowledged that men cannot be forced into religion, but in our American colleges (I know not that Yale is worse than the majority) the principle, if not preached, is practiced. What does this action really mean? It means that, in the opinion of the faculty of Yale, God is unable to evangelize the college without their aid,—not as our guides but as our masters.

In His work He does, of course, use human instruments, but He gives to no human being authority to compel in matters of religion. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is His command, but nowhere do we find "compel the world to gather together and then preach ye unto them." It may be said that we are justly compelled to attend recitations; that religion is of far more importance to us than education; and that therefore with even more justice are we compelled to attend religious exercises. The argument is nonsensical. We are justly compelled to attend recitations because in them we learn; but compulsory religious exercises, far from increasing our piety, weaken it. There is but little need of discussing this point. The uselessness of forced piety is almost universally acknowledged. Even if it were possible to construct a theory to justify the system whose blessings we enjoy, the practice of it would overthrow the theory. What does it lead to? Is the falsehood of the excuse-papers of a single Sunday atoned for by the forced attendance of a term? Can the faculty really think that the system is advancing the interests of religion? I write what I believe to be a solemn truth when I declare that there is nothing in the college course which does more to weaken and overthrow Christianity than this compulsory religion, this way of making Christianity a gloomy, forbidding task. It saps one's sense of responsibility to the Creator and substitutes therefor a sense of responsibility to the faculty. God's laws are lost sight of in comparison with those of the faculty, for this body, in plain words, usurps the place of Jehovah and dispenses rewards

and punishments for the system of devotion which *they* are pleased to think perfection. In the name of much-abused religion I ask that this practice may cease. Do not unite Church and State. They have a different work to do and united they fail. God's kingdom is not of this world. Earthly power cannot increase the power of the Holy Spirit, and men must be persuaded, and not compelled, to seek redemption.

For the success of a church three things are essential,—the blessing of God, an *esprit du corps* on the part of the members, and careful and interesting preaching by the minister. The first is a consequence of the other two, and these two every church can obtain by its own efforts. It is by producing these that free religion would benefit Yale. To-day we are a regiment of conscripts, and we have, therefore, no enthusiasm; make us a regiment of volunteers and if we number only half as many as before, our enthusiasm will make us worth ten times as much. The most effective Christian work here is done by students themselves, yet not one-half nor one-quarter as much as might be done, is. Treat these students as Christians and not as infidels, cease to regard them as a class who are anxious to abjure the vows they have taken upon themselves, and this Christian work will be at least doubled. Again, the college pastor will know that his audience depends upon himself, instead of being gathered to meet him by fear of marks, and will, therefore, write and preach better sermons. Better attention will be paid. Better lives will be led. Religion, disjoined from persecution, will be vigorous and strong.

Whose fault is it that this is not the case now? It is easy to say that we are in the wrong, that it is our depravity which makes us restless of the yoke, and that we do not know of what we speak. Why is it, then, that in every class and in the best part of it, there is the same feeling? An opinion as generally held as this demands at least respect. This is no idle question of learning, but one of the eternal welfare of immortal souls and upon some one's shoulders rests this responsibility. Will the faculty ever

learn that they cannot improve upon the divine plan of salvation? If they do not, will not this responsibility be upon them? Let them give us freedom and guide us in the narrow path; but let them not endeavor to force us into it by threats and commands. Success is impossible, failure is sure.

A. B. M.



NONENTITIES.

MUR. "We are men, my liege."

MAC. "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men."

Macbeth, Act iii. sc. i.

AT Greenwich, on the line of the N. Y. & N. H. R. R., is an antiquated cemetery thickly peopled with the dead, deserted by the living. In one corner a gray old tombstone, just lifting its moss-covered head above the brambles, bears this inscription:

1789.

HERE LIES ISRAEL MEAD,

WHO LIVED AND DIED

A NONENTITY.

"For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness."—ECCLESIASTES, vi. 4.

If the tombstones which shall be erected over the generation of to-day are equally candid, there are very many whose lives will be fitly expressed by this one word,—Nonentity.

College Nonentities are so either from a physical, intellectual, or moral standpoint. Modern civilization, by assigning to the moral and intellectual faculties a position infinitely above the physical, has removed the disparagement formerly incident to physical weakness. A man is no longer judged by his muscular abilities alone. And yet the physical nonentity, though he be a valedictorian or first-prize man, lacks both the *sanum corpus* of his nor-

mal condition, and, in a degree, the *sana mens*, its concomitant. His condition in college is comparatively free from ensure. To be sure the "muscular Christian" may sometimes fling at him an expression of good-natured contempt, but the assailed party generally has some fortress of superior mental or social attainments, behind which he retires with affected disdain, and wraps himself up in

"Pride, the never-failing vice of fools."

He knows nothing of the gymnasium save as he visits it for his weekly bath. His exercise consists in lounging lazily down to the Post Office, diverting himself meanwhile by ignorantly criticising the boating system or the inactivity of the class nine. If the crew or ball club are successful, he is the last to congratulate; if unsuccessful, he is first to find fault. This physical weakling may have won for himself an honorable name intellectually or morally, but while commending these excellences we must conclude that his effect upon the college world is bad.

Our intellectual nonentities embrace two classes: the idler and the dunce. The idler is a selfish man. He comes here with but one object in view, viz: his own gratification, and regards college merely as a means for the attainment of that end. His course develops three traits of character,—ingenuity, deception and cheek. He studies not the lessons, but the temperament of his instructor. Having obtained an analysis of this temperament he exercises his ingenuity in devising the best plan for deception. He plays the hypocrite, ostentatiously closes his book and lays it down as the first man is called up, only to reach stealthily for it a moment later. His excuses are marvels of composition; his compositions marvels of imposition. He reviles his neighbor as a dig, but borrows with ready grace his examples. In short, chameleon-like he changes his character to suit his circumstances. He is emphatically the painted ship upon the painted ocean of college life. At all hours of the day he may be seen enjoying

"The frivolous work of polished idleness,"—

sitting upon the fence. He is the first to arrive there after recitation, the last to leave it before. Thus, without a thought, he "leads a lingering, loitering, lounging, lazy life."

The dunce who digs and the dunce who don't, are different species and require to be treated in different ways. The former is an object of pity; the latter of contempt. The dunce who digs, studies as many hours in a day as his neighbor in a week and then only keeps above average through the leniency of his instructors. We labor with him when he rises to recite; we give a sigh of relief when he sits down. And yet such men amuse and instruct us. They set up their own standard of good and bad scholarship and adapt this standard to their scholarship, not their scholarship to the general standard. Their method of estimating their own recitations is so ludicrous that we can scarcely refrain from smiling at their happy faculty of calling a flunk a fizzle, a fizzle a rush. They instruct us by the cheerful manner in which they struggle against daily obstacles and by their ultimate success,—success which is sure to follow.

On the contrary there is nothing admirable in the character of the lazy dunce. Like water he never rises above his own level. His capacities are below the average; he sees it and blames Nature. Unwilling to atone for this deficiency by extra effort, he studies listlessly only as long as his brother idler, and then with him saunters lazily to the fence or down town, boastingly proclaiming meanwhile to every chance inquirer, like

—"fools, to talking ever prone
And sure to make their follies known,"

the melancholy fact that he has "only just looked at the lesson," thus presenting, as it were, an excuse-paper for the ignominious fizzle which is sure to follow. In the recitation-room he stumbles over his translation or example and taxes the patience of instructor and instructed by his stupid blunders. Outside he apes the idler and with him derides the faithful student. There is a wide differ-

ance between these two kinds of dunces. The one puts to shame the mere man of genius by showing him the man of energy. The other, insensible to shame, is daily sinking backward to nothingness. The former is the warrior who girds on his armor for the conflict and knows no rest save that which conquest gives; the latter the coward who seeks repose by yielding to each new foe and thus, insensibly but surely, binds more strongly about himself the chains of indolence.

But worst of all is the moral nonentity. The representatives of this class are to be found in both the other classes. Like the malaria of some foul disease, they penetrate everywhere and infect the moral atmosphere. They all marshal their forces and direct operations under the leadership of one great Master. They do not, however, all wear the same cloak. The victim of lust and intemperance, with that damnable passion for dragging others into those same foul abysses, paints in glowing colors the pleasures of sin, but draws a shade before its horrors. Gradually the enticing bait is offered, the ignorant simpleton snaps at it, and is lost. The infidel, too, who leads a so-called moral life, who is socially or intellectually gifted, and by his winning ways attracts admirers to his side, commences, perhaps, by sly allusions to deceptions sanctioned by usage. Next the ignorance of home friends is touched upon, the necessity of doing as students do is urged with plausibility, and the unsophisticated weakling is led on step by step till he learns to scoff at all that humanity holds sacred. Thus, from class to class, through his self-created emissaries, the moral nonentity hands down his deeds of shame and, glorying in them, urges others to follow.

But there is a large class of men who come directly under none of these heads, and yet upon them is plainly written the word Nonentity. Their influence is negative, not positive. They have no originality. They perpetrate poor puns at second-hand and affect the ways of their superiors. They are emphatically "all things to all men." Without courage to say no, they go from the

prayer-meeting to the gambling-hell at the solicitation of some moral nonentity. They adopt customs contrary to conscience through fear of losing popularity or power. And yet their power is zero. They are straws which show the direction of sentiment, but vacillate like the weathercock at every change of circumstances. They seem "to have no mission to perform, to have lost the credentials given them by their Creator," and in total disregard of their own identity to be mere shadows of those in whose footsteps they are treading. These parasites, nevertheless, are ambitious. They cling to the man of position and try to shine in the brightness of his rays. They lounge about his room while he is in and thrust themselves upon him when he goes out. They invite him to the show and pay for his society in cigars. Poor deluded mortals,—do they forget that the diamond sparkles none the less brightly in a leaden frame, that its brilliancy only serves to point out more plainly the worthlessness of the setting? Like the fraudulent merchant, they seek to obtain credit on another man's capital. But nonentity is stamped indelibly on every feature and through the openings in the patched-up mask it crops out in the brainless attempts at wit, the vacillating course of conduct. We can pity, but we must also blame them, for they are held captive by the fetters which their self-created nothingness has welded upon them.

The effect of nonentities, generally, upon the student character is unqualifiedly bad. We have seen that the diligent dunce amuses and instructs us, but so does the drunkard, and we might as well argue good from the one as from the other. The physical nonentity discourages efforts after bodily vigor; the intellectual nonentity decries study and thus discourages efforts after mental vigor; the moral nonentity sets at defiance the laws of God and man, lowers the standard of morality and panders to tastes the most depraved. Each tends to deteriorate the average student. United, they are sapping the very foundations of college manliness. W. K. T.

WHAT WAS IT?

In submitting the following statement of facts to the college world, I am conscious that I am exposing myself to no small an amount of ridicule, and, perhaps, even to contempt. I can offer no explanation of these phenomena, and have, indeed, written this mainly with a view of attracting to them the attention of men more able than myself to explain the causes which control them. What I have here written is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The facts in the case have been known to one of my intimate friends for some time, and it is at his urgent request that I have finally resolved to publish from my diary a narrative of the strange sights and sounds which for more than a month disturbed my rest. My room is a corner one in North Middle, with nothing particular about it except an antique table, an heirloom of our family, which has come to and gone from Yale with each one of us who has studied here. With this explanatory remark I offer to your candid and careful consideration the following *verbatim* extracts from my diary during that time. *

SATURDAY, January 15, 1870.

I have been disturbed to-day by strange noises about my room. They may have been caused by the wind, but certainly I never heard the like before. I had been reading some weird story of spiritual manifestations, and with my head full of horrible thoughts excited by the horrible tale, I said aloud, "can the spirits of the dead really visit us?" I had scarcely uttered the words when right at my feet I heard and *felt* a hurried rapping. Of course I was startled. The room below me is empty and locked. I know that. It seems scarcely possible that the knocks could have been caused by persons in any other room, but if not, what are they? Twice to-day since then have I asked the same question and heard the same confused rapping, always directly beneath me. All through this evening there have been queer whisperings which have affected me with a certain awe which I cannot dispel. It is now twelve and everything is quiet. I scarcely know whether I have been dreaming or awake.

SATURDAY, Jan. 22.

It is a week since I have written anything here. It has been the most anxious week of my life. The knocks have been repeated again and again, but always in the afternoon or evening, and only when I am alone in the room. The presence of another person seems to break the charm, and I have as yet told no one of the phenomena, although I have been often asked what I am doing in my room which makes me pound so much. This shows that the noises have been overheard and so are not the fancy of a diseased brain. With the exception of the sounds there has been little disturbance. Occasionally I find that in my absence the articles of furniture have changed places, but I have never seen them move. IT,—be it saint or devil,—is careful of my feelings. I am growing accustomed to the state of things and have decided to probe the matter thoroughly. It may yet turn out to be a hoax.

SUNDAY, Jan. 23.

To-night I have *seen* a manifestation. I was lying on my lounge wondering what this meant and what it would end in, when the table, which was then in the centre of the room, turned before my very eyes and slowly rolled up to the window which is nearest to the chapel. I stared at it in stupid astonishment until it stopped. Then I got up and pulled it back. I fancied (it may have been only fancy) that *something* resisted me, but it was only for a moment. It was a shock to my nerves, however, and shows me that I need some assistance and advice. I think that I shall tell the matter to L. and ask him to stay with me until my chum gets back from his suspension. His presence will either drive away this thing entirely or else aid me to investigate it.

I asked L., and he, although incredulous, accepted my invitation and lived with me a couple of weeks. During this time there was not a single disturbance, and at length, laughing at my folly, he went back to his own room. Three days afterwards I find the following :

TUESDAY, Feb. 8.

It seems as if IT were avenging itself for enforced silence. For three days my room has been in an uproar. The four walls, the ceiling and the floor have resounded with blows. The bedroom doors have opened and shut violently, the doors of the wardrobe have creaked and bent as if two opposing forces were at work upon them, and every night about five minutes of eight the table has moved up to the window and I have fancied that I heard a thud, as of a blow, and then a dull groan. What can it mean? It is wearing on my mind and I feel as if some great misfortune were hanging over me. As yet I have not been touched myself, but to-night I feel that indescribable sensation as if some other breathing thing were in the room. In spite of myself my hand trembles. This is folly and I will control it.——It is an hour since I wrote those words. I undressed, blew out the lamp and got into bed. My head had scarcely touched the pillow when crash went the window at my head, open flew the door, and thud, thud, something resounded through the room. The sound was more like a person creeping heavily on his hands and knees than one who was walking. Thoroughly frightened, I got up and dressed myself. The noises have ceased but the mirror shows me that my face is as white as a sheet. I am writing now, partly because the impression on my mind is vivid and partly to kill time, for I am afraid to go back to bed. If it were not that my chum is coming back soon, I would leave the room, but I *will* stay until he returns. Everything is so quiet now, that were it not for the broken window and disordered room, I might set this all down as a wild fancy. They convince me that it is a reality.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10.

For two days there has been comparative quiet. The only disturbance has been the knocking, except that each night about eight the table has moved or been moved up to the window. I am growing used to this now and look for it regularly.

FRIDAY, Feb. 11.

* * * * * To-night I placed a chair in the way of the table as it moved to the window. It seemed as if I had given a signal of battle. The chair was thrown violently back and I myself was forced back a few feet, I know not how. I heard distinctly the thud as of a blow while the table was at the window, and then that low groan. With this exception the manifestations seem to have concentrated themselves in the wardrobe which is built in between the two bedroom doors. Each night, just before the table moves to the window, the wardrobe doors creak and sway as if some one were pulling them out and some one pulling them in. I am beginning to believe that some foul deed has been done in this room and that it has been connected in some way with a table at that window and this wardrobe. But yet why should these things trouble *me*?

SATURDAY, Feb. 12.

This morning I found on the table a slip of paper with a message in an unknown handwriting. It said only, "Find out before your chum comes back. He will reach New Haven Friday." What am I to find out? I feel as if a burden were gradually weighing me down and yet I can get no help. To-day the disturbances have been about the same, but after the groan I heard that horrible noise as of one dragging himself or being dragged over the floor.

SUNDAY, Feb. 13.

I am beginning to find the clue. On my bureau this morning is a piece of paper on which is written, "Library, alcove fourth." There, then, I shall discover something. What will it be?

From Monday to Thursday, the seventeenth, I looked through and through the fourth alcove of the library, but found nothing which would explain the phenomena. Meanwhile the disturbances grew worse and worse, until at length on Thursday night I fled from my room in ter-

ror and slept elsewhere. According to my first spirit-message my chum would be back Friday, and I had also heard from him that he would reach New Haven by the six P. M. train from New York. Friday morning I went to the library almost in despair. Through the morning hours I looked in vain. I secreted myself when the library was about to be closed, and in less than ten minutes after I was alone, my long-protracted search was rewarded! On the third shelf of the fourth alcove, on the left-hand side, is a set of books entitled "The Madison Papers." The curious investigator of the truth of my recital, will find on the seventy-third page of the second volume, the words, "between the back of the book and the paper," underscored. As I took the book in my hands it opened at that place and those words caught my eye. It was a revelation! I ran my finger up there, felt something loose, pulled, and down came from its hiding-place of fifty years a yellow, creased paper, which bore upon its pages the record of a crime concealed for many a year. Fifty years ago my grandfather's brother suddenly disappeared while at Yale. He was in the class of '21, a fine scholar and speaker, but liable to tremendous outbursts of passion. One morning neither himself nor his chum appeared. The next day they were still unseen, and on the third the college authorities broke open the door. His chum was found dead on the floor in his bedroom, with his right hand tightly clenching a bloody knife. There were traces of blood in both rooms, but everything was in order and he himself was nowhere to be found, and was never seen or heard of from that day. I had often heard the story told at home and now I had the explanation. The paper said:

"My name is ———. I have just committed a crime which will condemn me to eternal punishment. I *must* tell my secret to some one, for its exclusive possession even for these few moments has made them seem like ages. I shall put this paper in the binding of this volume of the Madison Papers which lies before me. May some one find it and take warning from me. An hour ago I

stepped into the wardrobe to hang up some clothes. My chum shut and held the door. I pushed against it, but he was stronger than I. I burst into a fit of passion, raved and swore until finally he opened it. I remember well how he stood by the table at the window as I rushed into the room. A dirk—his dirk—was lying there. I caught it up, and ere he could raise his arm I had stabbed him. With a single groan he fell. He was dead. I dragged him to his bedside, put his hand on the handle of the knife and left him there. He is there now,—in the next room, and I, his murderer, am writing the confession which may some time hang me. I have arranged the room. I have tried to make it seem as if he had killed himself, but everything whispers “murderer” to me. The room resounds with strange noises. I cannot stay. I must go. May God forgive me.”

The date was January 15, 1820. Just fifty years after his sin, my ancestor had come to warn his descendant. His sinful secret was at last shared by another, and from that day to this my room has been undisturbed. Is it possible that a sin-stained soul wanders for years in some purgatory until at length the sin has done the good that God designed it to do by warning another soul from the abyss? I have drawn no fancy sketch. I have written only facts. As I began, so I end, by asking “what was it?”

The above was entrusted to me for revision. I have not changed a word. I have let my friend tell his own story. Whatever others may think, I give full credence to its truth.

A. B. M.

AD PARCAS.

Grim sister queens,
Ye, Jove-begotten, weave the twisted thread,
Which marks the path each mortal man must tread
In life's sad scenes.

Dark Clotho, spin
A cord of spotless, never-fading fame,
And with bright colors weave my lowly name
The threads within.

Dire Lachesis,
Select for me no knotted cords of pain ;
Straighten each twist, blot out each sorrow stain
Of sinfulness.

Dread Atropos,
Be merciful unto my prayerful tears,
Cut not life's thread till I with ripened years
Death's threshold cross.

Trio of Fate,
Guarding life's morn, its noontide, and its eve,
Be unto me, when ye my thread shall weave,
Compassionate.

W. K. T.



A FLAW.

It has often occurred to me that the marking system of Yale might be materially bettered in its actual workings, without touching the life of the system itself, or without turning it over to the tender mercies of the "progressive" zealots, who generally begin their improvements by improving everything they can lay their hands on out of existence. And I am confirmed in this idea by the failure of Columbia in its new plan of dispensing with marks except at examinations,—a failure confessed recently in a long article by the *Cap and Gown* of that college. One of these defects in our marking system, important, though non-vital, one which argues, not against this system against any at all, but against the way it is now managed,—is the secrecy which hangs over the record of scholarship.

I suppose it is a sad vexation of spirit to every Yale student, until it becomes an old story, to meet with such univocal and meaningless answers as reward his attempts

to find out "how he is doing." Whether "stand" be his god, or he has higher aims and only cares for good marks as a token of progress, it is no joking matter to him, thus to be kept in the dark; and if he be one of that jolly set of mortals who are forever hanging on the verge and liable to "drop" any minute, to draw it mildly, things don't wear an aspect of extreme funniness to him either. Imagine the sensations of the latter individual, when he feels that he is drawing nearer, day by day, to the edge of the dread precipice which marks for him the end of his college life, and yet the "powers that be" will not, can't possibly, you know, shed light enough on the ground under his feet to let him see just how near he is to the fatal step or what is his chance of drawing back. Many a fine fellow would be saved, unbroken in spirit, to make a useful citizen, even though not a great scholar, if he could only know each day just how fast his intellectual thermometer was sinking under the manipulations of the tutors. But that little piece of knowledge is denied him, and so, he meanwhile ignorant of the true state of things, the mercury goes down, down, till it reaches zero, and the hopes and aspirations of a young life lie frozen and blasted.

Or take the other case, that of the student who is struggling, tugging for the front ranks, be his motive what you will. Soon after he enters college and before he has threaded all the intricacies of the marking system, whatever may be said of the Greek grammar, he stays after recitation one day and makes a bold push for the tutor's desk. You might divine from the uneasy glance of his eye that he was after his "stand." Over the shoulders of the crowd that flocks around the tutor like chickens about a hen, he gets a glimpse of that gentleman's "book." His first emotions of astonishment that the tutor should have to use such hieroglyphic and cabalistic symbols, and of speculation as to whether those ridiculously fine lines were not measured and ruled off by a micrometer, are soon pushed aside by apprehension. It dawns on him that he comes in alphabetical order between John Dumb and Sam Duncie, and he begins to fear that what with that compound

of Choctaw and Chaldaic characters and those infinitesimal squares to put them in, he stands a good chance of being credited with John's or Sam's "flunks" and one or both of them, with his "rushes."* Emit they never a gleam of wit elsewhere, they will shine brilliantly by borrowed light on the tutor's books. However, after all these drawbacks our hero finds his voice and—but the *Harvard Advocate* tells the story so much better than I can, and its words, whether referring to the mark for a single recitation or for half a term, will with so little change apply as well in the dingy Athenæum as in the latitude of Cambridge, that I must beg the favor of a quotation:—

"The Freshman, coming here with his ardent and lofty aspirations for a brilliant career, after—he would'nt like to say how many—hours of study, puzzled by the new style of questions asked him, makes what seems to him rather a 'fizzle.' He is naturally anxious to know whether it appears to his instructor in the same light. He asks, but is politely told that the instructor is not allowed to tell the marks of any particular recitation. A month or two after this, having gone into at least one recitation without looking at his lesson, though he wasn't called up, he naturally grows anxious again, and goes up to the President—I beg pardon, to the Dean—to find out how he is doing. He is told that 'he is doing well'; but, if he has assurance enough to ask what that means, he is told that the President cannot tell him his exact average in any study. Well, he goes away, perhaps, trying to be satisfied with this crumb of comfort; but pretty soon, he hears that Smith there, whom he had privately set down as sure to be dropped, has been up to the President too, and also been told that he was doing 'very well'! Now think of the mixed-up state of that man's mind as to the meaning of those two words, 'very well.'"

* It happened here "once upon a time" that, as it would seem by just some such stupid blunder about the marks, either day by day or at the final reckoning, a student was *dropped* after an Annual, but, finally, after rectifying matters, conditioned in only *one* study!

"And so it goes all through college," adds the *Advocate*. Very true. After long practice in that wit-sharpening which the contest between teacher and pupil necessitates, we learn to judge pretty accurately by the manner, tone and look of the man who holds the little book pregnant with our fates, just how heavy with satisfaction or disappointment that "very well" is for us. Yet, even then, how would it be to each of us a high incentive, a sharp spur pricking the flanks of indolence, an assurance of faithfulness, or a warning pointing with reproachful finger back to duty's path, to know from day to day, or even from month to month, his exact status. True, the classes are now divided most of the course according to stand; but whatever of warning or encouragement that gives the student is like a far off sound, instead of the trumpet-call to action that rings daily in his ears. As between him and the rest of the same division, matters are as bad as ever. The fact of a change, be it for the better or the worse, is suddenly shoved into sight once, and then withdrawn for three months at least. Can this be as good as to have a record always open and always accessible?

Besides this division plan, which lets one know semi-occasionally that he stands *somewhere* between a widely distant maximum and minimum, there are two times in the course when an official revelation is made of the dread secret. These are, when the Junior Exhibition and the Commencement appointments are given out. On the former occasion you are classed *alphabetically* with others of the same grade, so that if an "oration man," you cannot tell whether yours be the post of honor at the head of your *confreres*, or whether you grace the rear. On the latter, you can, by application at the Treasurer's office, get your stand for every term of the course neatly figured out on yard-long slips of paper. The former reminds me of a farmer, who, when he wants to do his children a *very* great favor, buys them a half instead of a whole stick of candy; the latter, of another old fellow, also of the agricultural persuasion, who is so slow in getting around that he habitually plants his seed some time after it ought to be out of the ground.

The change to be made, then, the way this flaw is to be mended, is simply to throw off the veil of secrecy ; and this can be done by keeping in some public and convenient place a book containing the marks for each recitation and examination, and the averages for the term and year. This book should be posted, perhaps, every week, certainly at frequent and regular intervals. The expense and trouble are as nothing to the benefits which students would derive from it ; especially as the college has now a separate officer, called the Registrar, whose sole duty is to make records of various kinds pertaining to its administration. In fact, I am sure we all will gladly bear a small tax to pay for this privilege. I have put this change solely on the ground of its influence on each student apart from all others, saying nothing of the favoritism it would squelch, the general equity, now sometimes missed, which it would restore, the possibility of rectifying mistakes, or the stimulus which pride or shame at the publication of one's daily achievements would afford. When these are added, do we not hear a plea swelling up with five-fold voice in favor of a reform which will only remove an accidental of the marking system and leave the essentials to stand more firmly against the assaults of those who would overturn the whole ?

I know an old lady who has long passed her three-score years and ten, but whose brisk, steady step betokens that her "eye is not yet dim, nor her natural force abated." Bred amid the simplicity of the Republic's early days, she retains along with a large stock of common sense an attachment to the style of dress and living of her youth. But she has some granddaughters and grandnieces, flighty young ladies, who are forever pestering her to lay aside the dignified, and, to her, becoming style of 1800 for the superfluous trappery of to-day, who want the antique furniture stowed away in the garret, and even broadly hint, once in a while, about replacing the "old house," a fine old homestead, by a new "residence" with French roof and a tower. However, she resolutely declines being made into a "girl of the period." More than this,

she has other young counselors who, not being in the whole-sale renovating business, show her where some little defect about her house or dress may be remedied, some useless oddity of a past generation given up, some late and useful invention adopted, so that both she and the house may be attractive to her friends, without either of them losing the delightful aroma of age. She generally takes all this as it is meant—kindly; and, though she is often slow in making up her mind, I feel sure that her common sense will lead her to adopt in the end just those changes which will keep her in harmony with both her years and her surroundings. *Mutatis mutandis*, that old lady is my Alma Mater; and I am content to have shown her one little flaw about her establishment.

C. E. S.



FOR REVERIE.

DR. JOHN TODD, in his "Student's Manual"—a work so invaluable to the law-and-order-loving Freshman—condemns reverie in the roundest terms, and adjures the young man to shun it as a dangerous evil. The same author advises that all music be renounced, not out of consideration for neighbors' nerves and morals, in which case he might readily have been pardoned, but for the musician's own sake, since it affords disastrous diversion from study. He who would thus rate a heaven-sent gift to mankind, so especially adapted to the delectation of chapel congregations and to the relief of an impecunious navy, might be expected to treat unsubstantial reverie with utilitarian rudeness. His argument is that it makes us discontented with our homely lot. If we yield the point, the cause is not yet lost. Is this discontent wholly without recompense? Does not the dream of judicial honors stir to noble action the new-fledged advocate? Have not reveries of greatness been the prelude to many a hero's life; the mind-drawn pictures of domestic bliss

turned many an errant soul into the straight and narrow path which leads to matrimony? The apprehension of the good would indeed be far from desirable if its sole effect were to give the greater feeling to the worse. The apprehension, the desire, the struggle for, is the history of nobility as attained by individual man. It is only in reverie that the poet's imagination bodes forth the forms of things unknown or that his pen can turn them to shapes which are to make glad the heart of sympathetic mankind. It is the only gate through which, while in the body of this flesh, man may return to paradise. While the vision lasts the poor man rolls in wealth, the ambitious sways a sceptre and the lover tarries long with his mistress. But "revocare gradus," the inevitable relapse into the "dem'd horrid grind,"—there's the rub, of which we are considerably warned.

There can be no doubt that if indulged in to an inordinate extent, reverie is prejudicial to a first class stand in college, and unfits one to cope with the stern realities of life outside. How often have our recitations suffered because we chose to spend the afternoon elsewhere than in the venerable apartments of old South Middle, or in more attractive company than the open volume on the table before us. But then we can reflect on the importance of cultivating the imaginative faculties, and so reap consolation from the mortifying flunk.

When we but use the word "reverie," Ik Marvel's "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor" come to mind so naturally that we never think of asking why. They possess that touch of human nature which makes the whole world kin. We recognize ourselves there, as in a glass held up before us, and so we laugh, exult or cry with the author, just as he chooses to touch our hearts. They leave it to be regretted that while we poor boys and men with all our follies, foibles and fancies are shown up to the other sex, we have no return of confidences. Will they, can they ever be discovered to us, save through one avenue? Or is a woman's soul unfathomable and the reveries of a maiden untranslatable into words?

Reverie is engendered of that ruling passion which makes dreamers of us all, whatever be its object. While waiting wearily his first vacation, the Freshman delights to draw mind-pictures of the sensation to be created in the home circle, from father to the servant-girl, by his stylish clothes and mystic pin. But these thoughts, purely of self, are not the most engaging; we cannot afford them; there must be the second person to give them permanency. And is not this fate thrust upon us? While yet in our long clothes, the doting nurse picks out a correspondingly undeveloped piece of mortal clay for our sweetheart. This we are expected to kiss at every meeting, under the trying gaze of numerous bystanders. A boy's first love, when he reaches the august age of four or five, is generally centered on some one who has anywhere from ten to twenty years the advantage of him: the fact of her having a husband being no serious impediment to felicity. If single, and promising to wait for her youthful admirer, the news sooner or later of her having thrown herself away on some man, whom he has hitherto regarded as an obtrusive bore, is his first intimation of total depravity. But the wound soon heals over as do many successive ones.

Not until the boy is fourteen or fifteen does the consideration of age enter as an important element into his calculations; and even then the discrepancy of a year or two is readily reconciled. Ah! those early impulses, those juvenile gushings! For the first time he grows critical of features, of hair and eyes; and the difference between grace and awkwardness begins to dawn upon his enkindled faculties. If by any possibility the path to school may lie together, or even intersect, at what pains will the one not be to meet the other. And if she accepts his shy offer to carry her books, he imagines that most people are totally unacquainted with perfect bliss. His happiness displays itself in an unwonted alacrity in the discharge of errands and in praiseworthy self denial in favor of a younger sister or brother. The regard for his parents, as expressed in the former, is not so much from

a standing desire to prolong his days as to win a blessing on a certain premeditated step, while the latter is begot of pity. What should they poor innocents know of the reality of life and love? He runs them about their so-called sweethearts in a facetious style, and smiles at their lame protestations with the air of infinite superiority, which can only result from vast experience. He carefully studies the anatomy of a certain house now, and spends hours in working up the details of a conflagration of the same, in order that he may heroically rescue the one inmate on whom his hopes depend. He performs the impossible feat of carrying her in one arm down the crackling stairs or unsteady ladder, and, in short, does a score of things impossible to his mind and muscle in a cooler moment. For a singed eyebrow, a broken arm or some other such trifle, he consoles himself with the thought that

"There's nothing worth having, that's not to be won."

Or his field of action changes and becomes aquatic. If a good swimmer, he is not particular as to where the object shall fall overboard; but if compelled to rate his powers modestly, the proximity of a sandbar is eminently desirable, and the assistance of a life-preserver accepted.

Or the case is one of a runaway horse, in which the frantic team is stopped by his exertions and he has saved from imminent peril either the object, or some member of her family, so that her gratitude is his, and he rises to a position of enviable esteem.

There are a thousand ways of working out one's own salvation in affairs of this sort, and yet the outline in the case of each is pretty nearly the same as in his neighbor's, circumstances supplying variety of shade and tint. And oh, young man! were you to assert ignorance of them, one and all, we should smile as incredulously as when we hear a young wife announce her intention of pursuing a thorough course of historical reading, or an undergraduate declare that he will keep up his Greek and Latin after commencement. Just so sure as you are indued with that

mortal shape, have you invented and elaborated the means and ways of propitiation and ultimate success.

In years to come, when the rough ways of life shall have made us practical at the expense of sentiment, we may look back upon these visions with their baseless fabric as weak and foolish. And yet not with regret, perhaps, for with such thoughts shall rise and float around us the priceless aroma of those days when

———"airy dreams
Sat for the picture and the youthful mind,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for truth."

W. R. B.

A NIGHT'S MYSTERY.

THE summer had been marked by sudden and violent storms; heavy freshets had laid waste the crops and terrible winds despoiled the orchards in our little valley, but on this particular day, all that is most awful in the elements seemed to be let loose. The great clouds massed themselves on the horizon and at noon came rolling up the sky, which by three was a black, unfathomable sea, only broken now and then when the sun sent down a lurid fiery shaft, making the gloom more intense by contrast. There was that strange, deathly silence that precedes a tempest, that seeming cessation of life in all animate things. One listened in vain for the chirp of insects and the songs of birds, and when at last the furious gusts rose which lashed the elm branches against the house and slammed the great barn doors, it was a positive relief. Had it not been for these, I should have believed that the world itself had ceased revolving. I could see from the tightly closed windows the willows by the brook, writhing white in the blast, and the clouds of dust that showed where the winding road ought to be, but no living creature anywhere. With the deepening darkness the air grew hot and stifling, yet all this time there had not fallen a drop of rain.

The cows came down from the pasture at night in a perfect frenzy. Without even waiting to be called, they had broken down the bars and trooped through the lane into the barn-yard, wide-nostriled and trembling with fear. I could not account for their peculiar actions, for I had never known them to be terrified by sudden storms, or under any circumstances to huddle together in corners as they were then doing. Attempts to milk them were useless, for the pails were upset before they were half filled, and giving up the task for the present, we counted them to make sure that they were all in. Alderney, Devon and Durham were all there, but I noticed that a lamb which always fed with them and was a family pet, was missing. The pasture brook was not deep enough to drown it, and there were no holes into which it could possibly have fallen. If it had strayed into the woods it was strange that its mother should have deserted it, for here she was, bleating piteously, and running to and fro, wild as a hawk.

It was so dark that I could scarcely grope my way along, but I lighted a lantern and made my way as well as I could toward the pasture. We had no dog at the time, and it seemed useless to try to explore six acres at night, but I knew the children would be inconsolable if their lamb was not found, and was myself extremely curious to learn what had befallen it. I went stumbling over the hillocks and stones, calling as loudly as I could and expecting each moment to feel the animal's wet nose thrust into my hand. There was not even a moan in response, and my voice died away strangely in the gloom.

I set the lantern down on a rock and called and listened again. The pasture is bounded on two sides by dense swampy woods in which the ground slopes gradually into a hill, the outlying spur of a range that crosses our township and becomes respectable mountains in the next. To distinguish forest from sky was impossible from where I stood, but I heard the great trees roaring and cracking as though the wind was actually uprooting them; leaves and twigs came flying by, overhead the thunders crashed and great plashes of rain fell on my face.

I reached the brook, whose banks descended quite abruptly, shielding my lantern as well as I could, and while climbing up the opposite side, its light fell upon what looked at first like a large white flower in the low bushes by the edge. I stooped and touched it; it was a lock of wool dangling from a briar, yet nothing worthy of remark, for the sheep were always well fleeced by the brambles, long before our shears touched their backs. I pushed my way along through the wet, slippery grass, completely drenched, but determined not to go back, and could not have advanced six feet, when I suddenly caught sight of another lock, and still another,—nay, whole handfuls, scattered through the brambles, and what was more singular, clotted with blood. Here were grounds for terrible suspicions, for these red drops dripping from the leaves, staining the clods and broken ferns, were not the work of resisting thorns. Breaking my way with difficulty through the tangle of vines and undergrowth, for I had now reached the edge of the swamp, my foot struck against something lying in the rank vegetation. I lowered the lantern, wondering, and my eyes fell on the missing lamb, if such could be called the mangled, disgusting body stretched out at my feet. There were no traces on the spot of a struggle; it had plainly succumbed at once to some beast of prey stronger than itself.

There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to return, and, quickening my steps, I followed the course of the brook as the shortest path, for the rain was now falling heavily and the flashes that every few moments rent the darkness overhead, were decidedly unpleasant, while I found it almost impossible to keep my flickering light from being extinguished. I must confess that I felt extremely nervous as I passed the laurel thickets and the ghastly stumps that gleamed out of the shadows, and my temerity was perhaps excusable, for I had never been brought face to face with a wild animal. The last wild-cat in Salem woods had been killed years before I was born, and though the ravines over in the Chester hills were full of bears, it was not probable that any would

have taken the trouble to swim the wide lake between the two townships. Foxes there were in abundance, but no fox could have dragged this stout lamb away from its mother into the swamp.

The brook divides at the end of the pasture into two insignificant streams. One branch runs through the orchard and crosses the road below the house, the other makes a sudden turn into the south meadow, and as the ground was naturally marshy at that place, the water was now so deep that I concluded to cross the main brook, which at this point was quite wide, and go around the orchard. The soft clay banks, washed by the heavy rain, were treacherous to the feet, and in stepping from a considerable height I slipped and came down so suddenly that it was some time before I could catch my breath. The sudden jolt caused the lantern to flare, lighting up more distinctly surrounding objects, and, to my surprise, I could plainly see across the brook traces of a similar disaster that could not have happened long before. But to whom, to what? Clods of turf had been torn off in an effort to scale the steep bank; the alder bushes which overhung the stream were trampled down, while in the water lay a large stone which I knew could not have been washed into it. I held the lantern above my head, and with my hand over my eyes, stood there staring, too much astonished to utter any exclamations. I hardly think Crusoe could have been more amazed than I at that moment, for there, perfectly impressed upon the white clay, was the print of a bare human foot. I had entered the pasture at the other end, and no one else to my certain knowledge had been in it for weeks. Our nearest neighbor lived two miles away, and the children occasionally came to pick berries in our lots, but strawberries had gone long ago, and this, moreover, was no child's foot. It was a man's, unusually large and misshapen, as if its owner had met with some terrible accident, for one toe was gone, and the others were strangely distorted. Higher up there was the print of a heel, but more than this I failed to observe, for the oil in my lantern suddenly gave out, and I was obliged to make my way over the stepping stones as best I could.

I can't tell what put the horrible thought into my head, but I involuntarily connected the half-devoured lamb and that strange foot-print in my mind, and very foolishly confided my fears to the rest of the household. A sort of primitive honesty prevailed in Salem, and though its inhabitants read of robberies elsewhere, they went to bed themselves without even bolting the doors. The announcement, therefore, that some one was prowling about the house, who, if he did not succeed in getting the spoons, might murder us in our beds, created no small panic among the women of the family. Having explored the cellar, made observations in all the closets, and fastened every window, they sat cowering before the blazing fire, almost afraid to turn their heads.

It was raining now in sheets, and the unusual loudness of the thunder gave evidence that it was the final shower. We must have sat there an hour, at least, and I, for the hall clock had just struck nine, our regular bedtime, was beginning to doze in my chair, when the sound of something clawing at the window, and the hysterical shrieks of the women aroused me, and I sprang to my feet in horror. There was a quick rumble, a crash as if the roof were falling upon us and the world without seemed wrapped in flame; but more terrifying than thunder peal or lightning flash, was the object which met our eyes at the window,—a sight I shall never forget, and hope never to see again. Was the face fiend or human, that was flattened against the glass? Long, tangled hair, white as snow, streamed over the shoulders; out of the deeply-sunken sockets gleamed fiery eyes and from the wolfish mouth great teeth protruded that were chattering with fear. There was another crash, a flood of blinding light filled the room, the maple in front of the house blazed up, a pillar of fire, and the horrible vision fell back into the glare and quickly succeeding darkness.

Scarcely knowing what I did, I seized a gun from the corner and sprang out into the storm. Nor was the action ill-timed, for from the barnyard arose a clamor that told too well where our strange visitant had fled. I flung open

the first door I came to, which was that of the tool room. There was not an article in it that had not been displaced or injured, the floor was strewn with pieces of harness and broken boxes, and barrels of meal had been overturned, the corn-bins were full of rubbish that had been hastily thrown in, while to complete the confusion the poultry screamed and cackled and the horses pranced in their stalls as if they had been lashed with a whip. The intruder, whoever he was, had powerful hands, for the door leading into the bay, which was fastened by a heavy bolt, had been split as though it were a shaving. I crept cautiously through and attempted to close it softly behind me, but a treacherous hinge creaked sharply, and with the sound, there was a movement in the mow above. In the narrow window crouched this spirit of mischief, this devil in human guise, flinging its long arms about in the gloom, and mocking me with a hollow laugh that made me shudder. The thought that I might commit murder did not occur to me, and, forgetting, in my feelings of fear and repulsion, what I was doing, I raised my gun and fired. Whether the shot took effect or not I could not tell, but the creature fell or leaped on to the shed below, and with a striding gait, ran like a deer up through the orchard.

The storm was now over, and the moon, shining through the broken clouds, threw everything into full view. It was useless to think of overtaking this wild being who seemed possessed of wings, but I followed from sheer curiosity. He plunged through the meadow grass, leaped the brook in the exact spot where I had discovered the footprint, and fell as if exhausted, then bounded up with apparently new vigor and, to my horror, vanished into the swamp precisely where I had come across the dead lamb!

There was no sleep for any of us that night, for the women insisted that we should be devoured by the cannibal and refused to stir from the fire, and I spent the small hours in keeping guard over the poultry.

Early in the morning I galloped down to the village to obtain assistance, and on reaching Salem Centre, found a large crowd collected in front of the church. Every boy

in the town was there, every dog, every farmer for miles around, and the Babel of voices showed that something unusual had happened. Supposing that a horse had dropped dead, or that some important political event had taken place, I pushed my way through the crowd, and to my amazement found that they were gathered about a wagon in which lay my unearthly visitor of the previous night bound hand and foot, and moaning as if in pain. It appeared that he was a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum in a neighboring town, and, with that cunning peculiar to such persons, had eluded his keepers for several days. He had on this morning been caught while drinking at a brook, and was evidently exhausted by loss of blood, as there was an ugly wound in his right leg, which must have been the work of my rifle.

Having procured my weekly paper at the store, I turned my horse's head homeward, extremely relieved at finding our nocturnal friend safely disposed of, but still mystified as regarded his cannibalistic propensities. While trudging along I opened the paper and turned to the column of State Intelligence. The mystery was fully explained, for under the head of Chester was the following item:—

“A Royal Bengal tiger, belonging to Forepaugh's Menagerie, escaped last week from his cage, and is now roaming the woods of Chester and North Salem, creating great havoc among the farmyards.”

The royal exile did not, however, enjoy his liberty long, for the good people of the country roused their latent courage, and there was a spirited hunt for two days among the woods of Salem, which resulted in his ignominious slaughter. Having seen the body borne by the house by a procession of small boys, we opened the windows, breathed freely and laughed at each other for having been afraid.

H. B.

LITTLE BRUNETTE.

Little Brunette, e'er since we met,
My heart has burned with fervent glow
Of happy hope that I might know
Such bliss, that with thee I might forget
The cares which my loveless life beset.
You haunt me yet ;
I'll ne'er forget
My little Brunette.

Little Brunette, the soft sunset
Lingers to greet your cheery smile,
And shows the glance of girlish guile
Which beams in your eyes of lustrous jet.
You're teaching me love's alphabet !
You haunt me yet ;
I'll ne'er forget
My little Brunette.

Little Brunette, the violet
Springs up where'er thy footsteps tread,
And the rose, the flower-queen, blushing red,
Yields homage to thee, my little Brunette.
I am caught for aye in love's magic net.
You haunt me yet ;
I'll ne'er forget
My little Brunette.

Little Brunette, with sad regret,
I feel that we must quickly part,
But though I go, I leave my heart :—
What from you in return shall I get ?—
Answer me quickly, my little Brunette.
You haunt me yet ;
I'll ne'er forget
My little Brunette.

A. B. M.

BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. II.

My dear Aristodemus, did you ever notice this thing: that God does n't leave a single spot out of the peacock's tail for fear of leading the sober-suited hen into extravagance, nor tone down the brilliancy of master robin's red breast a shade for fear of destroying the happiness of the busy swallow? Singular, isn't it! If Jedediah Retrenchment could have the management of this part of nature's merchant tailoring business, how different it would be! One universal color and cut would appear everywhere; the endless unlikeness, which now relieves and charms the eye, would give way to an endless likeness;—and honest Jedediah would be happy! But how would it be with the rest of the world? Now I put it to you, Aristodemus, do *you* want to lay aside your velvet and checks, just because poor Tom Pinch wears silk-mixed and cassimeres? Don't you really think that you have as much right to call him to account for not dressing like you, as he has to ask you to dress like him? Why of course you, the peacock, if I may call you so, like your own livery best; and as to goody hen's saying anything about it, so long as you buy your gay-colored feathers at the current rates, the long and the short of it is, it is none of her business! For we know well enough, Aristodemus, what Jedediah ought to have known, that extravagance, at least in the matter of dress, is always relative. If I have an income of three hundred a year, your clothes would be very extravagant ones for me; but since you happen to have a couple of thousand every twelvemonth, your purple and fine linen are no more than suitable to your estate. But Jedediah says that it hurts Tom's feelings, Aristodemus, to see you the better dressed of the two. Tom must be a baby, then, or a fool! For Tom is a great way ahead of you, my dear Aristodemus, in a great many things;—and you know it! And you know, too, that these points of superiority are not to be made by money. If they were, how quick you'd have them! Take his un-

failing good-nature, or his homely wit, or his turn for mathematics, or his shapely figure and swelling muscle, and then talk about *his* envying *you* the possession of a few gay-colored rags! No, sir! not if there is any genuine man about him! Take us two, Aristodemus, as an example. You are wearing a much finer coat than I am this morning;—probably every passer-by who has looked toward the fence has noticed that; and you generally do, for that matter. Am I therefore torn asunder with envy? Am I so pinched in soul as to regulate my regard for you by any such artificial standard as outside appearance? If a mere covering is to be the criterion of respectability, Adam and Eve deserve congratulation for having eaten of the forbidden fruit, even though they only got a fig-leaf apiece for it. But the truth is, whatever like I have for you I have in spite of your clothes!—and, by the way, it is no mean compliment to you that you are able to secure any degree of regard from a man who does not dress as well as you do. Besides, my dear Aristodemus, so long as I like you at all, all my taste for fitness, neatness and beauty is satisfied by looking at you, as you are. You remember the old line, though you read it before you came to college:

“Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.”

Augustus has gone to the dogs, and Virgil has been food for worms, the worms for the fishes, and the fishes for us, but you and I, lounging here on the college fence this bright June morning, are demonstrating that human nature is about the same now as then.—And yet, my dear Aristodemus, because we all *do* love beauty of color and shape, there is danger that some empty heads will make these externals their shibboleth. Now there is Adolphus Lavender. He is as tall as you are, nearly as broad-shouldered, and I suppose “God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.” But what a man! You remember his appearance at the Park the other day. One of the Athletics “muffed” a ball, just because Adolphus, in all his rainbow hues, bore down upon him. He was so

redolent of bandbox, you know, that ordinary nerves could n't endure it. And this is just the danger—I have sometimes thought, my dear Aristodemus, *you* had a little weakness that way—that men will endeavor to secure notoriety by dressing. To wear the best, that is, the costliest clothes, and the most of them, of all the men in college,—that is the ambition of young Lavender. Now, of course, if he pays his tailor's bills, he has a perfect right to get a new suit every day;—that is n't the point at all. The point is, whether he is n't playing the fool in going on in this way. I say he is. Why just think of it, Aristodemus. What does Lavender live for? To dress. Upon what does he wish to establish a reputation in the college world? Upon dress. What does he offer to his friends in return for their respect and affection? Dress—dress—dress. Lavender's whole idea of manliness is bounded by a tailor's shop on the one hand and the plaudits of the groundlings on the other. But when he “reclines upon his downy couch” at night—for I suppose he never goes to bed, as ordinary mortals do—he is shorn of all his greatness. There hangs his reputation, upon a chair, while he, poor Adolphus Lavender, waits until the morning before he can again appear in the form of a man! And I suppose if the house in which he sleeps were to take fire, those who know him best would ignore him and save his clothes.—But there is another little thing about Lavender that I want you to notice. A stale thing it is;—but if you ever thought of it, almost every thing there is in the world worth living for has become rather common through use. A baby is n't the wonderful thing now that it was when the descendants of Noah made bricks in the land of Shinar; and yet I doubt if any mother's heart in all the land throbs with any the less love over her baby boy, cuddled, with his dimpled arms and curly head, tight to her bare bosom, because there have been babies in the world ever since Adam was driven out of Eden. Or take your own case, my dear Aristodemus. Do you say sweet things to Araminta Jones with any less feeling and force because one of your great

grandfathers, a good deal over a thousand years ago, went through the same pleasant pastime with some red-cheeked peasant girl? I saw you with Araminta the other night, Aristodemus, and—though I do n't wish to flatter you—it struck me that you could teach the old gentleman a thing or two about love-making. And yet I dare say that if the peasant girl and Araminta were to compare notes, they would soon be satisfied that you were a chip off the old block. At any rate, listen to what I am going to tell you about Lavender. He was “swelling” around college one pleasant morning, adorned like the lilies of the valley. Every one, except his intimate acquaintances, regarded him with wonder. By and by a sad-faced woman came up to him, said a few words and went away. I happened to hear what was said. The woman asked him to pay his washing-bill, unsettled now for any number of weeks. He answered her, as every moneyless man answers a dun, with smooth things. As she walked away, I looked at Lavender. He scowled at the retreating form, and gave point to his look by ejaculating a hearty “Damn!” I did not think the sprig had so much *vim*, but there was much virtue in his damn. As I watched him, lounging off in his lily-of-the-valley array, more gorgeous than Solomon in all his glory, I knew that he, too, neither toiled nor spun. The sad-faced woman, my dear Aristodemus, was doing that part of his work for him;—there was nothing left for him to do but to look pretty! But this is n't all I found out about Lavender that morning. Walking by the spot where he had been standing, I happened upon a clean envelope. Thinking it worth saving, I picked it up and found a short letter inside. I have it with me: let me read it to you:

BLANK, June 1, 1870.

MY OWN DARLING BOY:—I am ever so tired to-night, but I *must* write you a few words. The days seem too long when I let you go without a word from home. We are all so proud of you, and so happy that you are gaining a reputation in college, and not wasting your time and powers, as so many young men do, when removed

from the restraints of home, that all our contrivings to make both ends meet, seem as nothing. I was telling Mary, only this morning, that if you only kept on as you had begun, I could pinch for you all my life-long. It comes harder for her—this looking out for the pennies, because, you know, she has always had everything she wanted from a child up. But you must n't think unkindly of her, for she loves her brother Adolphus with all her heart. If your father had only lived, all would be different; but we must do the best we can now, ourselves.—I cannot write more to-night. Only be a good boy, Adolphus, and improve your opportunities, and God will bless you. May He always keep you is the constant prayer of your loving mother,

MATILDA LAVENDER.

—There, Aristodemus, you know now how much Lavender pays for his good clothes. The silly boy trades on a washer-woman's credulity and a mother's love! No wonder he wears crape on his beaver. And to think that after all no one takes him for a gentleman! I tell you, he deserves your pity. Even Tom Pinch ought to feel bad for him. Just look out for yourself, my dear Aristodemus, that you never get into that fix. Wear as good clothes as you please, so long as you pay for them out of a surplus of income;—but *don't* try to crowd on the canvas when you are ballasted for a light rig. You'll go to Davy Jones's locker, if you do!



NOTABILIA.

—Although Junior Exhibition has come and gone, a reminiscence of it in ye olden time may not be uninteresting. The appointments for it were never announced until the last Wednesday morning of term-time. The night before, the faculty gave the list to one of the best scholars in the class and he, at 5 A. M., read it from the chapel steps. The interest felt was so great that the whole class assembled at that early hour, and the high-stand men were the heroes of the day. Alack, how changed.

We believe that the custom disappeared with the class of '60 and, if report speaks true, Tutor Richards, '60, was the last man who made the announcement under such circumstances. The plan had some advantages and was certainly preferable to the present one of publishing the list a day or two after every one has left town. It is probable, however, that the next change in anything connected with the Exhibition, will be the abolition of the Exhibition itself. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

———At the end of last year there appeared a publication entitled "The Yale Index." Whether it is to appear again this year we do not know. What we have to say applies equally to this, the Pot-pourri, and the Banner. They all publish the names of members of committees, clubs, &c., and publish them with reckless disregard of the wishes of their owners. Each year in each of these publications two or three names are put in, in different organizations, "for a joke." It is a species of witticism which is especially acceptable to the average collegian, inasmuch as it is very inane and very safe. The evil is a growing one. This trifling with men's names in print is inexcusable. It would probably be useless to appeal to the honor of the men who send in for insertion this sort of thing. They can be reached only by appealing to their fears. Inasmuch as there is no court in college which can take cognizance of offences like these, and inasmuch as public sentiment only favors anything which can be twisted into a joke, the remedy for them must be sought of the men who edit these papers and pamphlets. The names of members of societies and clubs, of scholarly and literary men, are public property only as long as they are published as the names of scholarly and literary men, of members of societies and clubs. Beyond this permitted license, a man's name should be used only with his permission, and he has the right to demand that these editors should hold themselves responsible for any infringement upon this rule. It is no very pleasant thing to see yourself held up to ridicule before the whole college. It really seems as if the same spirit which prompted "mock pro-

grammes" and the like, dictated these petty insults. In the name of gentlemanliness let us have no more of them.

———There is an old adage that "boys will be boys," which seems to convey the idea that boys will be silly. Three years of college life is enough to convince any one that there ought to be a companion proverb,—girls will be girls,—which should convey the same idea in relation to t'other sex. From every boarding school in the East showers of tender epistles on pink perfumed paper descend upon those lucky Yalensians whose names are apt to strike the feminine mind. These missives are usually so alike that it excites a suspicion that every boarding-school girl has a "Complete Letter Writer," in which is a form of correspondence warranted to win the hearts of the opposite sex. Very often one comes which is so thoroughly absurd that it passes from one to another until worn out with overmuch reading. The (presumably) fair writer would scarcely be flattered by the popularity of her production under such circumstances. The number of such letters received here every term is really amazing, and equally amazing is the disregard shown in them of the commonest rules of orthography, punctuation and the like, while bad grammar and worse sentimentality strive for the mastery. It seems a pity that the young women who indulge in this clandestine correspondence cannot appreciate the hearty contempt which they inspire, and it is certainly rather a shock to one's notions of those who are to be, in a year or two, Tennyson's

"Fair girl-graduates, with golden hair,"

to imagine them engaged in the composition of balderdash, such as at present seems to please the boarding-school mind.

———A year or two ago an attempt was made to change the time of meeting for Sophomore societies from Saturday to Friday night. The matter was agitated for a time, but was finally lost sight of. It has always seemed to us that the present system is a wrong one. All the other societies meet upon different evenings of the week, but

e, founded last of all, took a night which was already
filled. If, now, they should change to Friday, they
should have an evening of their own, would avoid being
crowded with Freshman societies, would have plenty of
time for their meetings without fear of running over into
Monday morning, and would escape the necessity of having
a special meeting at every society celebration. There
is to be no real objections to the plan, and it is to be
hoped that the men of '73 will try it.

—Speaking of Sophomore societies naturally sug-
gests their greatest evil,—electioneering. This is some-
thing which has arisen almost entirely within the last
few years, and which bids fair to injure them in the
future even more than it has injured them in the past.
In a year one organization, fearful of being distanced by
another, begins to give pledges to Freshmen. This, of
course, drives the other to the same expedient; they vie
with each other, and in the end both are injured. The
same is true of Junior societies. The energies which
should be directed to the maintenance of the society within
the hall, are directed to its maintenance without. Bad
feeling is excited and class-politics are fostered. The evils
of the system are patent and it is to be hoped that next
year will see naught of it. It is possible to make and keep
a pledge not to electioneer, and '72 and '73 have a fine
opportunity to benefit in this way their future societies
themselves. One great reason for keeping up the
vice might be removed by diminishing the number of
members in each organization. At present, out of one
hundred and twenty men about seventy-five go to
societies. In no class are there seventy-five really good
worthy men, and hence there has to be a great deal of
“padding up” with very poor material. It is to escape the
evil of this that electioneering is resorted to. Now if
societies agreed to take in only twenty men apiece,
they would each secure a “good crowd,” and would make
themselves worth more inasmuch as their benefits would
be shared by fewer men, and would escape this necessity
of electioneering. Something of the sort will have to be
done, sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from May 14 to June 5. The most noticeable incident of this period has been the advent of summer. Every man's almanac, however, gives all the particulars of this seasonable event, so that we are at full liberty to pass from things material to things spiritual, viz. :

The Graduating Exercises of the Theological Seminary,

Which occurred on May 19. The services in the morning were held at the College Street Church. The order of exercises was as follows: Anthem by the Choir; Prayer; The Historical Preparation for the Coming of Christ, James Phillips Hoyt, M.A., Coventry, N. Y.; The Primary Meaning of Baptism, Juba Howe Vorce, M.A., Crown Point, N. Y.; Competitive Prizes in Theological Schools, Albert Francis Hale, M.A., Springfield, Ill.; The Doctrine of Regeneration, Anselm Byron Brown, B.A., New Haven; Frederick W. Robertson, Joseph William Hartshorn, B.A., New Haven; The Influence of Christianity upon Poetry, Edward Comfort Starr, B.A., Guilford; Anthem by the Choir; The Proposed Decree of Papal Infallibility, Robert George Stephen McNeille, M.A., Philadelphia, Pa.; The Ministry to Sorrow, Thomas Dougal Barclay, B.A., Van Vechten, N. Y.; The Literary and Moral Culture of the Welsh People, Daniel Augustus Evans, Nantyglo, Wales; Hypothesis in Theology, Elijah Janes, B.A., Oakland, Cal.; A Preacher Baptized with the Holy Ghost, Charles Swan Walker, B.A., Cincinnati, O.; Hymn; Benediction. The College Choir "did" the music. In the afternoon the alumni held a reunion at the chapel of the Center Church, at which Prof. Geo. E. Day presented some interesting statistics. Remarks were also made by Drs. Fitch, Bacon and Ames, Profs. Porter, Thacher and Burrows. The meeting ended with a "spread." In the evening the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher talked to the graduating class at the Center Church. His talk was very interesting, to say the least. The sorrow which was universally felt in college over the departure of the "Theologues" lasted until the twenty-fifth, when the

Foot Race

At Hamilton Park served in some measure to lighten the general gloom. There have been races of this kind at Yale before, and a few in other parts of the world, but none that ever have been can be compared with

one. Like most of the athletic sports of Yale, it was gotten up for benefit of the navy. Three prizes were offered of \$15, \$10 and \$5 each. The contestants were five in number—Messrs. Mason and Gould of '70, Coonley of '71, Clapp, Ferry and W. P. Hall of '72, Hemingway of '73. The distance to be run was three miles. The men started at 4:15. At the end of the first mile Mason withdrew. Clapp followed suit soon after; Hall and Gould gave it up after running a part of their third mile. The three prizes were thus left to Coonley and Hemingway, who took them in the order named. Their time made was respectively 18.52, 19.12 and 20.30. But foot races, after all, are very old-fashioned affairs, and in these days are not in comparison with the exhilarating game of

Base Ball,

which Yale has been paying much attention of late. The University Nine was selected near the close of last month, and stands as follows: Bentley, '73, c., Buck, '70, c. f., A. B. Chapman, '72, 3 b., Coonley, '72, r. f., H. C. Deming, '72, l. f., McCutchen, '70, s. s., Payson, '72, 2 b., Richards, '72, 1 b., and Thomas, '73, p. The first match of the season came off on the twenty-sixth of last month with the "Athletics," and resulted in our defeat by a score of 29 to 12. We played exceedingly well, when we take into account the brief time that the nine had been together, and at no time showed any signs of that demoralization which has hitherto too often characterized our team. The second match took place June 1, with the Rose Hill team of Fordham, N. Y. The University Nine was again beaten, the score standing 19 to 13. In the midst of this general havoc it is coming to be able to mention the fact that the class nine of '71, on this day, beat the Trinity College Nine, of Hartford, by a score of 19 to 9. The Trinity men, notwithstanding their defeat, took care of our fellows in the most generous style. On June 2 the class nines of '70 and '72 played for the champion flag, lately won by '72. The result stood 26 to 18 in favor of '72. Following this lively opening of the Base Ball season came the

Barge Race,

which took place on Saturday, June 4, the day our record closes. The race was rowed as we gave them last month, with a few exceptions: Commodore Bone pulled stroke on the University and Parsons bow; '71 Howe as stroke and Curtis bow, with Cuddeback in the place of Parsons, and Thacher coxswain; Mr. C. Phelps of '70 acted as coxswain

for '73. '70 was not represented in the race. The Scientific crew was as follows: Whittlesey (stroke), Davenport, Marks, Colgate, Buck, Griswold (bow), and Ballard coxswain. The prizes, two in number, one of \$75 and the other of \$25, were given by Mr. W. W. Phelps, Yale '60, of N. Y. city. The course was three miles long, extending from the Steamboat Dock past Long Wharf, to Oyster Point and back. Handicaps were arranged by a committee, consisting of Wilbur Bacon, C. H. Owen, Geo. Adeo and Josh Ward, as follows: University to carry 75 lbs. extra weight, and the Junior and Freshmen 30 lbs. extra each. Owing to the excellent arrangements of the Commodore, the boats started without the usual delay, and returned to the line in the following order and time: Freshman, 21.17; University, 21.34; Sophomore, 21.43½; Scientific, 22.18; Junior, 22.28½. Mr. E. A. Lewis of '70 acted as time-keeper. The Freshmen pulled about forty-two to the minute. A tug, containing the judges, members of the press, several of the faculty and a few ladies, followed the crews around the course. The harbor was covered with sailing craft. The shell race comes off on Lake Saltonstall, June 28, as before mentioned. No crews will be permitted to enter except those which rowed in the barge race. The Freshmen went wild with excitement over the success of their crew, and this made amends for the dullness of the

Town Shows

Which have been on the boards this last month. First (May 16, 17 and 18) came Vernay's Stereopticon. On the seventeenth French's Circus put in an appearance, leading off with a team of camels, and keeping up the excitement by means of its baby camel and elephant. On the night of the eighteenth there was a very respectable fire at the corner of Silver and Liberty streets, which many of the fellows made a point of attending. On the twenty-first Miss Emma Waller appeared as *Meg Merriles* in the play of "Guy Mannering." Mr. Grisdale was in the company, though he acted a little better than in "Frou-Frou." May 23 the Drummer Boy appeared in the military drama and allegory of "The Battle-field of Shiloh," and kept it up for six nights. It was all fearfully and wonderfully done,—at last, whereat the players rejoiced. May 30 was Decoration Day. The veterans turned out and placed flowers upon the graves of their dead comrades; while the Grays rendered a similar tribute to the memory of those members who will never more be present at roll-call. The soldierly bearing and excellent marching of the Grays attracted general notice. The next afternoon the members of General Russell's School repeated the cere-

nony. Their fine appearance drew out a large crowd. On the evening of May 30 Sophie Worrell's Burlesque Troupe began an engagement of two evenings at Music Hall, presenting, on the first evening, the *new* farce of "My Turn Next." On the morning of the thirty-first the great American bore, Daniel Pratt, began one of his regular visitations, and the end is not yet. He began by discoursing in his usual lucid manner about "The Saving Elements of Mankind," and has kept it up ever since. His collections are not large, but frequent. June 1 was enlivened by a grand Sunday School Parade on the Green. The rising generation was well represented. Quite a number of students were in the crowd, looking disconsolate enough. The little weatheren were happy and unruly, as usual. June 2 Buckley's Serenaders presented the Burlesque Opera in good style. Madame Parepa-Rosa appeared in English Opera on the evening of June 3. A large and brilliant audience were present. The entertainment—Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"—was in every sense of the word delightful. And now that the heavy dishes are through with, let us get at the

Trifles

As quick as possible.—Messrs. C. Phelps, '70, Board and Dudley, '71, J. S. Smith and Sherwood, '72, represented the Yale Chapter at the A. Δ. Φ. Convention held with the Bowdoin chapter at Portland, May 18 and 19.—May 21 the Freshman Societies elected the following campaign officers: Γ. N.—President: S. J. Elder; Committee: B. C. Atterbury, G. M. Browne, E. H. Buckingham, R. W. Conant, D. Davenport, W. A. Houghton, E. S. Miller, I. R. Sanford. K. Σ. E.—President: S. O. Prentice; Committee: S. L. Boyce, C. W. Bowen, A. Collins, H. B. Frissell, E. E. Gaylord, L. W. Irwin, W. E. Kelley, C. A. Russell. Δ. K.—President: W. B. Bininger; Committee: W. W. Beebe, A. J. Caton, G. V. Gould, F. W. Howard, C. P. Latting, J. P. Piatt, F. S. Wicks.—Near the close of last month the elms of the college yard began to blossom out with furniture advertisements. Even the dormitories, sapless as they may appear, bore fruit of this sort; and South College, in a spasm of fertility, went so far as to put forth chairs. These, however, the faculty immediately "sat on." The inducements to purchase were of the most tempting kind. One enterprising individual offered a "free lunch every evening," to which a conscientious member of the Senior Class suggested that there should be added: "except Sunday evening;" a second announced that a valuable present would be given away with every piece of furniture sold; while others fished with other bait.—Brothers and Linonia have not yet been able to get enough members together to elect their so-called campaign officers.—At an early hour in the morning of May 29 the Sophomore

Societies had a little musical contest at the fence. φ . Θ . ψ . sang the best, perhaps, but Δ . B. Ξ .’s endurance won the last song beyond question. After numberless “repeats,” one genius improvised the following :

The hew-gag whangs the hour of one,
And Θ . Ψ . is almost done ;
The hew-gag whangs the hour of one,
And B. Ξ . has just begun !

The sentiment contained in these lines is excellent, though they will probably be gravely quoted some two thousand years hence in order to prove that the boasted civilization of the 19th century was n’t much, after all.—Prof. Fisher preached in the Chapel on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth.—Dr. Daggett preached from the State House steps on the evening of the same day.—The Seniors handed in their Townsend compositions on the thirtieth. There are twenty-two competitors.—About a dozen Freshmen entered the examination for the Woolsey Scholarship, which began on the same day.—The class of ’67, of Williston Seminary, had a reunion at Easthampton June 1. Messrs. Bliss, Board, Hitchcock, Jewell, Smith, Sproat and Todd, of the Junior Class, were present. Mr. Bliss delivered the oration.—A couple of Ethiopian banjoists have visited the fence several times during this last month, drawing a large crowd each time.—A pleasant incident happened at the fence on Saturday evening, June 4. The Freshman Class marched up from the boat-house in fine order, headed by their victorious crew. As they passed the fence the Sophomores applauded them most heartily. The gallant fellows who had pulled so lustily deserved it.—Subjects have been given out for what are called Junior Townsends or Rhetorical Prizes, to ’72, as follows : Erskine and Webster compared ; the Purchase of Louisiana ; Strength and Weakness of our Republic ; Civilization dependent on Christianity. Six so-called prizes are to be given, viz., the lucrative “honorable mention.” Every member of the class is obliged to write, and all articles are to be handed in at the last recitation of the term. ’70 is the only class that ever had Junior Townsends before.—The *Bopp-stiftung* is a foundation established about three years ago in honor of the late Professor Bopp, founder of the modern science of Comparative Philology. Its two prizes, a first of 300 thalers and a second of 150, are awarded yearly by the Berlin Academy, for services rendered either to Indo-European philology or to Sanskrit learning. This year, the first prize has been awarded to Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale College, for his edition, with translation and commentary, of the *Tāittiriya-Prātigḍḍhya* and *Tribhūshyaratna*, begun in the Journal of the American Oriental

Society and to be completed in its next Number.—The memory of Dickerman's old shop is already a little mouldy, but it still deserves a tear. For where could you be more certain of paying for what you got, than there! Tick will flourish now, while Pay-as-you-go will die of neglect.—The Seniors have put their own epitaph on the general tombstone of every class, the Library building. Centuries hence the antiquarian will strive to find out why "1870" was cut into the solid wall of the right-hand wing rather than of the left. A hard question, to leave to the philosophers of the future.—A photograph of "Ruth" has lately been hung in the Reading-Room. It is a beautiful picture.—A N. Y. paper says that C. W. Bowen of the Freshman Class reported Mr. Beecher's address for the *College Courant*.—The worms of the period have appeared on the college fence. They are delicate creatures.—Many curious and wonderful figures have been cut on the stone window-caps of Farnam Hall.—These new-fangled arrangements are so distasteful to Old Divinity that the old dame has actually begun to sink under them. Her days are about numbered.—The Freshmen are wearing crape in memory of Charles Parker Bodfish, of Wareham, Mass., who recently died.—The invitations to the Wooden Spoon Promenade and Exhibition are out. They are very neat and pretty; but we should get more comfort from seeing the name of the engraver, D. L. Davies, on every corner, if we didn't know that he was too tight-skinned to advertise in the *LIT.*—The Faculty have ordained that no match games of base ball shall hereafter take place on any afternoon except those of Wednesday and Saturday—which is one way of promoting base ball interests.—Prof. Fisher is now delivering a course of nine lectures at Harvard on Stoicism.—The *Yale Courant* announces that its editors will hereafter be chosen without reference to Senior Societies.—President Woolsey is now President of the American Home Missionary Society.—Perhaps we ought to state that the *College Courant* and the *Yale Courant*, though edited by different gentlemen, are still owned by one man and published at the same office.—The barges used June 4 weighed—U., 360 lbs.; '71, 320; '72, 360; '73, 250; Sci., 350. The U. barge was 6 inches wider than the '73 barge.

S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

The Library

Has received a rare addition in the way of Mathematics by the purchase of the Hillhouse library. It numbers about 3,000 volumes, while its value is variously estimated from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

Cornell had been extremely anxious to obtain it; Pres. White offering to give to the University his private Architectural library were but one-half even of this collection secured. The books would interest the general reader hardly so intensely as an equal number of average Patent Office Reports. But if any student fails to get enough mathematics in the ordinary course of recitation, here whole shelves invite to a solid dig, their contents ranging from the Key to Colburn's Mental Arithmetic up to Newton's Principia in the original Latin. A fitting accompaniment to this are the works on engineering purchased in Europe by Prof. Lyman, at the cost of \$1,200. While these are being arranged in cases by the indefatigable assistant, Mr. A. B. Hill, down stairs, the regular

Lectures on Mining

are delivered by Prof. A. P. Rockwell (Yale, '55), at the rate of six a week. Leaving his chair in the Boston Institute of Technology, he comes to spend a month here. Speaking of lectures, we must not forget to mention

Mr. A. R. Conkling's Lecture

on the "Mammoth Cave." Despite the fair weather of the 2d inst., the audience, including two Professors and several assistants, was large and enthusiastic. The lecturer explained how that upon the earnest solicitation of many friends he had finally consented to give an account of his recent visit; he had done his best and it remained for them to pass lenient judgment on his "diagnosis." He first treated the subject after the manner of the popular traveler, propounding, in connection with his running narrative, several conundrums destined to pose the astutest intellects. Then taking it up scientifically he expatiated successively on its geology, mineralogy and zoology, in a style at once satisfactory and entertaining. His elucidation of the more important points by blackboard delineations and figures was particularly happy; and at the close he was warmly congratulated by the Profs. on his success. This has but distant connection with

Excursions,

Including the one to Middletown with Prof. Dana, and others more exclusively botanical with Prof. Eaton. The most extensive of the latter was to Mt. Carmel on the 23d ult. The party spent the morning ranging over the ridge in search of plants and bugs,—a general term in common use, or rather abuse, to denote all things zoological,—and after a good stretch over country roads, in the afternoon found itself at the attractive depot at Wallingford. The most showy flowers gathered were *Azalea nudiflora* and *Cypripedium pubescens*, *parviflorum* and *acaule*. On the 30 ult., while botanizing in damp moist woods a little off the Derby road, Mr. Harger, '68, discovered *Botrychium lanceolatum*, a fern new to this State. While the naturalists are thus engaged, the men of muscle maintain the

Boating

Interest, Buck and Griswold completing the crew. There is no reason for discouragement at the result of the barge race. Bennett's unavoidable absence told heavily, as did the prevailing wind, since the boat floats low in the water. The "Lawrence" boat crew of Harvard have been challenged, and the race is expected to take place here late this month.

 EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have received the following exchanges:—

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Amherst Student, Annalist, Cap and Gown, Chronicle, College Argus, College Courier, College Review, College Times, Cornell Era, Echoes, Eureka College Vidette, Harvard Advocate, Irving Union, Madisonensis, McKendree Repository, Miami Student, Notre Dame Scholastic, Qui Vive, Southern Collegian, Trinity Tablet, Vidette, Western Collegian, Yale Courant.*

COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Ave Maria, Beloit College Monthly, College Days, Dartmouth, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Owl, Packer Quarterly, Union Literary Magazine.*

OUTSIDE PUBLICATIONS.—*American Literary Gazette, Appletons' Journal, Atlantic Monthly, Child at Home, Christian Banner, Christian World, Every Saturday, Michigan Teacher, Nation, New York Standard, New York Citizen and Round Table, Overland Monthly, Punchinello, Sabbath at Home, Seaside Oracle, Statesman, Western Monthly.*

We have also received from W. O. Hickok & Son, Harrisburg, Penn., a Catalogue of Ruling Machines, etc., and from H. Edgar Johnson, Baltimore, Md., a Plea for a Decimal System of Weights and Measures.

The current numbers of most of our college exchanges have seemed to us unusually good. We have read them with great interest.

The *Amherst Student* says the *Yale Courant* is "hardly equal to what might be expected from Yale." Unfortunate *Student*! the *Courant* will probably squelch you forthwith.—The *College Argus* says "Prof. Welch, of Yale, is now giving regular instruction to the several classes at the Gymnasium." Will the *Argus* please notice our Notabil. of last month and correct its erroneous statement?—At Cornell, neutrals are entitled "Independents." The last number of the *Era* contains an account of a fierce contest there over the *Era* editors for next year. We should judge that Cornell was as badly affected by politics as Yale.—The *Denison Collegian* calls the *Harvard Advocate* "codfish aristocracy."—We notice with dread that the fair editors of the *Echoes* have declined to exchange with a certain college publication, because the latter was, in their opinion, "vulgar." Perhaps the staid old *Lit.* may be condemned next. Who knows?—The *Eureka College Vidette* is to be enlarged. We congratulate it on its prosperity and hope that after enlargement it will not disfigure its pages by such puerile nonsense as "Certamen." It may be an excellent joke to write cousin "kusine," but we confess we fail to appreciate it.—The *Harvard Advocate* is, as always, good. Its article on "Student Conversations" is the best we have seen in a college paper for many a day.—The *Irving Union* leads off with an article on "Wit and Humor," which bears a suspicious resemblance to parts of E. P. Whipple's essay on the same subject.—The *Notre Dame Scholastic* makes a feeble attempt to flay the *Targum*, of Rutgers, but ignominiously fails. The *Scholastic* is the poorest of all our exchanges, with the single exception of the *Ave*

Maria, a magazine published at the same "college" (?).—The Williams *Vidette* is "on its ear," because '70 has voted to have no class-day. It calls their course "unmanly," and their spirit "petty," and announces that in place of the class-day the Junior class will give a Junior Exhibition, a thing which, it adds, "is exceedingly popular at Yale!"—The *Western Collegian* discusses solar radiation, the antiquity of man, the Darwinian theory, and other light and interesting topics.—The *Beloit College Monthly* contains a disquisition on the "Theology of the Greek Poets."—*College Days*, with a refreshing candor, speaks of itself as being conducted by "nearly the whole school." Would that other publications were as frank.—According to the *Dartmouth*, optional church-going works favorably at Cornell.—The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is a credit to its college.—The *Owl* is improving. It has only seventeen pages of poetry in this number.—The *Packer Quarterly* is good, especially its advertisements. Strange, is n't it, that the most prominent advertisements in a boarding-school paper should be those of dealers in wedding cards, wedding presents, and wedding outfits?

Our outside exchanges are interesting. Most of the cuts in *Every Saturday* were better executed in the *Graphic*.—The Richardson-McFarland case seems to have brought into print a multitude of articles. The *Atlantic* discusses "The Logic of Marriage and Murder," while the *Nation* discourses concerning "Society and Marriage" and "Jury Morality." The latter paper has a good article about Vassar.—*Punchinello* has reached its tenth number and is steadily improving. We wish it all success, and it deserves it.

We notice that our college exchanges generally complain of the vast quantity of rhyme sent to them. One of them announces that it has on hand enough poetry to occupy the whole paper for a year! Whether it is that Yalensians are too wise or too stupid, we do not know, but certainly we have not so far been overwhelmed with poetical contributions. Among five or six hundred young men there ought to be half a dozen of fair ability in this way. Anxious to arouse the dormant, and spur on the aroused poets of Yale, the board has resolved to offer one or two prizes for the best poems, in addition to those for the best fictitious stories. For full particulars, see the July LIT.

The title of the versicle on page 391 was suggested by G. A. Townsend's "Little Grisette." Two clauses in it, of four words each, are transferred from that poem. Otherwise, however destitute of other merits, it can claim that of originality.

Preceding editors have all complained of the difficulty of writing a "Table." Never before did we believe that it was really hard. We confess our error. After an exhaustive course of reading, embracing the LITS. for the last twenty years, we find that this part of the magazine *must* be either sentimental or funny. We are neither. The mildest epithet in relation to depth of sentiment which has ever been applied to us is "cold-blooded." Although we have been sometimes funny, when we did n't want to be, we never have been funny, when we did want to be. We never tried to be sentimental. We did once try to be funny. It was in K. S. E. We wrote a funny paper. We read it and nobody laughed. We never tried again. Under these circumstances we are in despair. The very time is against us. Had we edited the May LIT. there would have been a glorious opportunity for likening the magazine to a gallant ship, with everything about her done up in true nautical style, *a la* Marryatt and Cooper, setting out on her voyage. Were we to edit the July LIT., we might allude in a touching manner to the approaching separation; to the metropolis of the West, whose civic authorities would soon greet us; to some imaginary pair of dark eyes which would "grow brighter at our coming;" and to various other equally interesting matters. But, alas, 'tis June. Of course we immediately think

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days,"

but the thought helps us not at all. It rather infects us with gloom, inasmuch as we are forced to conclude that there will be no perfect days this year, if this statement be true. Thus with temperament and time against us, we abandon the unequal contest, and with this brief "statement of facts," we end the June LIT.

A. B. M.

THE
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

LOYALTY.

"No terms are dign unto her excellence

"So is she sprung of noble stirp and high,

"A world of honor and of reverence

"There is in her, this will I testify."—CHAUCER.

LOYALTY is a kingly word ; but of late it has sounded pleasant to our republican ears. In our national relations, it implies an honest, enlightened obedience to law, but not stupid unquestioning subserviency to unreasonable demands. Discussion and reform are not banished by its presence ; fair and honest criticism are demanded by its spirit. The censure of friends is often kindness ; calm, clearly expressed and pointed calls for change are in harmony with the deepest devotion. Above all, loyalty requires a full recognition of favors conferred, a hearty willingness to follow where wisdom and experience lead. It expects a full appreciation of all that is good, and kindly forbearance toward men who do not command our confidence, and measures which do not meet our approval.

Loyalty to our college is different neither in kind nor degree. The corporation and faculty are not our chosen rulers, but this only makes their position more difficult,

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while our obligation remains no less stringent. They need not measure their action by our wishes ; they need feel no sense of accountability. But there must exist in the mind of every instructor a feeling of responsibility to the men under his charge. Their success is his glory ; their failure is his shame. Moreover, the young men who go out from year to year are to be the props and stays of the college in the future. Present benefactors will pass away, a favorable public sentiment is to be formed, the wants and advantages of the institution known and appreciated. For in this era of so-called colleges and universities with high sounding attractions, our prestige will not suffice to keep alive the loyalty of the fathers to the third and fourth generations. The noise of these pigmies is sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, but they catch the ears and eyes and finally the money of many a cautious money-saver. The college must keep pace with the educational progress of the age, carefully consider and understand the present wants and demands of students. Their wishes are not to be contemptuously disregarded. Their affection is worth winning ; an enthusiasm now aroused will bear fruit in the future.

Men are to be attracted here by all legitimate means ; to this end boating and ball playing contribute. Success in these is a better advertisement than whole columns of double headed type or scores of alumni dinners.

Finally, and most important, no measures which are likely to make a distinction here between the rich and poor should be tolerated, and no such addition made to necessary expenses as will drive men of small means to other and cheaper colleges. Such men have done the college infinite credit in the past. The fresh, vigorous blood of the nation is not found in the wealthy aristocracy of our land. Men from obscure homes who must fight their way to honor and position, who cannot depend upon money or reputation which their fathers have won, these the college cannot afford to lose ; its present interests and future renown will suffer by their absence.

The question is not what is instruction worth, for its value cannot be estimated in dollars and cents ; nor is it

fair to compare the price of rooms with the price of similar accommodations in the city. But the aim should be to reduce the expenses of an education to the lowest figure consistent with the necessary outlays of the college. It would be much better to beg the money to endow new professorships and increase the salaries of instructors, than to decrease the number of working students or put a premium upon wealth. The college has not been grasping, but modest and reluctant in the past. It has gained a goodly heritage without fighting or advertising. Shall the first means employed to secure enlarged funds be a plunge into the pockets of those who can ill afford to part with their money?

Thus much we certainly have a right to expect from the college; but on our part a certain consideration is due. The question arises to whom or what is our loyalty due. The faculty is a body the orbit of which has not been fully determined, and, perhaps, is past finding out. The instructors as individuals are tangible. They are the legislative, executive and judicious power. By their reputation as scholars and success as teachers, they contribute to the renown of the college. They are intimately associated with us and our success. They meet us in the recitation room and give us the best results of long and laborious study. Their faithful instruction has fitted many for usefulness, enlarged many narrow minds, quickened many dull intellects to vigorous action. They make it worth our while to come here and stay here. It is true tutors furnish most of our instruction during the first two years of our course. Sometimes, incompetent men are elevated to these positions; this, however, is the exception. It would be a profitable inquiry to ascertain how much of the real discipline of a college course is due to these slimly paid, hardworking men. They are fresh from college life, in sympathy with us more than is possible for older men, who have been long removed from college modes of thought. And if they do sometimes come short of complete success, the college authorities themselves are largely to blame. They cannot devote their whole time to study and preparation for their duties, because they

must enlarge their income by giving private instruction. They are placed at the outset in the position of policeman and teacher. In college the former cannot become a respectable office. When the instructor and counselor of the day suddenly appears in the evening, scattering marks, suspension or expulsion, all respect for him is gone; open hostility is likely to be substituted for genuine respect. We must not underrate their instruction nor overrate sometimes unpleasant attentions. It is true that students are not always treated with consideration. A little fairness would often be better than marks or suspension. The extreme penalty is sometimes inflicted without giving the one most interested a chance for adequate defence. But such cases are rare, and we must be candid enough to confess that no malice is possible. We have, then, cause to honor and respect the men who constitute the governing power. They have many difficulties to encounter; their mistakes do not relieve us from our responsibility.

Many of the complaints which have been urged against this institution, contain more than a single grain of truth. The corporation is not a body which, like the instructors, can inspire us with loyal sentiments. It has been cruelly suggested that some of these men whose educational mantle falls to them by lot, would be themselves benefited by a short classical course. But fortunately they do not attempt to control the action of that august body. The larger part are clergymen of a single denomination and constitute a self-perpetuating, irresponsible, local power. Admitting that clergymen are the best educated class in the state, it does not result that they can best appreciate the wants of an institution like this. From their training they are unfitted to fully understand the requirements of men of different tastes and sympathies, of widely varying religious beliefs, and occasionally of no belief at all; especially when a majority are not of their persuasion and will not be brought to it. They are widely removed from college and its life. They indeed attempt to renew their youth at alumni dinners, but this one day of relaxation from religious tension, cannot enlarge their minds or extend their vision. They look upon us as a world lying in

wickedness, while they are hidden from our sight. They must see danger in the attempt to tear down any of the ancient landmarks. They do not, from time to time, receive an infusion of fresh blood ; they do not from contact with a progressive spirit in their midst, feel awake to the demands of the age. When a change is made, they find another spirit like unto themselves, and their state is as bad as before. They must all be selected from this one small state of Connecticut. We would not take away one jot or tittle from the glory of this ancient commonwealth. Its name is honored ; its learning and piety are known the world over. But when so many students come from without its limits, and a majority of the alumni are to be found in other states, it is not just that a local board should constitute the sole controlling power. And finally, it is not desirable that any corporation should be at the same time self-perpetuating and irresponsible. This is almost fatal to progress ; it is not calculated to promote confidence even if all its members are ministers. In order to awaken interest, to attract attention, to promote confidence, there must be a change. Men sharpened by contact with the world, and alive to new methods of education, should at least be admitted to a hearing in the councils of the college. The true welfare of the college demands it. The chapel, the marking system, and other real or fancied defects in our system have been discussed in the pages of the *LIT.* and *Courant*. But it may be well to consider, not merely how much better we might be, but how much real good we are gaining—how much there is to call forth the truest loyalty. It is easy to find fault with everything human, and not a few are found who quarrel with divine appointments. A flurry of indignation, a passion of fault-finding, with now and then a spasm of comparative serenity, does not invigorate the mind of individuals or better the state of affairs which is proposed to be remedied. The institution has conferred immense benefit upon thousands whose voices everywhere call it blessed. Useful, honored lives, the self-satisfaction of liberal training, are to be found in thousands of comparatively obscure homes.

The fact that so many molehills are magnified into mountains, is not flattering to our intellectual calibre. The wonderful advantages which are within our grasp are more than an offset for everything that we can call unprofitable. New buildings are being erected, the library is being enlarged. Outside, the old and honored name is being clothed with new vigor and freshness. Shall fault-finding within destroy its efficiency? The walls of Jericho fell before the tootings of ramshorns, and our college will suffer from the continued croaking of its children. "Dark hints, small sage reflections, bits of peevishness, little scratches and stabs," all are inconsistent with a true spirit of loyalty.

At alumni dinners in various cities we get rose colored statements which are quite as bad as unjust criticism. Toasts are drunk and victuals consumed, the cost of which would be wonderfully welcome to the general fund and would furnish many an indigent student for his whole college course. Speeches which savor of the good cheer are delivered and all goes on merrily. But what does it profit a college to have big dinners and many speeches and no visible return? A man might starve while you were descanting on the advantages of bread as a relief for hunger. So college may be seriously injured while enthusiastic friends are chanting its praises. This is not loyalty, it is that procrastination which lets time fly to the four winds of heaven.

True college loyalty would do much towards reviving those institutions of base-ball and boating which seem to be so discouraged here. We should not hear continual carping at their defects, but find square stand up work in their behalf. The *esprit du corps* of college would revive, its interests in every way be advanced. Other colleges might sound their own praises by long lists of Professors and by *parvenu* hawking and peddling on the backs of magazines and in papers. But we, as one sitting by his own fireside glows with deeper, truer content for the storm without, would smile at the blowing and bluster which did not concern us.

C. D. H.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION :

Abraham Lincoln.

BY THOMAS J. TILNEY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OF the surroundings in which the 16th President of the United States moved, I have little to say. We have lived in them ourselves, we know them by heart ; but the man, whose name is the silver cord that runs through all, and binds all together, may well be studied. There are lessons here for those to read who are seeking among men types of the great, the good, and both combined.

Abraham Lincoln wrote his record in the fires of a great civil contest and died before the smoke had risen from its battle-fields. In the confusion and din of opposing armies, 'mid the mingled emotions of despair and exultation, it is not surprising that the work was not then appreciated, nor the worker. It is not surprising that we often forget the sun in the gloom of a great storm. But the hush of years is falling on the tumult of the struggle ; the mists of prejudice are rising ; the colors washed in blood into the history of those sad days are fading away. It is a good, or at least, a better time now to turn to the chief actor in the drama and seek out the source from which he drew his power.

Mr. Lincoln's intellectual strength lay in his power as a reasoner. He was clear, precise, logical. He possessed but little intuitional power. He could not grasp a few isolated facts and, using these as a leaper does weights, spring to a conclusion by throwing them behind him. He could not skip a link in a chain of argument, but forged each as he went and then welded it into its place. The process was often slow and tedious ; there was nothing brilliant in it ; but it was solid and strong. The questions of the hour were complicated, but the momentum of his logical mind cut through rind to core. He rejected mere

theories. He took a practical standpoint and from a small range of precedents drew only the essence of reason hidden in them.

He spoke most in parables. Throwing aside the stiff garb of the syllogism, he wrapped often sad premises in the folds of a mirthful story and gave it so to the people. The veriest schoolboy never failed to see the inevitable *therefore*. He spoke in sentences strong, rugged, sometimes poetic. He spoke to the people, and in words so *clear*, that they went directly to the popular heart and were not filtered down through a cultured class. He was eminently a thinker; the point and pith of many a homely apothem show this. "We need not cross a bridge till we get to it," carried more weight than a library of state documents, because everybody understood it, as they did all his cheering monosyllables.

To a power of logical uprearing was added a wonderful power of analysis, of sifting the germ out of details. Before it the sophistries of the *popular sovereignty* doctrine dropped like cast off garments. He put the whole question in a nutshell and answered it when he said, "I admit that the emigrant of Kansas and Nebraska is competent to govern himself, but I deny his right to govern any other person without that person's consent," a triple nailed argument and unassailable.

Mr. Lincoln's mind was not creative in the usually received meaning of that word; no one felt this more than himself. His strength, here, lay in the wisdom with which he drew to himself the combined wisdom of the nation. He was the leader in a great war, but it was the people behind him who were striking the blows; their will, not his own, was to be expressed. It has been said that he was not greater than the events in which he lived. It is true, he was not greater; he never sought to be; but he was equal to them. He stood in the van, yet not so far ahead but that his own pulse throbs could keep time to the beat of the nation's heart.

His sagacity is clearly shown in the course pursued at the beginning of his administration. He started out with

a purpose, a solemn one, but with no fixed line of policy. His whole previous history shows him to have been a strong *party* man; one who had devoted all his strength to certain principles; but as President of the United States he rose above mere policy. The partizan was absorbed in the statesman.

There were two great currents of popular thought in the north, flowing side by side, but in opposite directions. He committed himself to neither, but sought for and found the line where the two in a measure neutralized and modified one another. The country was divided and split up in its opinions as to the proper course to take. He held nothing in his own hands to bind it together. That power he drew from treason itself by making it strike the first blow. Then came his call for troops. The people streamed over their party lines, and conflicting ideas were fused into one great thought—national preservation.

To take the details of a life, and criticize minor points is no fair way to judge character. A man may waver in small things and yet be perfectly firm on great issues. We must look at the text of his life and, in measuring him, measure him by that. The text of Abraham Lincoln's first official utterance was, "I will maintain the integrity of the Union with all my power from sea to sea." Who could say five years after that he had deviated a hair's breadth from that line? It has been popularly believed that he was the puppet of circumstances, made by them, and of no strength of will. There are no grounds for such an estimate. He moved *with* circumstances, but always in the lead, and never drifted. He was made by them just as the blade of grass is made by the rain, a developed seed. His will was iron, but, iron in the heat of vexed questions, it could bind for the moment, retaining all the strength of the native ore, and the next, be rigid.

There is another side to the character of this statesman, a nobler and grander one—the moral, to which the intellectual was but the handmaid. It found expression in his simplicity and integrity,—his firm adherence to the

right,—his faith in God. An open, unaffected, plain-spoken man, who came from the people and was always one of them, Mr. Lincoln brought to the public service no false refinement, no striving after effect, no desire to play a part. He was true to his own nature and would not be cramped or bound in by any robe of official dignity. He made himself accessible to all. The people brought their sorrows to him, sure of finding sympathy in that furrowed, careworn face. He sowed seeds of charity broadcast—seeds that have borne and will bear many fold fruit; words and deeds to be treasured up, and whose intensity we may, in part, measure in the drummer boy he pardoned and who was found dead at Fredericksburg a few weeks after, with the President's portrait on his breast.

Mr. Lincoln seems to have lost all sight of himself. He merged his own individuality into that of the executive of a great government, and in so doing stamped the office with the virtues of a pure and simple life. That a true and lasting power is not to be found in qualities the most brilliant is nowhere so clearly demonstrated as in him. The consistency and even tone of his life, its naturalness had nothing meteoric about it, no flash or sparkle, but in place of this, there was a steady, latent influence that went out and permeated the whole nation. He became the center towards which all things gravitated borne on the love, the sympathies, the confidence of the people, and what they gave to strengthen his hands, flowed back to strengthen theirs. It was the influence of a great moral nature, working almost as silently as that wonderful physical law which binds matter in ribs of rock and iron. Is it surprising that from such a character, so supported, there should spring a full armed Minerva, girded for the contest, and striking blow after blow persistently, unflinchingly, but pausing between every sword stroke to catch the cry for peace.

Deep rooted in his very nature was the profound conviction that certain great principles of justice and liberty are true; a belief that right makes might, and

on this he based the ultimate issue of the contest. The end he regarded as settled; how to reach it most surely, most speedily, was the all absorbing question. Here Mr. Lincoln made a clear distinction between what was right to do and what it was his duty to do. Before his election he had said, "if slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." Yet his role was not that of reformer, but executive of clearly defined laws. For two years he maintained this position, when at the end of that time, right became duty, there was not a moment's hesitation. We see will, justice and humanity in that scene in the executive chamber, where, standing with the emancipation document in his hand, Mr. Lincoln said to his cabinet, "I have resolved upon this step and have not called you together to ask your advice."

A marked feature of this administration was its progressive character. It started on a basis of principle, and this is in itself progressive. There is no growth from expediency; it is temporary and contemplates only temporary results. "Ichabod" is written on the crumbling ruins of a civilization that never in its palmyest days rose above such a level. Peace, not truce, was the end towards which the President guided and one that, in his words, "should come to stay." "A lasting peace," he said, "must be written in *black and white*." In his emancipation proclamation he wrote it so.

One point more in the character of this statesman. The pivot round which all else moved was faith in God, a simple, unfaltering faith. Through it he reached out to the fountain of all power, and the influence that came flowing back gave him greater depth and a higher tone. He walked in dark places, but faith became a light to his feet and reflected from him, shone upon the path of those who were following. The great men who, fifty years ago, walked up the long steps of the Capitol, believed they were settling the destinies of the nation. Their theories based on injustice were caught up and scattered like chaff. In the belief that God had pointed out to him the right, Abraham Lincoln, moving with the chains of a mighty opposition party upon him, had faith that he would be

taught how to maintain it—had faith that the God of history was ruling over battles and sieges; that *He* would teach him his duty and give him the strength to do it.

These, in part, are the forces Mr. Lincoln brought to solve the great problem. He served a higher cause than ambition. His motives looked beyond the present. With head and heart he labored; the one supplementing the other. Integrity joined hands with tact. A wonderful sagacity interpreted the right. Logic stood behind will, and faith supported both. The expression of such attributes, the record of his work is written in a sentence: the ends he served were "God's, his country's and truth's." Eulogy can say no more over the grave of a statesman.

We have here a life that is in itself a new definition of greatness, and a name that is linked with the crowning act of the age.

There was a sepulchre in the land; death was in it; the stone of the Constitution was rolled up against it; the seal of public opinion upon it. He broke the seal; he rolled away the stone, and standing on it bade the dead come forth.

There is the picture; the open sepulchre; the outcoming race and the *man*. It stands petrified in the pathway of human progress. It will stand there forever.



A FATAL FLIRTATION.

I WAS sitting almost alone on the forward deck of the Elm City, thinking of Yale. The far off bells had just struck eleven, and the vast city was quiet. The waves slopped sulkily against the dark wharves, and then silently slipped away under them as if ashamed of themselves. The chaste moon even, which now and then burst from the clouds, found an image in those sullen ripples only as a swarm of twisting phosphorescent snakes.

"What a place for suicide!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"It is, indeed," answered a neighbor. "It is yet hardly a week since a woman flung herself into these very waters as a last desperate recipe for rest. Her life, (I knew her well) had been singularly romantic. The only child of a professor in an eastern college, she passed her youth amid influences of the most refining and elevating kind. As she matured in years she increased in mental and personal charms, until she became confessedly the reigning belle of the village, and was constantly surrounded by numerous admirers. One among this number, a student, she seemed to favor above the rest, and he, perceiving her preference, took an early opportunity to press his suit. To his surprise and mortification his offers were somewhat scornfully refused. Stung to the quick by this, as he considered it, the heartless trick of a coquette, he determined on the amplest revenge. He accordingly used every means in his power to blacken her reputation, and, aided by his popularity and influence among the students, was so far successful that the family of the young lady felt compelled to seek the aid of the college faculty. The matter was brought before them and he was expelled.

"The young lady's friends fondly imagined that the scandal would now be stopped; but they had mistaken student nature. The violent action of the faculty only made their hero more heroic and his course more respectable. The whole college escorted him to the depot, headed by martial music, bearing torches and significant transparencies, and the family found to its dismay that their defamers now numbered hundreds instead of one. You will not be surprised that these united efforts were completely successful, and that the young lady was compelled to leave the town in disgrace. When this was accomplished, college honor felt itself vindicated; the family perceived that their best course was silence, and so the whole affair passed gradually out of publicity."

"And what afterward became of the girl," I asked.

"She secretly married one of her few remaining admirers, a man of no ability or wealth, and with him fled to

New York, where they lived together in an obscure boarding house, in poverty and unhappiness. She felt herself far above her adopted station of life and the intellectual standing of her husband, who, in turn, envied her superior cultivation and suspected her honor. Thus they lived for several months, when one morning their fellow boarders heard from their room the report of a pistol and a cry of pain. They immediately rushed to her door, but found it locked and admittance denied by the wife, who assigned as a reason for this strange refusal, her state of *dishabille*. Soon, however, they were admitted, and found to their horror the husband cold in death, lying prone across the bed in a pool of blood. The woman in a perfectly cool and collected manner declared that the deceased must have committed suicide, as she had herself been awakened by the discharge and cry. The suspicion that she was the cause of the deed was general, but no evidence to that effect could be procured, and so after a short detention at the Tombs, she was discharged. Suspected and shunned, she now endeavored to live by her skill in embroidery, and managed in this way to eke out a miserable existence.

"One day, while hurrying across Broadway, she suddenly was confronted by an old playmate and friend. The shock of recognition was great to both, but especially to the former belle. In vain did her friend endeavor to gain from her an account of her recent life or her plans for the future. She only said, 'Tell ——, if you ever shall see him, of the ruin he has made,—a ruin which will soon be complete.' Then she turned and ran swiftly down an adjacent street and was seen no more."

He stopped a moment and puffed at his cigar.

"And over there," I broke in, for I guessed his conclusion.

"Aye, over there," he cried out excitedly, springing from his chair and throwing aside his subdued manner, "over there by that pier, the flirt, the murderess, found out a short cut to hell! I ruined *her*, indeed. Humph!"

He stopped abruptly and strode away.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

A TRANSLATION.

(A fisher-boy sings in his skiff :)

The dimpled lake, see how it seems to reach
For the bather asleep on its tufted beach.

There he hears a singing
As flute notes, sweet ;
As the songs of angels
At Jesus' feet.

And as with a smile he awakes from rest,
There frolic the ripples up over his breast.

And there calls from the depths,
" Sweet boy, thou art mine ;
I allure the sleeper,
I draw him in."

(A herdsman on the mountain sings :)

Ye valleys farewell,
Meads, lying in light ;
The shepherd must leave you
With summer's flight.

We go to the Alps, our return to make,
When the cuckoo calls, and the birds awake,
When the earth buds again into gayest array,
When the rivulets trickle in beauteous May.

Ye valleys farewell,
Meads, lying in light ;
The shepherd must leave you
With summer's flight.

(An Alpine hunter appears on an opposite side and sings :)

The tiny bridge trembles with fright at the roll
Of the storm—but it daunts not the hunter's soul,

He boldly strides on
In his icy path,
Which no April verdure
No shrubbery hath.

And under his foot-steps a misty sea,
Which hides the frail works of mortality.

Save only where rifts
Of the clouds give a glimpse
Of the world, and green homes
Of the water nymphs.

H. R. E.

DREAMS.

THERE has recently been urged an objection, and, in my opinion, a most reasonable one, against the nomenclature of our college buildings. As the writer of the article justly remarks, the name "Dormitory," in itself, might perhaps warrant the inference that students spent the major part of their time in wooing

"the gentle Goddess of sweet sleep."

To one who has spent even a part of the allotted four years, within those sacred compounds of brick and mortar, the memory of long nights of faithful "cramming," which robbed the purses of our wearied nature of their truly golden treasures—hours of rest—or the recollection of the quiet evening spent with your dearest friend, where heart went out to heart, and the interchange of experiences of the past, or bright hopes of the future, led you to take no note of time, or "noctes ambrosianae" the remembrance of yet larger though by no means pleasanter convocations where,

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

the witty story and the jolly song, and the last, though not least, that comfortable building up of the inner life, make many eye atone for its brightness on that evening by its heavy look next day, and many a heart answer for its joyous beating on that occasion by most convulsive throbings at next morning recitation—to one who numbers such experiences as his own, pleasant memories forbid the thought that all our time is spent in "folding of our hands in sleep;" and candor compels me to admit that I think comparatively few bigoted souls, who live out of sight of our stately edifices, and are not *disturbed* by our midnight serenades, even in *spite* of names, entertain such a belief.

It has been my experience that students, as a class, (to which, however, I might name certain honorable excep-

tions,) sleep far too little, rather than too much, but they certainly do not carry this principle into their literature. I was quite surprised, looking over a file of the YALE LIT. not long ago, to find in almost every number at least one "Reverie." Now, although many of these were remarkably good heart-pictures, yet it is a question in my mind, whether, as a rule, this dreamy, emotional style of writing, is a good one for young writers to largely cultivate.

In the very last number of the afore-mentioned valuable Magazine, which has just reached my hands, I find an article in defence of this "day dreaming;" and I am not sure that I cannot accept most, that that writer says on the subject, without retiring from the position I had intended to assume with regard to this question, for it is not this day-dreaming in itself, that I object to, so much as it is the passionate desire that some people have of telling their dreams to others. There is no one who has the least ambition, who does not form projects for the future, and build for himself airy castles of greatness, in which he is sole lord and master; and the man who has no ambition is at best a fossil, a stumbling block in the way of all around him. Moreover, the lack of true sentiment, of real, genuine heart, is one of the greatest defects in our national character. But because a man has a heart, why must he needs lay it bare to the world through the columns of a standard magazine. Between reveries, as between babies, there is a great deal of similarity, and how involuntarily do we shrug our shoulders when some fond mother, thinking her own baby-boy the loveliest seen since Adam's infancy, trots the poor little object into the parlor to be inspected by a host of admiring or otherwise friends, and then insists that you should kiss that shapeless aperture she calls "a lovely little mouth."

The great danger of adopting largely this style of writing is, that it tends to develope in one a certain want of *practicality* which the tendency of the times do not admit, and especially are young writers whose style is not fully developed liable to this danger. To find fault with the style of "Ik Marvel," Hawthorne, and Irving, were, to be

sure, presumptuous, and this I do not pretend to do. Their writings refute even this charge of non-practicality, for I do not believe that any one can spend an hour with these authors, and not rise up with purer thoughts and nobler purposes in life than he had before. But the difference between the "Reveries of a Bachelor," and the ordinary run of such dreams as students spin out to their fellows, may be, perhaps, represented by diamond and crown glass. There is sufficient similarity between them, to lead you to believe they were designed for one and the same thing; but, in the former you detect sparkling brilliancy and genuine worth; in the latter a feeble luster and a cheap tawdriness. Moreover, comparatively few possess such power over the emotions of their fellow-men, that they can call forth tears or smiles at will, yet it is the possession of this faculty, in the very highest degree, which constitutes the soul of this reverie style; for in it we have neither the aid of powerful argument, nor striking facts to assist in producing this effect. Everything is transferred to the realm of imagination. So that even admitting that the charge of non-practicality is refuted in the cases where *true* sentiment abounds, yet I think it still applies to many of those productions which are so copiously dealt out to us, and which to my mind are not quite so much indicative of a strong heart as of a weak mind.

But while this style is so difficult of attainment in its perfection, a feeble imitation of it is invitingly easy, and for this reason the temptation to indulge is all the stronger. With this, as with poetry, the standard of judgment should be "*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*"—the best or none at all. Many an unfortunate fellow, who might have amounted to something in the world, has been completely ruined through misguided friends who were indiscreet enough to compliment some youthful rhymes of his production. The natural consequence is, that the poor fellow imagined himself a poet, parted his hair in the middle, wore eye-glasses, and spent his time in writing sonnets to the moon, which an unsympathetic and unappreciative public obsti-

nately refused to favor, instead of occupying himself about something which should relieve his own, if not the wants of his fellow-men. So I doubt not, many a man, who, to say the least, might have made a respectable district-school teacher, is absolutely nothing, in a futile struggle to become a Mitchell.

Moreover, there is no necessity for an indulgence in this style of writing. There is no need to rudely crush all your heart-throbbings either, for we can carry just as thorough sentiment into something which bears with it far-greater practicality, and much more substantiality than the

“rosy-tinted cloud of dreams.”

Not often, if ever, has it been my fortune to see a prettier exhibition of true heart-feeling than when, the other evening, I heard delicately and modestly told, how one little kiss had called forth a flood of tears on cheeks long unused to their flow, and how subsequent little deeds of kindness had won back an erring sister to the path of virtue, and that, too, coming from the lips of one whose culture, wealth, and social position might be sufficient in the eyes of the world to excuse her from all such labors of love. The shades of evening hid the tear that trembled on the eyelids of both speaker and listener, but none the less was it there. There is the place to give vent to your sentiment, your excess of heart, and although its introduction may be not as easy as it is to cover pages of foolscap with beautiful thoughts and purposes, yet deeds are always more powerful than words. When we come to go “out in the world” we will be apt to find that something else is needed to stem the tide of public opinion, and sway the feelings and opinions of the masses, than such gossamer substances as dreamers are made of.

I remember a remark made by our worthy Prof. of Rhetoric last fall, which, in consideration of a composition I had recently handed in, particularly impressed itself on my mind. Speaking of Samuel Johnson, I believe, he said —“that his style was so weighed down by powerful

thoughts as to be at times almost oppressive;" and then he added with that smile which is so irresistibly funny when you are sure that you are not the victim of the shaft of wit that follows, "a charge to which most college students very fortunately can plead not guilty."

If you must dream then, dream; but publish not your visions from the house-top. If you must write poetry even, write—but by an open grate, and when finally you have spun out a reverie, or composed a poem which you are confident will revolutionize the world and take men's hearts by storm, read it twice a day for a month and then if you are still of the same mind perhaps it may be well to offer it to the pages of the LIT.

J. A. B.



SOPHOMORE SOCIETIES.

IT is wonderful how suddenly the spirit of reform—which too often is nothing more than an unappeasable desire to meddle—is developed in men after their connection with any particular institution is severed. Let a man be turned out of the church, and no one can point out more precisely and fully the peculiar disadvantages and evils of church government than he. Or, in the college world, let a man pass from one society into another or into none, and no one can tell you more about the better way in which things *might* be managed in the first than he. This tendency to accumulate and distribute panaceas for the benefit of somebody else, does some good;—though before we bring our budget of nostrums into the house of any man, we should be certain that he is at least a little out of health.

This is the mistake certain well-intentioned persons have committed in the case of sophomore societies. They knew they had a remedy for *something*, and by chance (I think it was) they unanimously agreed to administer

the dose to Δ. B. Ξ. and Φ. Θ. Ψ. One of these clever fellows even went so far as to devote five weeks of his precious life to writing a series of articles, in which he very gravely attempted to demonstrate the truth of these several propositions: the present sophomore societies are immoral; they are not literary; they are unsocial; they cast a blight over freshmen, and vitiate juniors and seniors; it is not possible to reform them; they ought to be suppressed. This was making very complete work of it, it must be confessed! I ought to add, however, in justice to the writer, his remedy—viz., that the junior societies should take the place of these sophomoric bantlings, thus slain outright by his trenchant pen;—that is, if you have an apple tree in your garden that you do not like, pull it up, plant a plum tree in its place, and graft into this cions cut from the old apple tree. Our friend would probably look for plums!

It is only through a total misapprehension of the peculiar kind of society organizations required by the student during sophomore year, and by means of the wildest conjectures as to the actual character of those now existing, that such opinions as those mentioned above have weight. The trouble is—those who want a change think they have found a very bad case, when, in fact, the patient is in the healthiest condition possible.

I do not suppose it possible for class societies to be suppressed at Yale. They might be made invisible to the eye of the faculty and of the stranger; but in some form and in some place they would still live. A good illustration of this tendency to form societies is found in the history of the "Round Table," an organization which existed last winter in the class of '72. The "Round Table" consisted of certain individuals who had refused elections to the present sophomore societies. This was the chief qualification for membership, although in one or two cases I believe men were admitted upon other grounds. The society thus formed met on Saturday evenings. It was the design of the members that these meetings should develop the head and bless the stomach. Singularly enough,

however, this organization, although it contained some of the most talented members of the class, soon became a mere feeding concern. But without reference to the character of this society, its existence is a striking proof of the opinion expressed—that so long as Yale College has classes of the present size, between which the present distinctions exist, so long will societies of some kind be found, in spite of everything, in each class.

The character of these various class organizations depends upon the character of the members; and the character of the members is determined by the kind of work they have in hand. If they are not required to write any compositions, nor obliged to exercise themselves in “forensic disputations,” it is certain, if they are men of any value whatever, that they will make writing and speaking part of their regular exercises. But if this sort of discipline forms a great part of any year’s study, then, during that year, it ought not to be expected that society men will devote much time to purely literary work.

This is exactly the position occupied by sophomore societies. They exist in a year when more reading and thinking and writing is required than at any other period of the same length, during the entire course. Society work, therefore, which should always be a supplement to the regular work, cannot be wholly intellectual. The student does not need literary work at this period, for the college provides him with this in abundance. Instead, he needs a place in which he can have the largest liberty to talk and visit; where the intellect can be refreshed rather than disciplined; where human nature can be studied and the real character of one’s own classmates learned. This is the real scope of sophomore societies, and any attempt to make them different not only will, but ought to fail. They could not be exclusively literary societies if they would—and under the circumstances it would be a damage to them if they were. Accordingly, any argument against the existence of these societies, based upon their non-literary character, is pointless. Even in the series of articles referred to above, this fact was distinctly stated: “The

extreme pressure of college work, literary and scholastic, in that [sophomore] year, renders it impossible to keep up continuously a literary society of any value. Members of the societies acknowledge this, and experienced professors and graduates confirm it in the strongest terms." And yet this confessedly impossible thing is made the ground of argument for their suppression;—as though it were not possible for any but a purely literary society to be of advantage to any class at any time! But, from the nature of case, it seems clear to me that a purely literary society is just what sophomores do not need, and hence the non-literary character of these organizations is a positive argument in their favor. It might be said that there ought to be no societies at all in sophomore year; but, unfortunately for them, our friends have already advised that a sophomoreic lean-to should be tacked to the societies of junior year.

It is said, too, that these organizations are unsocial and immoral. With regard to the first allegation, I defy any one to show that it, if true, is due to any peculiarity of organization. If there be any lack of sociality, it is due to the character of the members. As the character of the members is accidental, except so far as the work of sophomore year exerts a modifying influence, this is no real ground of complaint against the societies as such. But, judged by the ordinary standard of society sociality, the charge is untrue. Of course, there are some members of every society who could not be social if they would, and would not if they could. In any crowd of thirty men, however, the social element predominates, and to say that an organization, which offers every facility for sociality, and which necessarily, by the very fact that it is an organization, brings its members together in a greater or less degree, is unsocial, is as absurd as it is false.

The morals of sophomore societies, as of sophomores generally, is a great hobby with many people. The orthodox opinion seems to be that drinking and carousing and general debauchery make up the regular order of

business. But if one would consider for a moment the character of the majority of the members, the senselessness of this opinion would be apparent at once. Is it reasonable to suppose that men, who are notoriously moral, not only before they become identified with these societies, but afterward, should even permit such proceedings? These same men, as the rule, form the nucleus and ornament of the societies of both junior and senior year, and so far as my acquaintance with them extends, their morals do not vary perceptibly from year to year. But beside this, sophomore societies are open to visits from the faculty, and I have yet to hear an authoritative statement from any of these gentlemen supporting in the least degree the charge of immorality. Indeed, I think that the influence of these organizations upon their members is positively good. Men, who would otherwise consort with the wildest of their classmates, are brought into contact with a more substantial and steady element, and their desire for excitement is often satisfied by the milder and more respectable pleasures of a society meeting.

The demoralizing influence exerted by sophomore societies upon other classes, is a mere myth. Freshmen can take no surer way to secure an election than to make for themselves a scholastic or literary reputation. In brief, any man who becomes a member on any other ground than superiority over his classmates in some one or more particulars, does so because he is believed to have the elements of success in him or by a mere accident.

For what reason, then, should sophomore societies be suppressed? Because they are non-literary? But this is not due at all to the societies, but to the character of the college work during sophomore year. Shall we have no societies, then, during sophomore year? We cannot help ourselves. They will exist, in some form;—and they ought to, in order to stimulate freshmen to work, in order to make the best men in the sophomore class acquainted with one another, and in order to facilitate the selection of the very best men for junior societies. The faculty have acted in a liberal and wise manner in not attempting to suppress them.

The senior and junior members of sophomore societies owe to them a certain duty. The outside disturbance on the night when the last elections were given out was due in a large measure to men who were not active members, although these latter received the marks given for that performance. The societies are good ones—the best possible in that year; they are indispensable;—and I can see no reason why they should be treated with any less respect, why their oaths and obligations should have any less force in junior or senior than in sophomore year. We, who are removed from them by one or two years' distance, and who visit them, perhaps, only to see a play and fill our stomachs, may thoughtlessly speak of them as though this were their only merit; but the word thus spoken is not only injurious, but unjust.

W. R. S.



WANTED—A LITERATURE.

PROBABLY every one recognizes in the education given at Yale peculiar advantages and peculiar defects; certainly no one will doubt that it has characteristic features. It is accurate in scholarship, a foe to pretense, and thorough in the kind of discipline which it affords. It is also eminently matter-of-fact. There are two disciplinary years devoted to the training of the mental powers; but the work of these two years is teaching men to acquire, not to philosophize. Then come two years, not of speculation, but of absorption.

To say, however, that the education at Yale is matter-of-fact, is hardly to say that it is practical. On the contrary, the very boasted corner-stone of that education is the theory of a non-professional course which shall give the student a universal culture, and then leave him to seek his special training elsewhere. Doubtless this is the

true theory of education. We study together in college and then scatter to the professional schools, and still later to our specialities, just as a tree first grows up in one body and then spreads into branches, and these again into smaller shoots, all still drawing their vital juices from the same ground through the same supporting trunk. The man unpossessed of this genuine culture, this rich store-house of material, can neither gratify himself nor lavish upon others. But the man is educated, first, indeed, for himself, but secondly, be it always remembered, for mankind; and it is no less important that the thinker be skillful in dispensing the gifts of mind, than that the possessor of material wealth be expert, if I may so speak, in his charities. Now the point which we wish to make, and which may be considered the key-note of this article, is that the education at Yale is selfish in that it teaches the man to acquire without teaching him how to give,—or speaking more plainly and practically, it fails to develop his *expressive power*. Let us consider some of the elements, mental and physical, of this expressive power.

First, and most fundamental, is imagination, including what by way of distinction we call fancy. Certain accomplishments can be thoroughly acquired only at a particular age. The adult finds it nearly impossible to attain accuracy in the pronunciation of French. So, too, foreigners coming to America in middle life almost always retain their native brogue, in spite of all subsequent practice in speaking English. The organs requisite for producing the sounds peculiar to these languages, have by continued disuse lost their flexibility, and can no longer be called into full and fluent action. Equally true is this of certain mental faculties, and there is none which, when neglected or smothered, more surely fades away, or, as is more likely to happen, passes into some morbid activity, than the imagination. As has already been hinted, this imaginative or conceptive faculty is the basis of all proper literary genius. Not that presentation is its only or even its highest sphere. It is also a great originator, and even a great investigator, leading men where mere logic would

never lead them. But no other faculty can picture the truth before others in such vivid colors, and no literature can have a tithe of the influence upon the popular heart that the literature of fiction has. It is quite noticeable, even at first glance, that this kind of composition does not flourish at Yale. Look for illustration at the method of conducting the few required exercises in essay writing. Instead of being free to choose a subject which may have engaged his attention, the student is furnished with a half dozen arbitrary topics and required to deliver in division room a prescribed amount of reflections upon one of these six. These subjects are almost exclusively either biographical or critical, or connected with some public question of the day. Hence we never hear in division room a story, a romance, or a poem. Such a production would hardly be tolerated, far less encouraged. Doubtless the ground is taken that that sort of splurges from striplings of our age is too insipid to merit toleration. But let it be considered, that in the hands of those whose genius runs to such literature, and under the severely critical influences of our scholarly training, this same trash would gradually assume forms of true beauty and grace, while to repress it at this particular age, is almost to preclude its high developement in the future. Our professor of rhetoric never uttered a truth more needed by Yale students than when he said to one of his divisions: "We are too correct here at Yale; the danger is not of extravagance in writing, but of smothering our true feelings and fancies by too much trimming." The truth is, that imagination does not find here a congenial atmosphere. Grant that sound logic and critical exactness are first in importance, but allow room also for the exercise of that other faculty, which, though more showy if you please, is nevertheless not averse to these, and is called by Whateley indispensable to clear views of history. You cannot paint a landscape without turning the eye upon it; neither can you paint a subject until you have turned upon it this eye of the mind.

It may be said in general that sufficient *attention* is not

given to the cultivation of literary taste. Am I then calling upon our taskmasters to heap more burdens on the poor jaded operatives up in the top story? "Heaven forbid!" But in place of some of the dry, wretched work with which most become disgusted by Junior year, I would substitute some fresh, attractive, literary exercises, or still better, in order to meet the wants of those looking to science as a pursuit, let such exercises be made optional with mathematical studies. How is it now? No time whatever is allowed specially for the preparation of essays. The announcement of these to be written is received with an impatient sigh, as water poured on a full cup—as something to be wrought out of midnight hours—as a direct invasion of sleep, recreation and eyesight. Thus what should be a delight—for whatever one's humility, there is after all no intellectual pleasure equal to that of expressing one's own thoughts—becomes drudgery.

I have thus enumerated some of the aids to literary culture which are lacking at Yale, viz: encouragement to effort in imaginative production, systematic drill in elocution, more speaking in public, and in general, more practice. If these are but straws, they yet indicate the current of feeling. In an old, conventional institution like this, the student is educated more by the *esprit de corps* than by any external methods. It seems to me that the prevailing spirit of Yale is hardly favorable to genuine literary culture. It is true that sets of prizes are offered, which the adept in culling out and stringing together others' thoughts, may hope to bear off by dint of four or five weeks of strained effort. But are the few literary exercises in the academical department instituted and conducted in the same thorough and systematic spirit as the recitations in Greek, Latin and mathematics? The reading is before division officers promiscuously. Some of these offer no remarks upon the subject of the production, or criticisms upon its style, and for obvious reasons. Seldom or never do they meddle with the principles of English composition.

Of the university lectures recently instituted at Har-

vard, nine distinct courses bear directly upon the study of literature. Is there anything parallel to this at Yale? We sometimes disparage the usage which prevails at Harvard of keeping attached to the college on endowed professorships, men of high literary fame who have little or no direct intercourse with the students. In my opinion the very presence of these men is of great practical value. They create a literary atmosphere which pervades the whole college. Their writings are read and studied, and owing to the constant presence of the authors, find numerous imitators.

Now if these differences are real—if they are not mere theory, they will be proved by corresponding results. Take the triennial catalogues of Harvard and Yale, and put them side by side. I select these two, not as in any sense antagonistic, but as most comparable on the score of age and number of graduates. In a pretty thorough search through the Yale catalogue, I confess my failure to discover a single name which is strictly first class, even as compared with American writers, *in a literary point of view*. Great thinkers we have had, great scholars, and great divines, but none great in poetry, fiction or belles-lettres. It should be borne in mind that I use the term literature in its more specific sense, to include according to Webster's third definition, "the class of writing distinguished for beauty of style or expression, as poetry, essays, or history, in distinction from scientific treatises, and works which contain positive knowledge," &c. Within the limits of this boundary, Yale is mother to a few not unheard of names, as those of Hillhouse, Winthrop, Willis, Percival, and Mitchell; but these are matched by Harvard with Channing, Parker, Holmes, Dana and Whipple, leaving Emerson, Lowell, Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley undisputed masters of the field. In oratory the case is not different. What names can we set opposite to those of Everett, Phillips, and Chapin, of whom the first two need no praise, and the third was called by Daniel Webster the first orator of the age. Right here the answer will meet us that the college does not make the man; that poets, authors and orators are born, not

made. But when, other things being equal, there flow from two separate systems two distinct and unlike series of results, one pointing uniformly in one direction and the other in another, we are at length constrained to infer some radical difference in the systems themselves. Besides, this plea controverts the prime principle of Yale education, if not, indeed, of all education, viz: culture versus genius.

I close by pointing out some of the more general wants of the university. The need of a larger library has been set forth at various times during the past few years. A few thousand volumes, comprising the current works of history, poetry, and fiction, would amply suffice for a common high school, where the use of books is confined chiefly to simple perusal; but when the student begins to compose, and in composing has passed a little beyond the monotonous routine of uttering commonplaces, he must wander out of the highways of literature into by-paths and even trackless deserts. He must search not only standard but obscure works, manuscripts too worthless or too valuable to bind, musty chronicles like those of Hall and Hollinshed, and thence he must coin a circulating medium for the thinking public which never can and never will descend *en masse* into these filthy mines. In order that he may do these things, the materials must be placed in his hands. If literary men are to cluster about this college, they must be tempted hither by facilities like these. Another want of the university is a literary periodical. The New Englander, the Courant, Silliman's Journal and the LIT. fill their respective places with great credit and success; but neither pretends to a strictly literary character, except the LIT., which modestly aspires only to undergraduate proportions. Harvard has the Atlantic. Whatever its nominal place, it is recognized as the child of Harvard enterprise and the exponent of Harvard talent, nor has the college any reason to blush for her product. I do not pretend that such a periodical could have the birth of a Pallas, even from such an intellectual Jove as old Yale. I am aware that it requires not only brains but a market. Yet new magazines are

constantly springing up here and there, and one established in New Haven on a sound basis, and after carefully choosing its sphere, could hardly fail to find back of it enough Yale talent to insure a vigorous and successful growth. It would help to tinge with a more literary hue "that peculiar type of thought which the education at Yale is adapted to foster," and attach to the name of the college a distinctive literature.

Harvard and Yale are the foremost representatives of two contending principles. Yale leads the orthodox school, Harvard the liberal, just as clearly as Wittemberg stood for the Reformation, and the Sorbonne for Rome. Whatever our individual opinions, looking to the interests of naked truth, one cannot regret that each of these parties has such a champion to its support. More trustworthy and unimpeachable will be the final decision, if this polemic struggle shall have arrayed in its lists the most eminent votaries of learning. The three judges are science, metaphysics and philology; but to literature is assigned the task of publishing the verdict to mankind. Who can measure the invisible sway which Harvard has wielded upon popular belief through her authors, poets, and orators? Let Yale equip this weak point in her armament.

O. J. B.



IN THE VALLEY.

Here 's the foot-path through the meadow, turning, as it nears the hill,
Down below I hear the water hurrying by the ancient mill.

Elm trees arch their branches o'er it, and at every breeze they toss
Golden leaves upon the shingles, weather stained and green with moss.

Peering through the narrow window, I can see the toil within,
Ghostly forms that rise and vanish 'mid the darkness and the din.

If a sunbeam chance to enter, deeper yet the gloom becomes,
Deeper yet the shadows gather, where the great wheel creaks and hums.

At the door the farmers gossip, waiting for their loads of grain,
Overhead the pigeons hover, circling down the dusty lane.

Here 's the mill pond, black and sluggish, where the timid herons hide.
Forests climb the banks above it, shutting in on either side.

Breezy birches fringe its borders, sturdy oak trees o'er it lean,
Through the leaves, when quick winds stir them, now and then, blue hills
are seen.

Here 's the race, whose dusky waters gurgle softly as they flow.
Scarcely are the o'erhanging flowers mirrored in the depths below.

How the bubbles dance and shimmer, breaking as the slow wheel turns,
How the spray gleams in the sunlight, falling on the waving ferns.

There, across the green embankment, noisily the brook comes down.
Winding swiftly through the rushes and the alder copses brown.

Well I know that in its courses, underneath the branches cool,
There is many a sandy basin, many a broad and quiet pool.

There we bathed, do you remember? set our mimic fleets a sail,
Every change to us eventful, every turn of tide and gale.

Saw them meet the surges bravely, safely pass the marshy bends,
And at last among the eddies come to most untimely ends.

There the minnows led their armies, bright of eye and swift of fin,
Wary of the tempting dainties dropped them on each crooked pin.

From those rocky ledges yonder, patiently we fished for trout,
Doomed to wait and hope and sorrow, faith soon giving place to doubt.

Here, at noon, we urchins rested, 'neath the bending apple trees,
Rarer fruit, we thought, was never ripened by the tropic seas.

And the berries on the hill-side, ne'er were berries sweet as those,
Where we lingered in the twilight, staining hands and tearing clothes.

Will it seem as fair, I wonder, as it did in days of yore,
When the old mill falls in ruins, and the brook is free once more?

Drifting snows will fill the doorway, through the shattered windows steal,
Tangled vines creep o'er the threshold, mosses clog the useless wheel.

We shall miss the honest miller, joking o'er the tardy grain,
And the flock of eager pigeons fluttering down the dusty lane.

Yet the winds of spring will rustle in the leaves, as soft and low,
Sweet as ever, in the thickets will the summer roses blow.

And the voices of the waters still will call us as they run,
Still the waves will flash and glitter, hurrying onward in the sun.

THE WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

WHEN selfishness and passion are entirely removed from human character, and individual pride is lost in a pride embracing all humanity, a Community agreeing in some of its features with that at Wallingford, may take the place of present society, and become a sign of the approaching Millenium. Agreeing in some features only, for certain doctrines taught at Wallingford can never be otherwise than repugnant to the good and virtuous.

"It was in the leafy month of June" when we visited this remarkable establishment. The village of Wallingford itself is prettily situated on the summit of a slope stretching back to the east from the railroad. Standing by the Beach House we direct our eyes across the valley to another pleasant slope opposite. Half way up and partially hidden from view by the foliage are the Community buildings, whither we will now proceed. Crossing the Quinnipiack on a temporary bridge, for the old one is being repaired, we plunge into the woods through which a narrow path brings us to the road near the buildings. A single person is in sight, a female in bloomer costume busied among the flowering plants and shrubs. Attracted by a continuous sound as of machinery in motion, we neglect the fair bloomer and passing on between the house and flower plot enter the Mount Tom Printing Office. Here a press operated by a caloric engine is busy turning off pages of the history of Wallingford. The work is elegantly done. The highly tinted paper, the clear and regular type, show that nothing of an inferior character is permitted. The *LIT.* itself would not be ashamed of such a dress. The composing room is near but is vacant now and we will visit the other departments.

Crossing the road and descending the slope near a barn where the diminutive chickens scatter with plaintive cries as we pass, we enter the strawberry field. Here three or four acres are covered with pickers from the village,

gathering the crimson fruit which is to be eaten to-morrow morning on Boston breakfast tables. The eye loves to linger upon the berries, round, ripe and large, but contenting ourselves with the thought that eye and palate alike will soon be gratified, we tear ourselves away to visit the silk factory.

In this building are engaged about twenty-seven village girls with two superintendents from the Community, one male and the other female. The silk manufactured is "machine twist" and the process is completed at Oneida, New York, the parent Community. The silk is of the very best quality, being imported from China through a firm in Paris. The process is quite interesting, but the curious eyes turned upon us warn us to be sedate and circumspect. Consequently turning back across the muddy stream we pass the strawberry pickers and climb the hill again.

In the composing room we found a courteous informant in Mr. Van Velzer who was engaged upon some electroplates for a book of advertisements. Here, also, by this time were several women engaged in setting type, &c., including among them the venerable Mrs. Noyes, wife of the founder. And we will venture to assert that for health and contented appearance we have seen few who surpass them in ordinary society. One little girl of about thirteen years entered while we were waiting, dressed in the short skirt and pants, but with brown eyes sparkling and cheeks ruddy with health. In fact all whom we saw were apparently in perfect health, though the men were wanting in a certain depth of color, due perhaps to their comparative freedom from out-door work.

But visitors are beginning to arrive and we will step into the waiting room and order some refreshments. A table is laid for us in a middle room with dazzling white cloth. The coveted strawberries look enticingly out from a capacious glass dish, the whitest of sugar and the sweetest of cream stand in clear glass vessels. Ah, I pity one who could look upon such a spectacle unmoved. The dish of strawberries is partly emptied and replenished, lemonade which the gods would not have scorned is supplied

and cake is furnished. While we feast, other parties are doing likewise out under the trees, and the bloomers flit faster and faster back and forth between the house and grass-plot. The feast is over, and we wander forth and climb the hill still higher. Stretching ourselves luxuriously upon the grass, we look away upon the prospect. In the north the church spires of Meriden lift their white tops above the hills. Eastward at the foot of the slope flows the Quinnipiack, and beyond the railroad thunders and groans with frequent trains.

This is a strange people. In the world, yet not of it; dealing daily with its people, yet scrupulously refraining from intimacy with them; leading a life some of whose features the world must unhesitatingly condemn, yet shaming the world by certain unquestioned virtues, they are a problem worthy of study. Education of the highest kind is earnestly sought by them. Mention that you are a student of Yale and observe the pride with which they tell you of their own young men at this college. In conversation one cannot fail of being impressed with their command of pure language. In the office of the factory was lying a well-used copy of Davies' Legendre. In the school-room we found books indicating the study of the classics and mathematics, giving evidence of a zeal for learning which might put many a college student to shame.

In reality the labor of the Community is more head-work than hand-work. The farm labor is performed principally by hired employees. A field of corn which we passed was rapidly losing its weeds under the vigorous strokes of two Irishmen. The strawberry pickers all come from the village, and so with the girls of the factory. In the house and printing office only, no outside help is employed.

The peculiar feature of the Community, however, is that from which it derives its name. Community in the widest sense of the word they practice, community of property and community of persons. No one can lay claim to anything as his own. No one can devote his attention to one piece of ground, cultivating and tending it

with peculiar care, thinking to receive its products for himself. Even the clothes he wears cannot belong to him alone, but every member has a right to them. Thus all the gains which they receive from the world flow not into the purse of any individual or collection of individuals among them, but belong to all alike. So far community has for us no bad meaning. But for them it has a further signification. Ignoring all individual love between persons of opposite sexes, they make every woman the wife of every man and every man the husband of every woman. Such seem to be their doctrines in effect, although, were they not limited in practice, the Community would speedily fall asunder by its own rottenness. And this is the most remarkable of their many peculiarities. To introduce such a theory into society would make a second Sodom and would be followed by immediate disintegration. But by a certain oversight exercised by the Community at daily evening gatherings, all undesirable connections are prevented and individual impulses are directed in a way deemed advantageous to the good of all. To assert that they are all scoundrels and libertines is simply falsehood. That they are thoroughly conscientious in their belief no one acquainted with them can deny. This and this only preserves them from extinction.

As we descend, the sun is sinking, and the shadows straggle in irregular shapes up the eastern hill and away into the village. The steam gongs have long since quavered out their warnings for the night, and over in the Town Hall the "Broadway Star Dramatic Company" are waiting for us. But we will not tell you now how the drama opened and progressed, how the orchestra, consisting of a horn, three violins, and a bass-viol, tortured opera airs, how the bass-viol got thirsty first and retired, followed in due succession by the exhausted violins, while the courageous horn brought up the rear, and how we left the heroine dying with excessive loquacity; for the whistle of the train is heard. We leap aboard and plunge away into the darkness, and our trip to Wallingford is over.

H. E. K.

BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. III.

My dear Aristodemus, I wish you had more backbone. You need more, in respect to certain things—you positively do. I know there are a great many influences here which tend to make you weak in the back, so to speak, but you ought to resist them more than you do. You'll think over these days sometimes, when you have come to portliness and honors, and wish you had, too. But perhaps you don't know what I'm talking about;—though it seems to me that if you would try you could think of a dozen particulars in which you are as limsy as an unstarched rag. I'll give you a case. You were coming down by south college the other evening. Tom Politic, who is in the class above you, was coming across the grass from College street. This latter person, you know well enough, is one whose acquaintance and influence you think would be serviceable to you. But he didn't appear to see you. Indeed, I believe he never spoke to you but once, and then it was upon a mere matter of business. You had already passed the point where his course would cut your path. But you didn't notice that, and so you loitered along, and stared at him until you caught his eye, and then bowed. He bowed, of course;—but he rightly concluded, under the circumstances, that you were bowing to certain accidental advantages which you imagined he possessed. The apparent baseness of your motive will make your acquaintance with that man rather unprofitable for you. He puts you down as one of those who

—“give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'erdusted.”

But the individual result in this case isn't the thing I want you to notice. I want you to observe the general principle of idol worship and lackeyism and all that kind of humbleness, which has so many manifestations in college, and which takes a good deal of the real grit and worth out of men. To be sure, the construction of college society is such as to promote this state of things. Class societies,

the system of prizes, and everything which makes one man have more recognized influence than another, leads inevitably, with a certain constitution of mind, to knuckling down. But it is all wrong and hurtful, my dear Aristodemus. Just see, for example, the destruction of individuality. How few men there are here who are true to themselves! And by this I do not mean that they are not true to a general ideal of manhood;—I mean that they are indefatigable in cutting off every shoot of individual taste and opinion, so that all that makes John different from James, all that gives a particular tone to character, and causes one to be chosen as a friend and the other rejected, is ruthlessly removed. Look at yourself, my dear Aristodemus. You have a certain ambition. That is right. You would never amount to anything if you were not ambitious. But how do you seek to gain the object of your desire? By going at it in your own way, and being so characteristically yourself as to make your work, whatever it is and of whatever degree of merit it may be, wholly individual? Not at all. Say that you want to write a composition or an article for the LIT. What is the very first thing you do, after deciding upon a subject? Why, my dear boy, you post over to the library, and read up everything that has ever been written on the subject;—and now I am not speaking of mere historical facts, but of opinions, theories and fancies—in short, of all the *material* out of which essays are constructed. Well, you cram up all this; and then you sit down and re-hash the whole lot, under influences to the last degree foreign to yourself. It must be acknowledged, my dear Aristodemus, that occasionally you make a very pretty job of it. But you, yourself, the frame-work, are completely buried in the stucco and varnish and general ornaments cribbed from a dozen different shops. Sometimes you get the honor you are working for—but it only indicates that you are a skillful manipulator, and not at all that you have any power as a creator. I know, my dear Aristodemus, how many and potent are the temptations to work in this way. The multiplication of books in these latter days, and the perfect deluge of essays, treating of every subject under

the sun, and often as readable as they are superficial, which cover the land, make browsing the easiest thing in the world. Then, again, the standard of judgment is such that you hardly dare to sit down and say what you really think. Look at the DeForest speaking the other day. See how gently and kindly the conventional was patted! And so you naturally come to think that you'll fail, unless you look at every question from the customary standpoint. But why not fling these cobwebs one side? Why not work, not to have somebody else call your work good, but so as to have yourself in it? This hash business doesn't do you any good;—and sooner or later you yourself will be ashamed of it. Or take another case. You want to be considered a prominent man in your class. You feel that you have the elements of greatness in you, and you want to get these elements together so that other people may recognize your power. So you straightway look up one of the strong men in your class, and proceed to reflect, to the best of your feeble ability, the light which comes from him. You revolve around him, and sometimes become almost luminous from your proximity to him. But every body sees, my Aristodemus, that you are only a satellite;—and among men, satellites are very contemptible things. You shine and shine, but there is no light in you. You have an opinion about men and things, but it is not *your* opinion. In a word, "thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine." Now why can't you stand on your own bottom instead of on some other man's legs? Why can't you be a man, instead of a moon? For look at the folly of it. The *ignobile vulgus* see through your conduct, and despise you accordingly: while the man whose opinions you repeat, and by whose influence you expect to prosper, would kick you into kingdom-come if he could, and will certainly miss no chance of showing you up in your true color. You may feel bad over this, my dear Aristodemus, but what else can the man do? He has his rights, as well as you, and if Adhesive Smithers makes him his boon companion, without even saying By your leave, sir, what other means of self-

defense is there left? The fact is, my dear Aristodemus, the only way for you to develop your dormant greatness is by shining with your own light. And the amount of light isn't so important, either. Better send out a glimmer from a tallow dip of your own, than to blaze with the rays of another man's sun!—Now, my dear Aristodemus, it is quite likely that you will misunderstand every word I have said—such is the perversity of man! You will think that I look with suspicion on all courteous recognitions and friendships between men of unequal or different talents. But I do not. I try to be an apostle of these very things myself. What I am talking against is the *sudden* respect sometimes shown to persons; the foisting one's self upon a fellow while he has influence, and leaving him the moment he has none; the obsequiousness to certain classes of persons and the insolence to other classes;—in short, everything that indicates a regard for what a man happens to have, and not what he is. If you, my dear Aristodemus, like a man irrespective of what other people think of him, irrespective of his position and irrespective of what you hope he is going to be, then I am not talking to you. But even if you do like him in just this commendable way, don't make him your model. Modeled men, at the best, are only plaster casts! In all that you think, say or write, be yourself, my dear Aristodemus;—let your own characteristics determine the tone of everything which comes from your hand. You'll find it profitable, in the long run—which is a sordid motive, I know, but you are human!



NOTABILIA.

——It is a noticeable fact that Presentation Day is fast becoming Class Day. In a few years the old title will probably disappear entirely. It has already become meaningless. Originally it *had* a meaning. On it the

entire senior class was presented by the senior tutor to the President. The theory was that up to that day the corporation of the college was entirely ignorant of the existence of any such body of men as the senior class, but that it acquired that knowledge when the senior tutor, as the representative of the Faculty, introduced the class to the President as the representative of the corporation. Although the President had taught them during the whole year, custom required that he should pretend to be utterly unacquainted even with the fact of their mere existence. So far was this carried that President Stiles was accustomed, as the class filed into the chapel, to rise from his seat in the pulpit, and with an expression of the greatest astonishment, cry out "Whence cometh this multitude of youth?" "How many!" "How ingenuous!" "See these men walking thick as trees in a forest!" "Who are these whom I see?" etc., etc., all of which sentences, laughable enough now, were delivered with a sonorous pomp which inspired respect and destroyed all sense of the ludicrous incongruity. The practice has long since died out, and the name which it gave to the day, will soon follow its fate.

———There are few pleasanter walks than the one by the road which passes the hospital, and just beyond the bridge over West river, divides into two roads which lead to Savin Rock and to Milford. It is rarely traveled by students, but yet has one or two points of great interest. In the war of the Revolution the British troops, intent upon the capture of New Haven, landed at Savin Rock and pushed hastily on to make a junction with each other at the intersection of these two roads. The news of their approach spread rapidly through the country, but it was useless to try to hinder it. About half a mile beyond the bridge, on the right hand side, is a large rock. Behind this, an old farmer from Derby had concealed himself. As the Milford detachment came marching by, he shot down its leader, a member of the ducal house of Campbell and said to be the handsomest man in the British army. Amazed and startled by the unlooked-for attack the whole battalion broke and ran. Driven back by the curses of

their officers, they espied the old farmer slinking through the fields, and concentrated their fire upon him with such fatal effect that, in the words of the "oldest inhabitant" of Derby, "there wasn't a piece an inch big left of him." There was no time to be lost. The body of Campbell was hastily buried a few rods from the road, and the troops pushed on. They met the other detachment, and at the bridge over West river they were confronted by a force of about sixty students under the leadership of Dr. Daggett, the then President. After a volley of musketry on each side, the British charged their opponents, and we regret to say that said opponents fled, instantly and ignominiously. The reverend Doctor, being somewhat obese, was unable to run as fast as his soldiers, and was, according to tradition, caught and placed at the head of the invading column, and compelled by bayonet pricks to keep up a gentle amble until they reached the green. It is said that he never recovered from the shock of the insult offered him. While the English held New Haven, their officers erected over Campbell's grave a small head stone, intended to be only a temporary one, to last until the remains could be sent home; but when, after the war, this was attempted, the country people rose in arms and guarded the grave day and night, so that the project had to be abandoned. So, to-day, at the head of the grave, there is a low stone, upon which is cut "Campbell, 1777," and that is all.

——Permit me, Messrs. Editors, to make known through your columns, a grievance under which I have long groaned. Very pleasant is it, in these sweltering days of summer term to sit by one's open window and enjoy whatever light zephyrs may chance to be astir. Such *might have been* my happy lot. But alas! it was not. I have a back corner room in North Middle college, and in a neighboring room of the Chapel there dwells a sweet singer of Israel. This musical youth evidently has intentions of joining the discordant band known as the college choir, for at all hours his voice may be heard uplifted in—song (?). His forte is undoubtedly the plaintive, as he

sings nothing but funeral dirges. In short, he is a featherless turtle dove, and like that charming bird persists in raising his sweet, sad voice, unmindful of the fact that thus the savage hunter may be guided to his retreat. I fear, indeed, that some of his irate neighbors may be tempted to do him harm, and therefore it is that I have been led to give him this pointed warning. Sad it would be to miss him from the midst of us, but unless he is wise and sins no more, I fear that the voice of the turtle will soon be heard no more in the land.

——The occupants of the back rooms in North Middle have been more or less annoyed during this term by sundry enthusiastic disciples of Base Ball, who worship their divinity at all hours, in utter disregard of the rights and comforts of others. In addition to the necessary noise that must attend this festive amusement, they are also given to much loud talking, and not a little recrimination, occasioned by frequent *shortcomings*. Now the *hard students* who inhabit the aforesaid North Middle are far from any wish to discourage these hopeful aspirants to the honors of "University Nine men," although they would mildly inquire whether said aspirants are not "hoping against hope." Still they are not to be censured too severely, for after all, they are in a measure compelled to play just where they do, or not at all. As long as "fifty marks and two cents fine," we beg pardon, "two marks and fifty cents fine" are the penalty of "playing ball in the college grounds," so long will it be necessary to play where it will be easy to dart into concealment at the warning cry of "Faculty!" If we were permitted to play ball where no possible damage could be done, as for instance, between the front fence and the first row of elms, it would save many marks, allay much hard feeling, and conduce greatly to the comfort and advantage of would-be students.

——The fourth of July was ushered in with cannon, drums, etc., much to the disgust of peaceful, unpatriotic people, who wanted to sleep. But much allowance must be made for the ardor of Hibernians newly naturalized,

Ethiopians newly enfranchised, and gentlemen from the rural districts who came into the city with their blooming sweethearts to celebrate. Our "country's natal day," is to their untutored imagination one continuous explosion. By all means let them be gratified. But while these are innocently enjoying their independence, no words of condemnation are severe enough for those so-called gentlemen who abuse the license of the day. From the college fence fire-crackers were thrown at horses, and into a carriage where a lady was driving. A Roman candle was shot into a bedroom opposite and clothes set on fire. Especially were the horses who draw the cars made to suffer from the propensities of these rascals. The firing of squibs is bad enough; it is senseless and annoying. But when deliberately or thoughtlessly used so as to endanger life, it becomes simply devilish. We are glad to know that these performances were confined to one class and a few individuals.



MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our Record

Extends from June 4 to July 13. It has been a season of sunshine and of flowers. The social life of Yale has well-nigh obliterated all other life. Fathers and mothers and sisters and cousins and sweethearts have been in delicious proximity; while the average collegian has been in such an entrancing whirl of excitement that only the wilting influence of "annual" has prevented him from bidding an eternal farewell to this work-a-day world, and going to dwell with sweet-faced girls, arrayed in the gayest of sky-spankers and the smallest of shoes, for ever and ever. The general effect of all this dissipation has been rather demoralizing upon the writer of this record;—and if he happens to use long-winded adjectives rather extravagantly, and starts out bravely with sentences from which he comes limpingly off, he wishes it distinctly understood that he can't help himself. But before we drive our goose-quill spurs

into Pegasus for an ethereal flight, one or two earthly matters need mentioning, among which

Society Elections

come first in order of time. The Sophomore societies gave out elections to the following members of '73 on June 8:—Φ. Θ. Ψ.: E. Alexander, A. H. Allen, L. B. Almy, S. L. Beckley, W. W. Beebe, W. B. Bininger, A. B. Boardman, S. L. Boyce, E. A. Bradford, L. Carter, A. J. Caton, S. S. Clark, J. W. Clemens, W. D. Crocker, H. B. Frissell, G. V. Gould, C. R. Grubb, J. O. Heald, W. A. Houghton, F. W. Howard, D. W. Huntington, L. W. Irwin, C. P. Latting, H. W. Lyman, W. F. McCook, H. A. Oaks, F. S. Parker, J. T. Perry, H. E. Sadler, C. H. Thomas, S. N. White. Messrs. Bacon, Hincks, Merriam and Thacher, of '72, received class elections at the same time.—Δ. Β. Ξ.: F. W. Adee, F. D. Allen, C. D. Ashley, T. A. Bent, G. T. Bliss, C. W. Bowen, A. Collins, J. A. Clemmer, J. Day, S. T. Dutton, W. W. Flagg, E. E. Gaylord, G. Greene, C. S. Hemingway, J. C. Hubbard, I. N. Judson, W. St. J. Jones, W. E. Kelley, H. W. Lathe, E. J. Lattimer, C. Lehmer, S. Merritt, J. B. Mills, J. P. Platt, S. O. Prentice, J. P. Peters, F. Palmer, C. A. Russell, F. B. Tarbell, W. E. Wheelock, F. S. Wicks, S. P. Williams, F. H. Wright. Class elections were given out at the same time to Messrs. Cooper, Good and Stem, of '72.—Α. Δ. Φ., for some reason, postponed taking her freshmen in until June 14. Their names are as follows: W. Beebe, G. F. Bentley, C. E. Bigelow, W. W. Browning, E. H. Buckingham, E. S. Cowles, D. Davenport, H. McK. Denslow, S. J. Elder, J. C. Goddard, F. T. Hale, E. R. Johnes, A. W. McIntire, M. M. Macomb, P. Mountjoy, I. R. Sanford, J. E. Shaw, R. H. Smith, S. T. Stewart, D. R. Sutherland, F. C. Tallcott, G. H. Wald, F. C. Webster, J. T. Wheeler, S. P. Williams, J. Winters, H. M. Wright. J. W. Wescott of '72 was also taken in at the same time. During the last year elections to this society have been accepted by Messrs. Pope, '71, F. W. DuBois, Robinson, F. S. Smith, Schell and Totman, '72. On the same evening (June 14) the Junior societies gave out elections as follows:—Δ. Κ. Ε.: W. H. Averell, P. P. Beals, W. C. Beecher, L. S. Boomer, W. H. Bradley, O. F. Brannan, E. W. Cady, H. G. Chapin, R. E. Coe, O. H. Cooper, H. W. Cragin, W. L. Cushing, C. O. Day, D. B. Delavan, F. T. DuBois, J. K. DuBois, S. W. Grierson, J. A. Graves, B. Hoppin, F. M. Littlefield, C. A. Northrop, H. S. Payson, C. B. Ramsdell, G. Richards, H. M. Sanders, G. P. Sawyer, H. D. Sellers, C. P. Smith, J. B. Smith, J. T. Stewart, A. M. Stem, J. P. Studley, R. F. Tilney,

W. B. Wheeler. Messrs. Banks, Hoffecker, Jelley and Stoeckel have received class elections during the year. Y. Y.: T. R. Bacon, F. H. Baldwin, J. H. Bennett, H. E. Benton, C. Campbell, E. B. Cobb, C. C. Deming, H. C. Deming, F. S. Dennis, C. H. Ferry, F. L. Hall, D. Harmon, J. H. Hincks, H. W. B. Howard, G. L. Hoyt, H. W. Jameson, E. H. Jenkins, J. W. Kirkham, E. S. Lines, A. R. Merriam, L. G. Parsons, E. H. Peaselee, H. S. Potter, A. H. Robertson, C. J. H. Ropes, J. Sanford, G. A. Slade, G. A. Spalding, G. T. Sperry, J. W. Stimson, F. G. B. Swaine, E. S. Thacher, E. R. Troxell, E. H. Williams, T. S. Woolsey. No class elections have been given out during the year. Singing and spreads characterized the outside festivities on these evenings. The faculty, after a great deal of figuring, concluded that the fun was worth just ten marks apiece all around. On the night of sophomore elections, the Hon. Johannes Cotton Smith, of the class of '30, late Legatus ad Rempubl. Boliv., and now an enthusiastic member of the female suffrage committee in the Connecticut Legislature, received a serenade from his numerous college friends, which was brought to an untimely end by the sudden appearance of sundry tutors. The fellows were very much shocked to see these gentlemen out at that time o' night, and for fear of being seen in bad company, left for unknown parts *instantly*. John Cotton was inconsolable over the mishap. The initiation ceremonies of the Sophomore societies took place on the evening of June 17; the Junior initiations occurred on the evening of June 24. A brief, but moving tale we could relate about the "orgies," but silence is the law. In the *Yale Courant* of July 2 we find this item: "The following persons received elections to Senior Societies last Thursday evening. Skull and Bones: C. H. Clark, F. Collin, H. R. Elliott, C. D. Hine, H. E. Kinney, R. B. Lea, H. Mansfield, A. B. Mason, F. Mead, W. W. Perry, W. R. Sperry, E. F. Sweet, G. A. Strong, T. Thacher, W. K. Townsend; Scroll & Key: R. W. Archbald, C. E. Beebe, S. Benedict, E. Cramer, S. B. Jackson, C. Lyman, W. S. Moody, J. F. Page, T. G. Peck, P. C. Smith, C. H. Starling, L. Starling, J. Wales, W. E. Walker, G. P. Wilshire." Outdoor performances, however, have been many and various during the month, and among these

Base Ball

Has been chief. The first game since our last issue came off on the eighth of June, between the class nines of '71 and '72, for the champion flag. The score stood 13 to 10 in favor of '72. The match between the famous Red Stockings and our University Nine, which was arranged for June 11, did not come off on account of the rain. This is the

second time the clerk of the weather has done this sort of a thing. June 17 the University played the Lowells;—score, 14 to 8 for Yale. Mr. Clarence Deming, formerly of '71, acted as umpire. The next day the class nine of '73 beat the Charter Oaks of Hartford, at that city, to the tune of 34 to 12. June 25 the University nine played the Mutuels. Strong of '71 pitched in place of Thomas of '73. The score was 49 to 12 against Yale. On the same day the class nine of '73 played the Harvard freshmen at Springfield, Mass., beating them by a score of 21 to 18. July 2 a game took place between the White Stockings of Chicago and the University nine. Richards of '72 caught in place of Bentley of '73, disabled at Springfield, and A. B. Chapman of '72 played at third base, his old position, in place of Richards, who had been assigned to that place; Buck of '70 played in his old position, first base, and Wheeler of '72 took his place in centre field. The score was 35 to 8. The umpire was a member of the White Stocking club. The White Stockings were very airy and talkative throughout the entire game, and do not approximate, in point of gentlemanliness, to any professional nine that has ever played Yale at Hamilton Park. On July 4 the University match between Harvard and Yale took place. The play was fine—a large crowd was present. Our nine has not played better than they did that day this season—their excellent batting being especially noticeable. But they were beaten by two runs, after one of the closest and most exciting games of the season, much to the joy of the Harvard men present, and to the corresponding chagrin of all Yalensians. We give the score:

<i>Yale.</i>					<i>Harvard.</i>				
			R.	O.				R.	O.
Buck, 1b.,	-	-	2	4	Eustis, r.f.,	-	-	2	4
Wheeler, c.f.,	-	-	4	3	Wells, c.f.,	-	-	5	2
Richards, 3b.,	-	-	3	2	Perrin, 1b.,	-	-	2	5
Bentley, c.,	-	-	2	3	Bush, c.,	-	-	5	1
Payson, 2b.	-	-	2	2	Austin, s.s.,	-	-	6	0
McCutchen, s.s.,	-	-	0	4	Goodwin, p.,	-	-	1	2
Day, r.f.,	-	-	2	4	Reynolds, 3b.,	-	-	0	6
Thomas, p.,	-	-	4	2	White, 2b.,	-	-	2	3
Deming, l.f.,	-	-	3	3	Barnes, l.f.,	-	-	2	4
Total,			22	27	Total,			24	27
<i>Innings—</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard,	5	3	0	2	4	5	2	3	0—24
Yale,	1	2	3	1	6	6	2	1	0—22

Umpire—Mr Bunce, of Charter Oaks.

Scorers—Sanborn and Williams.

Time of game, 3 hours.

A match game was played between the Princeton college nine and the University nine, July 6. The score stood 26 to 15. It was a very sick game. In striking contrast to these games, however, was the one played July 9 between the tenth and eleventh nines of the class of '71, commonly known as the Prolates of Künsnacht and the Oblates of Altorf. The game was an exceedingly quick one—lasting only five hours and a half. At the expiration of the game, the players were brought to college on shutters. They have been so stiff, ever since, that the flies have been wholly undisturbed in the bestowment of those delicate attentions for which the affectionate creatures are remarkable. The score was 92 to 46 in favor of the Oblates—a remarkably small score, when the character of the players is taken into account. A different result would probably have been obtained had not the Prolates superciliously put the writer of this account off the nine, for the reason that he demanded a stool to sit on, an umbrella to hold over his head,—which might possibly have been useful, also, in protecting him from the ravages of fly balls,—a basket in which to catch ordinary balls, and a small boy to carry the ball from him to the pitcher. These reasonable requirements being refused, he was forced, though much against his will, to forego the pleasure of playing a game for which he has an enthusiastic admiration. The score is a sufficient answer to the gibes which were hurled at him for his course. The interest taken by all college in this match was prodigious; but it hardly equalled that which was felt in the

DeForest Speaking,

Which came off at the Chapel on the afternoon of Monday, June 27. The Townsend composition prizes were awarded this year to Messrs. Andrews, Chase, Gulliver, Mason, Shepard, and Tilney, of whom Messrs. Gulliver and Tilney were on the last LIT. board and Mr. Shepard on the last board of the *Yale Courant*. Messrs. Andrews, Chase and Mason wrote on the "Decay of Faith;" Mr. Gulliver on "Destructive Reformers;" Mr. Shepard on "The great Debate between Webster and Hayne;" and Mr. Tilney on "Abraham Lincoln." These compositions, cut down to fifteen minute orations, were pronounced in the following order: Henry B. Mason, Chicago, Ill.; George Chase, Portland, Me.; John W. Andrews, Columbus, O.; Charles E. Shepard, Dansville, N. Y.; Thomas J. Tilney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William C. Gulliver, Galesburg, Ill. The chapel was well filled and the speaking for the most part was excellent. After the usual delay, the nineteenth DeForest medal was awarded by the Faculty of the college to THOMAS J. TILNEY, making the fifth DeForest taken by Chi Delta Theta. Mr. Chase re-

ceived an honorable mention. The people immediately dispersed in order to make themselves beautiful for the

Wooden Spoon Promenade,

Which came off at Music Hall in the evening, under the management of the cochlaureati of '71, consisting of the following gentlemen: R. W. Archbald, C. E. Beebe, Fred Collin, I. H. Ford, R. B. Lea, P. C. Smith, L. Starling, J. Wales, W. E. Walker. The committee had spared no expense nor labor in completing every arrangement necessary to the comfort and pleasure of those who attended this, the festival night of Yale, and we have yet to hear a single complaint of failure in the slightest particular. The hall was beautifully decorated—the music was by Grafulla's 7th Regt. band. Even the traditional lemonade was not only abundant, but good,—each glass containing the required strawberry. The number present was very large and the costumes worn exceedingly brilliant. All the beauty of New Haven was present, and neighboring and remote cities were well represented. Everybody danced or looked on until morning, and went away declaring that this had been the most delightful evening of their lives. Notwithstanding the fatigue occasioned by dancing all night, every dweller in and visitor to New Haven made a point of attending the

Summer Regatta

At lake Saltonstall, which took place on the afternoon of the following day, June 28. Nineteen car-loads of palpitating humanity went out from the depot, while all the roads leading to the lake were crowded with carriages of every kind and condition. Felsburg's band was at Regatta Point in good season, and awoke the echoes by their timely tooting. A little rain fell as the people were getting into position, which, although not down on the programme, greatly increased the interest of the occasion. The first race was for single sculls—distance two miles, the prize offered to the winning oar being the Southworth cup, of which mention has already been made. There were five entries, as follows:—G. E. Dodge, '70, *Lady Alice*, (White handkerchief); C. W. Gould, '70, *Grace*, (Yellow); W. H. Lee, '70, *The Nameless*, (Orange); E. T. Owen, '71, *Nellie*, (Magenta); T. G. Peck, '71, *Louise*, (Blue.) The race to the turn was a fine one; but on the return Owen had it all his own way. The time made was as follows: Owen, 14 m. 11½ s.; Dodge, 14 m. 35½ s.; Lee, 14 m. 57½ s.; Gould, 15 m. 3 s.; Peck, 15 m. 19½ s. Lee put in a claim of foul in turning, against Owen, but the

claim was not sustained. Edward T. Owen, '71, of Hartford, therefore won the cup. His time was remarkably good for an amateur. Peck was disabled at an early part of the race. The second race was for shells—distance, three miles. The first prize consisted of \$75 and the Phelps Champion Flag; the second prize, \$25. The following crews entered:—*University*: Colors, Blue handkerchiefs; D. McC. Bone, (Bow), C. S. Hemingway, F. G. B. Swayne, Z. T. Carpenter, L. G. Parsons, E. W. Coonley, (Stroke). *Scientific*: Colors, Orange handkerchiefs; J. T. Whittlesey, (Bow), J. W. Griswold, R. Colgate, H. H. Buck, R. W. Davenport, T. G. Bennett, (Stroke.) '72:—L. E. Curtis, (Bow), E. H. Hubbard, W. H. Bradley, D. J. H. Willcox, L. S. Boomer, E. H. Jenkins, (Stroke). '73:—S. L. Boyce, (Bow), F. W. Adee, J. Day, G. M. Browne, W. F. McCook, W. W. Flagg (Stroke.) The positions at the start were—University, inside; '73, second; Scientifics third; and '72 outside. The University gave a handicap of fifteen seconds to the class crews. The race was a very pretty one, though most of the interest was centered in the Scientifics and Freshmen. The time made was as follows: Scientifics, 19 m. 36½ s.; '73, 20 m. 1-10 s.; University, 20 m. 14¼ s.; '72, 20 m. 19¼ s. The Scientifics were the heroes of the day; while everybody was proud of the plucky Freshmen, and hoped them all manner of success at Worcester, in their contest with the Freshmen crews of Harvard, Amherst and Brown. The third race for double sculls did not take place. Rev. J. H. Twitchell, '59, and Charles H. Owen, '60, acted as umpires. The judges were—for the University, H. D. Cleveland, '67; Scientifics, C. T. Ballard, S. S. S.; Sophomores, H. P. Warren, '70; Freshmen, W. R. Belknap, S. S. S. It will be noticed, that the University crew had one new man, Mr. Carpenter, '70, who pulled in the place of Cushing, '72. It was also noticeable to every one that the steering was very poor. These two circumstances, however, were not thought sufficient to account for the evident weakness of the crew, and accordingly, at a meeting held at the President's Lecture Room on Saturday, July 9, after much discussion, it was resolved to put Flagg and McCook, of '73, on the crew. Previous to this, Carrington Phelps, '70, who is probably the best steersman in college, took the bow oar, which makes a total change of three men in the crew. Commodore Bone pulls stroke. The crew, as finally arranged, is as follows: Carrington Phelps, North Colebrook, Conn., bow; Wilbur W. Flagg, Yonkers, N. Y., port bow; William L. Cushing, Bath, Me., starboard waist; Edgar D. Coonley, Greenville, N. Y., port waist; Willis J. McCook, Pittsburg, Pa., starboard stroke; David McC. Bone, Petersburg, Ill., stroke. Charles S. Hemingway takes Flagg's

place as stroke on the Freshman crew, and Daniel Davenport takes McCook's oar. But the Regatta is over—though we may as well add that it was a great success and a great addition to the interesting exercises which occur during Presentation week—and everybody is off for the

Wooden Spoon Exhibition.

This was given at Music Hall on the evening of the twenty-eighth. As usual, the hall was crowded to suffocation, and everybody looked as pretty and felt as hot as possible. There was plenty of time to gossip, and see and be seen, before the performance began, the programme of which was as follows: 1. Overture, "Light Cavalry," *Verdi*; 2. Opening Load, "Cochlea"; 3. Latin Salutatory, Robert Wodrow Archbald, Scranton, Pa.; 4. Music, "Ernani," *Verdi*; 5. Presentation of the Spoon, Isaac Henry Ford, North East, Md.; 6. Reception, Robert Brinckley Lea, Nashville, Tenn.; 7. Wooden Spoon Song; 8. Music, "O! Ye Tears," *Abt*; 9. College Comedy, "Who's Who?"—*Dramatis Personæ*—Grant Johnson, a careless dog, L. Starling; Charles Gray, his friend, R. B. Lea; Mark Jackson, a moral youth, P. C. Smith; Frank Dunlap, a college Deacon, Fred Collin; A. Bartholomew Browne, of the "Bore Tribe," I. H. Ford; Maude Crawford, a woman's rightness, C. E. Beebe; Mary Fordham, her cousin, C. Wood; Gretchen, a pretty waitress, W. W. Perry; John, Joe, Sam, Harry, etc., students; 10. Music, "On the beautiful blue Danube," *Strauss*; 11. Younger Members of the Faculty; 12. Tragedy—"Return of Ulysses."—*Dramatis Personæ*—Ulysses, I. H. Ford; Eumaeus, R. W. Archbald; Telemachus, J. Wales; Penelope, H. R. Elliot; Suitors; 13. Music, "Weiner Bonbons," *Strauss*; 14. Songs on the Fence; 15. Finale. Grafulla's 7th Regt. Band put the "Light Cavalry" through their paces in good style, after which the Spoon man, ROBERT BRINCKLEY LEA, of Nashville, Tenn., appeared from the depths of an immense shell. The "load" was rather doubtful to unclassical minds, but everybody saw at once that BOB was *the* rooster of the class, and that was all that was aimed at. The latin salutatory was funny and was pronounced with the solemn pomposity of a Roman senator. The spoon addresses were excellent, and each one was well delivered. The spoon song, written by Henry Baldwin, '71, was a very pretty little thing, all about the glories of the spoon. It was sung to an old German air, of Dr. Stoeckel's selection. The college comedy, entitled "Who's Who?" was written by W. R. Sperry, '71. It is probably the worst apology for a play that ever appeared. All the newspaper correspondents said they couldn't hear it, and it was very stupid. Probably if they *had* heard it, as it

was written and with all the stage appointments in working order, they would have called it deuced stupid. Even a lady,—who, by the way, did not know who wrote it,—asked us if the committee *had* to have an original play! However, he is a hard-hearted father who does not stand by his own child, and we are bound to say that we think the play an excellent one. In justice to the committee, it ought to be added that the scene-shifter was drunk, which occasioned the frequent dropping of the curtain. The younger members of the faculty, consisting of two diminutive representatives of the Fifteenth Amendment, was rather dark to most minds. The best thing of the evening was the tragic “Return of Ulysses,” written by Mr. H. R. Elliott, ’71. It was put on the stage in good shape, and had intrinsic merit. Elliott made a gushing “Penelope,” while Ford did “Ulysses” in quite the grand style. The songs on the fence were good, as they always are, the faculty of Yale College to the contrary, notwithstanding. The finale was very fine indeed. The exhibition, as a whole, it must be admitted, was not as good as it ought to have been, though it probably would compare favorably with any preceding one. The chief trouble is in the unaccountable stoppages in the performance and the lack of necessary rehearsals and preparation—which might be almost wholly remedied by the employment of an efficient stage manager. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the tickets, programmes, etc., were very neat and elegant. And now comes

Presentation Day Exercises,

Which virtually close up the college life of another class and put an end to the summer festivities of Yale. Wednesday, June 29, was a pleasant day, which is a wonderful thing in New Haven. At a few minutes past ten, the class of ’70 marched into Chapel, which was already well filled with friends and students. The President read a short address to them,—written in an unknown tongue—Latin, after which the class poet, Henry Burrell Mason, of Chicago, Ill., recited a poem entitled “A Medley about College Life.” This was written in a variety of metres, and called up, in a sprightly manner, various incidents connected with the history of the class. Following this came the class oration, delivered by William Curtis Gulliver, of Galesburg, Ill. The orator discussed “The Intelligence of American Public Opinion” in a comprehensive and impartial way, and urged his classmates to let their influence tell against the ignorance and cant which too often give tone to the opinions of the public. He closed with a brief but eloquent farewell to the class. Then followed the usual announcement of prizes, by the President, after which the Parting Ode, written by Walter R. Beach, to the dear old

tune of "Auld Lang Syne," was sung, and '70 left the Chapel, never to enter it again, as a class. After dinner, class histories were in order. Seats were erected on the college green for the benefit of the public, while benches, etc., furnished a resting place for the war-worn veterans of '70, who came together to hear the entertaining personal gossip and capital stories which make up what is known as a class history. The lemonade was there, also, and the tobacco and the pipes, and each particular maiden carried one of these in her dainty fingers, and made a pretty make-believe of smoking it, just as she had probably done a score of times before, or perhaps only a dozen. The historians were Messrs. W. R. Beach, H. B. Mason and T. J. Tilney. The histories were all of them good, and there was very little in any of them which could hurt the feelings of any one—a most commendable thing. The fellows laughed at every funny thing, and the crowd laughed whenever the fellows did, and everybody had a capital time. The histories through with, a line was formed and the class marched to the east side of the Library, where the class ivy was planted, with appropriate ceremonies. The ivy song was written by G. A. Robinson. The class then marched to the house of the President, who made a few remarks to them, and, returning to south college, cheered and were cheered by the remaining classes, after which they cheered all the college buildings in succession, arriving at last at Alumni Hall, where they parted. The hand-shaking and tear-dropping performances, which usually characterize this last separation, were omitted by '70. So ends the college life of another class. The college world will miss '70. It has been a masculine class, and contained a host of good fellows. May they always be jolly, and hearty, and successful. In the evening a reception was held by the class at the Art Building, which drew out a large and brilliant crowd.

The Appointments for Commencement

Are as follows, the names of those who are to speak appearing in italics: VALEDICTORY: *G. Chase*. SALUTATORY: *D. W. Learned*. PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS: *W. H. Welch*, E. S. Dana, *J. S. Chandler*, S. F. Randall. HIGH ORATIONS: E. R. Stearns, *J. H. Perry*, *T. J. Tilney*, *C. H. Strong*, *W. S. Logan*, S. R. Morrow, *J. W. Andrews*, R. Spaulding. ORATIONS: G. D. Metcalf, G. L. Beardsley, *M. F. Tyler*, *O. Cope*, C. W. Kelley, J. A. Ross, C. E. Shepard, A. H. Warren, E. S. White, F. F. Jewett. DISSERTATIONS: *R. W. DeForest*, L. L. Scaife, W. J. Betts, S. S. McCutchen, W. R. Beach, *E. S. Hume*, *J. H. Cummings*, *P. Lindsley*. FIRST DISPUTES: W. Buck, J. G. K. McClure, N. W. Cary, H. A. Riley, R. Baldwin, W. Eddy, J. W.

Shattuck, J. C. Kendall. SECOND DISPUTES: G. W. Drew, E. G. Selden, J. E. Curran, F. R. Schell. FIRST COLLOQUY: E. P. Clark, J. M. Fiero, C. H. Dix, M. B. Beardsley, F. Countryman, E. A. Lewis, A. P. Crane. SECOND COLLOQUY: R. Kelley, C. W. Gaylord, L. W. Hicks, G. W. Jenkins, H. J. Faulkner, N. E. Wordin, W. S. Hull, G. E. Dodge. Of the above, the following were adjudged equal: G. Chase and D. W. Learned; W. S. Logan and S. R. Morrow; O. Cope, C. W. Kelley and J. A. Ross; R. W. DeForest and L. L. Scaife; W. J. Betts and S. S. McCutchen; W. R. Beach and E. S. Hume; N. W. Cary and H. A. Riley; R. Baldwin, W. Eddy and J. W. Shattuck; M. B. Beardsley, F. Countryman and E. A. Lewis; L. W. Hicks and G. W. Jenkins; and H. J. Faulkner and N. E. Wordin. But a more interesting item than the above, to the undergraduate mind, is the

List of Prizes

Announced by the President on the twenty-ninth. They are as follows: *Berkeley Scholarship*—D. W. Learned, '70. *Senior Mathematical Prizes*—1st, O. Cope, 2d, N. B. Craig. *Clark Classical Prizes*, '71—1st, E. A. Wilson, 2d, C. R. Lanman. *Sophomore Composition Prizes*—1st, R. E. Coe, C. C. Deming, J. H. Hincks, A. R. Merriam; 2d, B. Hoppin, H. W. B. Howard, E. S. Lines, G. Richards; 3d, T. R. Bacon, J. H. Clendenin, C. J. H. Ropes, H. M. Sanders. *Sophomore Mathematical Prizes*—1st, A. A. Murch and E. C. Woodruff; 2d, G. Kendrick; 3d, J. Oakey. *Sophomore Modern Languages Scholarship*—D. J. H. Willcox. *Woolsey Scholarship*—F. B. Tarbell, '73. *Hurlbut Scholarship*—H. McK. Denslow, '73. *Third Freshman Scholarship*—A. H. Allen. *Freshman Mathematical Prizes*—1st, E. S. Cowles, E. E. Gaylord, A. Watson; 2d, W. O. Buck and J. H. Roberts. In addition to these, the following members of '72 have been chosen to compete for Sophomore Declamation prizes at the chapel, July 19: C. C. Deming, F. S. Dennis, J. H. Hincks, D. S. Holbrook, G. Kendrick, G. E. Martin, A. R. Merriam, G. Richards, H. M. Sanders, J. Sanford, G. A. Spalding, J. W. Wescott. The prizes offered to '71 by Prof. Porter, for logical analysis, were taken by F. Johnson, J. F. Hoffecker and W. B. Riggs. The prizes, in the order named, were \$15, \$10 and \$5. But prize lists are stale things, after all, in comparison with the

Town Shows,

Of which, it must be confessed, we have had a very limited number this last month. Sam Sharpley's "Silver Show" came first, (June 6) and

continued for three nights. Then, after an interval of nearly two weeks, which was pretty well filled up, however, with church fairs and festivals and religious swindles generally, there came the Elwood Female Minstrels, who numbered among their attractions the ever-memorable and exceedingly muscular Miss Naomi Porter. June 20 and 21 the comedy of "Fernande," representing Parisian life, was given. There was also something going on in the dramatic line at Music Hall on the fourth of July, but no student was foolish enough to shut himself up there so long as Hoadley offered unlimited tick on fire crackers and other infernal contrivances for disturbing the peace and happiness of families—a state of things which unfortunately lasted until long after all respectable show folk had put out the foot-lights and gone to the land of Nod. Notwithstanding the comparative scarcity of regular town shows, however, we have a goodly number of

Trifles,

With which to say *benedicite* to our readers.—Dr. Patton preached from State House steps June 5.—June 6, "Dr. Manchester and lady, of Boston," so called, fulminated from the same place some new-fangled notions about men and women. The woman wore trowsers and the man slapped her back, which shows that they knew what they were about. The doctrines of these people excited the Sophomores and certain lewd followers of the baser sort to such a degree that the reformers came near being hazed. The police rescued them, and, it is to be hoped, sent them on their way rejoicing.—From the seventh of June until the present time the Legislature has been cogitating over female suffrage. The women have been before the committee numberless times, and have invariably repeated their pretty pleading pieces with great freedom and vivacity. Every one, who has had the time to spare, has been over once or twice, just for the fun of the thing. George Pratt, '57, of Norwich, made a strong argument against the prattlers, but the majority of the committee, as a grand joke, reported in favor of petticoat government. John Cotton Smith brought in the majority report, a thing which John Cotton will be ashamed of some day.—A very pleasant reception was held at the Art Gallery on the evening of June 8, for the purpose of introducing the fine collection of pictures now on exhibition there to public attention. Many of these pictures are masterpieces, and all of them are worth a visit.—'70 rejoiced over their last recitation, June 10, by engaging in a very enthusiastic game of ball in front of South College.—The Rev. Dr. Gulick, a missionary to the Micronesian Islands, preached in the Chapel on the afternoon of

June 12. This gentleman has reduced the language of the inhabitants of these islands, heretofore only spoken, to writing.—June 13 the Freshmen appeared in very pretty class caps. They wisely dispensed with the ugly Oxford hat and the senseless farce of a class dinner.—June 18 the annual agony over drawing rooms began. The completion of Farnam Hall makes the number of students living in college buildings much greater than heretofore. Old South College was the favorite with '71. We understand that water is to be put into this building, as well as other modern improvements.—June 19 Dr. S. G. Buckingham, '33, of Springfield, Mass., preached at the Chapel both morning and afternoon.—The President preached on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth. Prof. Gilman spoke in the evening at Prex's Lecture Room.—The class statistics of '70 appeared on the morning of the twenty-seventh. They were compiled by C. E. Shepard and L. W. Hicks, of '70, and are very full and complete. From them we learn that the class graduates with 113 members, although 178 have belonged to it during the four years of the course. But three other classes—'47, '63 and '69—have graduated with a larger number. For other personal items we must refer to the statistics themselves.—The Yale Index—which is virtually a third term society catalogue—appeared on the afternoon of June 28. We believe it was gotten out by R. W. DeForest of '70. We have received no copy of it, and therefore know nothing of its merits or demerits.—The Freshmen's hearts were made glad on Presentation Day by being permitted to wear out their new pants on the fence.—The new *Yale Courant* editors were announced June 29. They are C. B. Dudley, H. R. Elliot and H. Mansfield. This is a strong board, and one which will undoubtedly make the *Courant* a live paper.—President Grant, while in town July 2, made a short visit to the College. The students were collected about the Library steps, from which the President was introduced to them. Several members of the faculty were present. The fellows cheered and sang, as usual.—The orthodox fourth of July performances began as early as the first and continued through to the fifth or sixth. The fence suffered severely from the patriotism of the students, as well as the passers-by. This is all wrong. One such day's performance is quite as bad as several cases of ordinary hazing. One man was taken from the fence by the peelers, but, as is generally the case, he was one of those who had had nothing to do with the row.—Prof. Hoppin preached in Chapel on the afternoon of July 3. The Rev. Mr. Watkins, of the 1st M. E. Church, addressed a missionary meeting in the President's Lecture Room in the evening.—The Harvard Nine played the Rose Hills at Hamilton Park July 5. The score stood 17 to 2 for Harvard.—The

ball and penny-pitching fever has prevailed in college during the last week or two. Additional excitement has been added to these amusements from the fact that the faculty are down on them. Several enthusiastic '71 men will consequently have their vacation from college duties indefinitely extended.—July 8 the police arrested a Sophomore from near the Gymnasium, for—well, we don't know for what. Probably, because they had a chance.—The Rev. L. L. Paine, '56, preached in Chapel on the forenoon of July 10. In the afternoon Prof. F. W. Fisk, '49, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, preached. On the afternoon of the same day Tutor Perry preached at the Centre church.—The *Courant* office has been moved to the rooms over Dickerman's old place.—Our University crew wear straw hats with wide blue bands.—'71 have nearly broken their backs, trying to do the correct thing by the Prex, in the matter of bowing. Always look out for this item, about this time o' year.—The Rev. Leonard Bacon has recently received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard. Prof. Hoppin has received the degree of D.D. from Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.—Mr. Hesing, of '70, was married in Boston, on the evening of July 7, to Miss H. Weir. W. H. Lee, '70, was first groomsmen, and W. C. Whittemore, '55, and J. H. Hewes, '70, were ushers. Mr. H. and wife have gone to Europe.—J. K. Thacher, '68, has been nominated for tutor in Yale.—Thomas Hooker, '69, has gone to Switzerland. He expects to be absent about three months.—J. A. Ross and D. J. Griffith, of '70, presented Dr. Stoeckel with a gold-headed ebony cane a few days since, as a token of their esteem for him as a man and their respect for him as a teacher.—Nothing is left of the Athenæum but the outside walls.—A statue of Gov. Trumbull has recently been placed in the Art Gallery, which is said to be worth seeing.—As we write, the campaign committees of the Freshman societies are busy gobbling up stray sub-freshies. They nearly pulled one in pieces the other night, at the depot, and in the fracas that ensued managed to secure the undying hostility of all the depot officials. Seventy or eighty of these incipient collegians are already in town.

S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

Boating

For the past month has been of special interest. An exciting contest was expected with our Harvard opponents, flush as they were with recent victories over the class crews at Cambridge, and the crews of Brown University and Rutgers College, N.J. They arrived Tuesday, morning and took rooms at the Tremont; where, from their distinctive pink and white hat bands, they became the observed of all observers. Wednesday, the 22d, was propitious, cool and clear. Our dozen car

loads, on reaching the Lake, found themselves anticipated by a crowd of carriages and pedestrians. Considerable delay was caused by the discussion of Harvard's protest, based as it stated on two reasons:—1st, that there was a misunderstanding on the part of some of the crew as to the time of the race: 2d, on account of Whittlesey's rowing, since he was already a graduate. The umpire ruled out these objections, as the challenge for the specified time had been accepted by the captain, the responsible person; and moreover only two maintained the point. In regard to the second, though Whittlesey was a graduate, he was a member of the crew when the challenge passed, belonging regularly to the schools as the catalogue bore witness. The judges were—for Yale, Clarence King, Yale S. S. S., '61, and chief of the 40th Parallel Survey; for Harvard, Commodore Bone; while Mr. S. F. Emmons, Harvard '61, was chosen umpire. At 4.17 o'clock the start was given, the Harvards awakening some anxiety by their vigorous stroke. When, however, the boats reappeared, the blue handkerchiefs held indisputable lead, and were welcomed by acclamations long and loud. The crews were: *Harvard*—R. W. Bayley, (bow) Po'keepsie, N.Y.; S. M. Pitman, Somerville, Mass.; F. Gilbert, New York City; T. Cary, Buffalo, N.Y.; B. Godwin, New York City; F. Yznaga, (stroke) New York City:—time 22 m. 33 1-2 s. *Yale*—J. T. Whittlesey, (bow) New Haven; J. W. Griswold, Troy, N.Y.; R. Colgate, Riverdale, N.Y.; H. H. Buck, Orland, Me.; R. W. Davenport, New York City; T. G. Bennett, (stroke) New Haven:—time 20 m. 10 1-4 s. In explanation of this marked discrepancy, there were Harvard's fatigue and slight acquaintance with the course; moreover, shortly after turning the stake, their stroke broke his stretcher, and the rudder wire snapped,—unfortunate accidents, but liable to occur in the best-regulated races. The committee on arrangements were C. T. Ballard, E. V. B. Hoes and W. R. Belknap, who, with the crew in particular, and the club in general, beg leave here to touch their hats to generous friends whose ready autographs filled out the subscription list. The same crew won the following Tuesday's race. When it was understood beforehand that the Scientifics were to have no handicap over the University, some dissatisfaction was expressed, since their selection is limited to about 140, or the equivalent of an academic class. In consideration of circumstances the arrangements were considered fair; though, by an oversight, the handicap allowed to freshmen and sophomores, was not announced until called in to the judges' boat. They now have in possession the champion flag taken last Fall, a set of silver cups, the new champion colors, and Phelps' prize of \$75. The cup for single sculls last fall was taken by one scientific, and the first *gymnasium* prize in the winter by another; so that altogether they have good excuse for unusually high spirits, and are not to be affected by more

Excursions.

A Mineralogical party left on the night boat of Wednesday, June 22, to pay the annual visit of three days to Franklin, N.J. However poverty-stricken on departure, all came back with pockets full of rocks, not to mention weighty valises. Rich and rare were the numerous minerals collected, Franklinite, Jeffersonite, Zincite, Fowlerite, etc. The second party, composed of Prof. Norton and the senior engineers, by invitation of chief engineer Serrell, spent the 23d on the Air Line R. R., dining in Middletown, and receiving every attention to make the day pleasant. These

Items,

With a game of base-ball vs. the grammar school, the exact date happily forgotten, in which the score at the end of the 8th inning stood about 11-33 in their favor; and a desperate attempt to cheer President Grant when he passed the school, make up the sum total of excitement for the month. Annuals are nearly over, and on Friday, 5, most of the under classes check their baggage, while the seniors tarry to read ponderous theses on Monday, to eat the class supper on Tuesday, and to clutch the coveted sheepskin on Thursday. The annual report, a tender flower, which usually blushes in May, must this year have been nipped in the bud, for it has not yet made its appearance. This is particularly disappointing to freshmen, who, anxious to assure friends of their connection with the school, send off anywhere in the neighborhood of a dozen. The demand for stamps has declined and the waiting public still held in suspense. The general endowment fund, since last December, has been increased \$70,000 by various contributions. But the school is far from laboring under an *embarras des richesses*, and there are yet chances for the liberally disposed. Prof. Verrill has resigned his chair in the University of Wisconsin, and will give us henceforth his undivided attention, while Prof. Gilman has declined the flattering offer of the presidency of the University of California. At the regular boat meeting on Wednesday, July 13, for the ensuing year, R. W. Davenport was elected Capt., H. B. Sargent 1st Lieut., R. Colgate 2nd Lieut., and G. M. Keasby Purser. Ill would it become us who are so soon to bid these scenes good-bye, did we not testify by word now as we trust to in life hereafter, our gratitude for all the school has been to us and done for us. Could we add to its lustre by encomium, ours willingly should be the task. Were we classic, nothing short of an Horatian stanza would satisfy us; but in respect to her teachings,

"Here's *Rosmarinus officinalis*; that's for remembrance."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Book Notices, Exchanges, etc.

The American Colleges and the American Public. By Professor Porter. New Haven: Published by Charles C. Chatfield.

It was eminently fitting that such a book should have been sent out from Yale. As the most prominent and consistent supporter of a prescribed course of study, she owed it to herself to give some reason for her resistance to the popular demand for change. This debt to her reputation has been fully paid by the publication of Prof. Porter's book. It is a well put statement of an argument by no means weak in itself, and all college men, especially all college grumblers, ought to read it. They would obtain juster ideas of the end and limits of a college education, and consequently of the aim they ought to keep before themselves in their study. The latter half of the book discusses many questions of a more general public interest. The author's remarks on the "Dormitory System," about which some of the religious papers worked themselves into such a foolish frenzy, are especially interesting. His defence of a corporation composed entirely of ministers, seems to us the weakest point in the work.

The book is gotten up throughout in a style that does credit to the publisher.

Life at Home; or, The Family and its Members. By William Aikman, D.D. Published by S. R. Wells: New York.

In the many discussions of modern times concerning women's rights and sphere, it is somewhat gratifying occasionally to meet a book like this, enforcing the duties and obligations of husbands and wives and family members. Commonplaces there undoubtedly are in the book, but they are the commonplaces whose repetition can do no injury. It is an earnest work, full of plain, sensible talk. If its words could be fully heeded, there would be less matrimonial infelicity and fewer divorces. We advise all matrimonially inclined, to procure it.

Songs of Yale. Edited by Charles S. Elliott, B.A. Published by Charles C. Chatfield & Co.: New Haven.

The "Songs of Yale" are familiar to our ears and none the less pleasant for that. Half the enjoyment of college life is gone when making melody with our hearts and voices is forbidden. These inspiring songs which have so long been a part of our education are here found in a convenient and tasty form; and not only these, but new ones, well worth our learning are given. This book supplies a want that has long been felt, and will do much to arouse interest and enthusiasm in college singing. For beauty the book itself cannot be equaled. Clearly printed on tinted paper, and free from all mistakes, it does great credit to editor and publisher. We would not qualify in the least our praise, but cannot approve putting an advertisement at the end.

Alaska and its Resources. By William H. Dall. Published by Lee & Shepard: Boston.

This is an encyclopedia of information concerning our newly acquired possessions in the North. Very few people have any idea of the inhabitants, climate, etc., of these frozen regions, and fewer still endeavor to find out by travel and observation. But "manifest destiny" seems to be driving North America into the bosom of Uncle Sam, (perhaps we ought to say of Columbia.)

and every one needs to be posted on the geography of his own country. As giving accurate and vivid descriptions of all that is worth knowing concerning this land and its people, this book is worth the attention of every citizen of the United States. To scientific men also, it must be an interesting and useful work.

We have received the following exchanges :

COLLEGE PAPERS :—*The Acorn, Harvard Advocate, Annalist, Antiochian, College Argus, Cap and Gown, Chronicle, Lawrence Collegian, Western Collegian, Southern Collegian, College Courier, Echoes, Cornell Era, College Herald, Madisoneensis, College Mercury, Pardee Literary Messenger, University Reporter, Qui Vive, Notre Dame Scholastic, Amherst Student, Miami Student, Trinity Tablet, Targum, Vidette.*

COLLEGE MAGAZINES :—*Ave Maria, Beloit College Monthly, Dartmouth, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Owl, Williams Quarterly, Virginia University Magazine, Union College Magazine.*

We have also received from Hon. George F. Hoar, a copy of his Speech.

The *Nassau Lit.* comes to us neat in appearance and worthy in every way of the ancient and honored institution of which it is the representative. "Are we satisfied," is a timely and pertinent consideration of the question whether students should bear a part in the government of college. We hardly think, however, that a clear case is made out for the affirmative. It is highly gratifying to know that ardent youths who write letters to the fair sex, are not expelled. "Jenkins" was mistaken when he said they were.

The *College Mercury*, of Racine, Wis., says :—"There is a silence of deep thought, too deep for utterance. Over-passing all fleshly limits, it goes out into the solitudes of illimitable space. Between wheeling worlds and up vistas of infinite distances, the eyes of the soul, purged by some divine elixir, see and comprehend the mysteries of the universe, yet human speech has never coined words to interpret the Eternities." Such a statement is very rash ; it probably is incapable of being mathematically demonstrated. As a parody on Carlyle, it is a failure. The Missionary Society at this College numbers three hundred members, and floats a banner with the inscription, "*Vigat radix.*"

The *Harvard Advocate* is the most readable of our exchanges. It perpetrates the following : "Why is it that Yale is so beaten is a question proposed by a writer in the *Yale Courant*. The same writer answers that the faculty don't encourage but rather discourage them in their efforts. We have been noticing the want of *faculty* for some time." Harvard men have a right to be a little facetious at our expense. We are confident, however, that sometime we shall hunt up these old jokes and ask them "what they meant by that."

The *Beloit College Monthly* is much improved in appearance. The students of Beloit don't seem to want their compositions written for them. One inspired individual breaks out into song over an advertisement which kindly furnished information as to the existence of a firm devoting special attention to relieving students from literary labor. He says :

"Your "bureau" toys
The 'Seventy boys
Give to the winds to rattle,
They want the real
And trusty steel
For hardness in the battle."

Be virtuous, Beloiters, and you 'll be happy.

The *Brunonian* states that the "Campus is used as an adjunct of the Agricultural Department, and serves to practically illustrate the process of making hay." Doubtless it is the intention of the Agricultural Department, to teach the Brunonians the great maxim, "make hay while the sun shines." A union of agricultural and classical training will turn out famous scholars.

The *Denison Collegian* is well edited. A new outside dress has much improved its appearance.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* says: "Smoking, which is so universal among students, depends, we imagine, much more upon psychological causes than upon the price of tobacco." Very doubtful: cigars at \$20 a hundred knock "psychological causes" clean out of sight; they don't have any appreciable influence.

The *Owl* discourses wisely upon Prof. Dana's System of Mineralogy.

The *Williams Quarterly* announces that it will "die rather than cringe to any man, however great." We think it might be well to compare this valiant utterance with the following, which also appears in the editorial department of the die-rather-than-tinge magazine. "We're all right, but, O Posterity, we weep for you; for as the skin of the majestic bull-frog, grown lustrous with tension while he attunes his vocal organs to conduct the evening concerto—attests the surging of inspiration within—so have we been consciously dilating with wisdom, dignity, and importance, though ever and anon, the sombre genius of the future bears back upon our exulting spirits the mournful refrain, 'all this must perish with the using,' or, 'you are wasting your sweetness upon the desert air,' or 'Does your mother know you're out?'" Evidently, the maternal relative must look after her boy. We are glad to know that there will be no "itching for commendation," but we must throw a "dainty morsel" at the *Quarterly*, and say that it is a good-looking periodical, and if it would secure articles from more than one of its editors and from the college at large, its internal condition would be improved.

The *Union College Magazine* has a theological editor. We shall look for an orthodox management of this periodical. He will act as a continual corrective. The June *Dartmouth* is an excellent number.

The *Acorn* has the following:

"For in these days of Woman's rights,
If one offend a Miss,
He's apt to find the gentle dears,
Can scratch as well as kiss."

The *Acorn*, we are happy to say, is very precocious, and will become an oak long before its time.

The *Annalist* sagely inquires, "To wander through museums and labyrinths of lizards, toads, snakes and shell fish of ages ago, all turned to stone—is this more *practical* or *useful* than the story of Laelius' friendship or Cicero on Old Age?" We should say it was, judging from the instruction we received in those treatises.

The *Antiochian* thinks that the small number of students at Antioch college, is due to the spirit of liberal Christianity which prevails there.

The *College Argus* says, "The want of ladies' society is especially evident at our college eating clubs." That's a fact; we have n't seen one at our club since we have been at college. The *Argus* has had a scrimmage with *Zion's Herald*, and came out ahead, owing to the *weight* of its articles. *Zion* will have to get another *Herald*.

We find in the *Cap and Gown* that up to 1864 there had been in Congress eight hundred and forty-seven college educated men. Of these, one hundred and thirty-eight were from Yale, one hundred and eighteen from Harvard, one hundred and eight from Princeton, sixty from Dartmouth, etc.

The *Chronicle* says, "A member of '70 was seen last week with an animated bunch of calico on his knees. His bending head and vigorous gestures indicated that said bundle possessed the force of attraction 'in an inverse ratio to the square of the distance.'" We should say the said member of '70 was effectually "sat on."

The *Echoes* thinks ladies are responsible for a large part of the drunkenness of our land. We knew that they were pretty bad, but never thought of charging them with this.

We would call the attention of those whose articles do not appear in this LIT. to the following noble sentiment from the *University Reporter*: "An editor is generally right when he rejects an article, but generally wrong when he gives his reasons for doing so."

The *Congregationalist* says of the LIT.: "This Magazine more than holds its own, and seems to us the best as it is the oldest of its kind."

These college periodicals are not wanting in interest. Many of them are edited with marked ability. The burden of editorial remarks has been an entire willingness, nay, rather anxiety, to receive little supplies of money from delinquent subscribers. It is a song natural to all editors, probably. We should think the female editresses, if we may use the word, would be most likely to collect the money, when they constitute part of the board. Their winning words and persuasive smiles would melt the heart of any hard-hearted youth. And then they would be honest and pay it all into the treasury, and not spend it for suppers and drives. We would recommend this to the "mixed" boards.

Young and interesting females have recently been here reporting for some New York Papers. They did not call upon us, so that we had no opportunity of inviting them to the editorial sanctum, and treating them to lemonade and cigars. It may have been due to the fact that some information derogatory to the character of the board had reached their ears. But we would extend a hearty welcome to all such wanderers and will give them such a reception as becomes their age and—and beauty; we shall expect in some instances to entertain angels unawares.

A church in this city has just installed a female as pastor. We had the privilege of attending upon her ministrations a few Sabbaths ago, and were not disappointed in the nature of the spiritual food which a woman dispenses. The subject of the discourse was Vacation, and as our vacation time was approaching, we expected to receive a wonderful deal of valuable counsel, enough indeed to last us until our return in the Fall. But she "gushed" instead of preaching. Rocks, mountains, hills, valleys, the sea, the land, everything passed in review, excepting her subject. Mrs. Stowe, Whittier, and a host of others, contributed to her mosaic, and she modestly introduced what "she herself had expressed in rhyme." But after going away, this "one solemn thought came o'er us," that we had learned nothing about vacation, and very little about anything else. Forty minutes of time had been spent in hearing what would have been better found in a book of poetical quotations. However, the fact that women are not able to preach is no argument against their voting.

Examinations have come and gone. We are thankful that they are annuals and not biennials as formerly, for cramming is a weariness to the flesh. We must enter a protest against the length of the papers. The moral law is entirely overshadowed by these so-called tests of scholarship. The standard should be a paper which the best scholars can just finish in the allotted time. But now, no one can do justice to the paper or himself. The three hours are "all too short," and a man goes out after he has done his best, with the feeling that he has miserably failed. And this is all the worse when he could have answered every question distinctly and fully, if he had not been stopped in the middle of his work.

We have been receiving lessons in being exact in our statements, as well as in astronomy. But we fear this valuable instruction has had no sensible influence on some unappreciative minds. We know of one member of the class, who, failing to observe with his mental theodolite any questions which were familiar, gave Kepler's laws, passed rapidly to a few general statements on the subject of astronomy, and ended his discourse by some startling facts as to the Gregorian Calendar. He roamed through regions terrestrial, lunar and solar, and finally halted before the professor with twelve pages of closely written manuscript.

Another, while considering Philosophy, in reply to the "effect of springs," answered "good," and another, "beneficial to man and beast." Another year of Astronomy and Philosophy, would develop a great many new facts in both these sciences. *Apropos* of being exact, it is related in the chronicles of a certain seat of learning, not a thousand miles from New Haven, that at a meeting of the faculty, the President spoke of the "hands" of a clock. A professor, renowned for his white hat and precision, straightened up, assumed a solemn air and ejaculated, "indices, indices." The President has never been known to mention the hands of a clock since that eventful day.

We are sorry to lose the services of Mr. W. R. Belknap, our editor from the Scientific School. He has finished a four years' course, and intends to engage in the iron business, in Louisville, Ky. He allows us to state that theoretically, he is a Free Trader, but practically, a Protectionist. As we are informed, the department of the LIT. which he superintended, excited the envy of our neighbor, the *Courant*, and attempts were made to secure Mr. B's services. This is but one of the many evidences that although the LIT. is the oldest of college magazines, it still retains the enterprise and activity of youth.

We give this month a full account of the race between the Scientifics of Yale and Harvard, which has appeared in no other Yale college paper. We shall continue to make this Memorabilia a distinctive feature of the magazine. We are under great obligations to the retiring editor, and wish him great success.

The class of '71 occupies the senior seats in Chapel, and has assumed senioric dignity. The change is n't a very alarming one, and we can go home to enjoy our vacation without being oppressed by a sense of our responsibility. We shall miss the familiar faces of '70. They have been with us too long to be quickly forgotten. But we shall expect to hear of them, to know of their success, and rejoice in the honor which they bring their Alma Mater.

C. D. H.





